MARIENBAD MY LOVE - PRE-EPILOGUE

#

"Marienbad My Love" is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 United States License. You are invited to copy, distribute and transmit this work, in whole or part. My intent is to encourage others to remix and adapt "Marienbad My Love" for their own purposes, both personal and commercial.
Sincerely,
Mark Leach

Copyright 2008, Mark Leach

#

A slow wave shivers through all of time.

Heavenly, animal-horned automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. The hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly. The people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate and the world's last drive-in movie theater. A loud voice commands seven angels. Tomorrow is already in the past. Go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity.

So the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image. Their flesh was redeemed.

The second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it. The bay was redeemed.

The third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood. And I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, O Holy One. And I heard the altar respond. Yes, O Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true.

The fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire. They were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory.

The fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of Heaven and did not repent their deeds.

The sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east. Three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet. These were demonic spirits, performing signs. They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty. See, I come like a thief the Deity spoke. Blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit.

The seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, "It is done!" And the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder. The clock shook with a violent earthquake.

Tomorrow is already in the past.

After the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands,

electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

The battle begins with a sentence of epic proportions:

Now in this Rapture movie without a Rapture we have no conventional Deity to guide us to the back of beyond so we are compelled to film our way out, through a one-sentence script running a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings of the forces of good and evil squaring off for the final time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the Keepers of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say, they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief, the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray and driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings and peals of the thundering road and scavenger remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads gnawed their tongues in agony, suck the clock from the sky, slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing scum, bankrupt patio, dried goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway

medians, radio torn from the living car, our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from holes in the rusted floorboards and ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left dead, devalued investment real estate, had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that in light, people no longer gnawed their entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, up off the earth the seven aerial clocks of the find the magic man in a little hut on the creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his clock with a foul and them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my where Jewell Poe conducts experiments temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of with a violent earthquake, tomorrow gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar phosphorescent blue color in an of heaven and did not repent the same, you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue of subways, TV antennae suck the clock extinguished shell of man in a little hut on skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and other lovely creations curse transitory with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and funeral urns and metal gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity the springs of water, which were fouled

with blood, and I heard the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, forgotten in a back room, the vault of the Deity, wretched ivory in the sunlight, young faces in trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer they went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to and I heard the altar respond, yes, oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice corpse left forgotten in a radio torn was bathed in from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, boiling blood in the rising house in the smell which were fouled with shivers through all of to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, angel filled his rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief cursed the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic respond, yes, oh Lord, the Deity, photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your in astral wastelands, electronic asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from from the east, three foul spirits like the vapor lamps, insects and towards a church that any better than angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled now the battle begins, after the saloons tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in bedroom at dawn, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round the clock jumps the way time the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who dark, shiver in the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this of the dragon, the mouth transforming the victim into a hell's angel, wastelands, where silver

light pops in heretical birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles they cursed the of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers east Texas piney angel went and mopped the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts from the air, and a loud voice came out a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, giant thistles and sunflowers by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a wastelands, where silver light maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings knife of alarm, clock people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they these were demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to the kings of the whole world, past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled a sense of bereavement catches in the living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock a whiff of gory, azure heaven of the escape from ghost units, wreckage of fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the with ozone, rumblings crackles with ozone, rumblings sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame signs, they went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked floorboards and springs of in the sky spin

ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and already in the past, now the fix it with a magic man, trade places, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping in a silent scream, you, at least, are devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the and a loud voice came out of ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, flesh was redeemed, a winged demon, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, oh holy one, and old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, Deity spoke, blessed is all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae fouled with blood that had killed every further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically waters say they urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who circadian scientific base on Uranus great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I know this strange creature, it's me, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the of the Deity the nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where saying, it is done, the rising sun, sadness, never and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light base on Uranus where Jewell Poe Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from rising sun of heaven, fall the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the land with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus the mouth of the CEO and the of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to the slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt the waking, daylight world, movement, the same way of resting your hand on night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must kitchen knife of alarm, clock steam locomotive left had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its and is clothed, not going about naked and making clock from the rivers and the springs through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of and mop up off the earth the seven angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with angels, tomorrow is patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned his clock from

Corpus Christi Bay, which had been living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a not repent and give him glory, the same, you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the kings from the east, three foul in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive corpse left forgotten in a back room, the earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went but maize, turn onto something church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from ozone, rumblings blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, eyes mopped the earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh the canal, fix it with illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the on those who had the smile, the same same, you have still smell of dust, of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into a sentence that crackles with sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the nowhere of highway medians, ignored I heard the angel preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, eyes all east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping filled his clock from the sun, preventing it east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood mopped the earth, filling his clock with a circadian scientific base on Uranus where commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the on the outskirts, an evil old character eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the past, now the battle begins, of washed out gray, driving it's me, my reflection caught in the rear swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata

of subways, all dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, trade places, come to a village and naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the outer wastelands, where silver light into the mouth of the dragon, from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, the whole world, the same, you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into Corpus Christi bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad who had authority over the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray heart, stabs him with scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds woods darkness, rolling on past resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, eyes all pupil way to an zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel will after 4 from the sky, the clock of the CEO brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in of a charred Camaro, snaking up blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, color in an perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, and did not repent their seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud prophet, these were demonic with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the CEO and the mouth of folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from flowed swift and strong Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, its corporation was bathed in light, his clock from surrounded by cyclone runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of ozone, rumblings yes, oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock the land of living freight boats, because you are just, oh holy scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from I come like a thief the Deity battle on

the glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling estate, an old apartment of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound on past picture perfect peaks, through the combination gas station/Exogrid church out words, a sentence that crackles with face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in ozone hum, travel on a discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA performing signs, they went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them young faces in blue east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again of boiling blood in the for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded through all of time, heavenly turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further towards a church that old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing already in the past, go and mop up off no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of miserable depravity, squander of comatose with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of for a satin-drawn coffin, blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires is the one sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through of comatose electrical wires swollen and caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and start coming in sharp and clear, windows covered in warped metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals that had killed every living cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on are just, oh holy one, and it is done, and the clock was bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of time to fly the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this up onto a muddy shelf the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, tomorrow is already in the past, go and ones now, life because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment and you still use the same

perfume, eyes all pupil in smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread somewhere in the east, a sense of tight to the crumbling asphalt in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial clocks like a flash bulb, methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about swimming about in wrecked the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling together in a silent scream, aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the dark, shiver in the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop in a dark rotating bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices magic man, trade places, and find the magic man in a of the Deity, crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive is clothed, not going smile, the same gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my and making wine from the forbidden fruit, is already in the past, the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the Almighty, your justice is true, the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment other lovely creations curse transitory vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of a loud voice came in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses with a magic man, trade places, the east, a smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, creatures flying through the night, circling a house clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, oh holy one, and I heard the and penny arcades, sundown to a clear filled his clock from the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the and penny arcades, the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, to an industrial sprawl church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who the clock was filled with flashes the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals a radio torn from the saloons of old holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting bubbles of egg flesh the CEO and the mouth of the of the dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who flames, quagmires and trash

mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines urine glow, a night snake ripples shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again the earth, filling flesh, a radio water flowed swift and strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals dead, devalued investment real estate, miserable depravity, squander of you, at least, are still immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this the Deity of heaven and did not repent swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, judgment because you are just, oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, oh east Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture swimming about in earth the seven bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife lamps, insects and nocturnal birds shivers through all of the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel with a kitchen knife of alarm, oh holy one, and I spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in apartment complex, several of the better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, smell of the bedroom at dawn, seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted mammals smashed in the road and to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow transformations, the hands on the clock all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better in an ozone hum, travel on a repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a the interstate, a loud voice world, time to fly with the evil ones clock jumps the way time will after 4 people of the Deity gather at the combination gas a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked on the great day of the but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the skeletal body tight cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab urine glow, a night snake angel filled his clock from desolate, a world of death and shadows, 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses to an industrial sprawl of glittering circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe on the great day of the shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in gray strata of subways, TV

antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps retention lagoons and ginger his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires blood spilled over trailing lights and I know this strange creature, it's movement, the same way of resting your hand and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to the altar respond, yes, oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth performing signs, they went abroad a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, crackles with ozone, rumblings part of the waking, daylight world, time seventh angel filled his clock from of dust, bread knife in the angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear give him glory, blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house that crackles with ozone, rumblings from the air, and a loud voice came out of azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped mop up off the earth the seven aerial clocks with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising a ruined wall marked with the Almighty, your justice is true, still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same past, go and mop up off the earth the seven the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little and making wine from the forbidden bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting of the CEO and who worshipped its prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment your hand on your shoulder and you still use and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, the same sudden laugh, the same the combination gas

station/Exogrid church out is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it the pictures start of the Deity, so the first warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere a sentence that runs a half million words, a people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of sixth angel filled his clock from the great church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, the hands on the clock in the sky couldn't you write any better than that, perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling battle begins, after the saloons of old strangers azure heaven of the him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living demonic spirits, performing signs, they went tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave prophets, but you have my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio containers and IVs, scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, ones now, life through ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, escape from ghost units, wreckage of back room, the vault of the Deity, wretched of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in of subways, TV antennae true, the fourth angel filled his clock signs, they went abroad to the kings of the bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they scurried into the mouth of the so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his clock with the Deity gather at the combination gas lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the land smell of dust, night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive to escape the and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the of bereavement catches in the pm, bubbles of

egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces oh holy one, and I heard and ominous rumblings escape from of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers that runs a half million saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and of the dead, home of chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them and windows covered in warped from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the blue color in an clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled withdrawn this judgment because you are just, now the battle begins, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's an evil old character with heard the altar respond, yes, oh Lord, the Deity, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue saloons of old from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of from the east, three the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded of primal goddesses lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no strata of subways, TV antennae brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a they did not repent and give him muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, same way of resting your hand funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes trailing flesh-coated living rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and the canal, fix it the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and home of the nameless, cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without room, the vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they bitten by a winged judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you containers and IVs,

prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the bay, which had been fouled with blood that globules of stale ectoplasm, a slow wave shivers through all celestial grime, departing once again without you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the waters say they deserve to the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the wrath of the is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel same, you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same still the same dreamy, investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock clock from the rivers and the springs of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in earthquake, tomorrow is still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their spirits like frogs scurried into half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense perfume, eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, jagged holes in dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers tomorrow is already in the past, go Deity spoke, blessed is the hands on the clock in the washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, went and mopped the earth, filling his clock with a their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, of primal goddesses and other automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer dread, I know this in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living

freight boats, a smell of longer scorched by the fierce heat, the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of swarm overhead, darting in rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in left forgotten in a back room, the vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at in a dark rotating shaft, down of the vapor somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world they went abroad to the Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the eating nothing but maize, turn onto something magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go words, a sentence waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches canal, fix it with warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the an ozone hum, travel on a of saints and prophets, but you primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of seventh angel filled his clock from at the combination gas blue silence and a slow wave a foul and painful sore that had been on pitiful creatures flying your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in angel filled his clock from the man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the vault of the angel, join a band of pitiful creatures Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the yes, oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth the Deity, wretched and desolate, sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a forgotten in a and mopped the earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the is clothed, not going about naked sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned somewhere near the Land of the Dead,

devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of heavy blue silence and heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues and I heard the altar respond, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is escape the rising sun, sadness, never again prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you clock from corpus flesh, a radio torn from the living car, from an old Western movie, pulling the screams windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the dead, devalued light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin in the smell of dust, bread knife in the blood that had killed every slow wave shivers through the universe, a on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed cursed the name evil old character with adhesive eyes sky, the clock jumps the way time will spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and antennae suck the clock from the sky, the flash bulb, get dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear stabs him with a light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, containers and IVs, prepared pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral oh Lord, the Deity, the dawn, a smell empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard scurried into the censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold urine glow, a night snake ripples and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor aerial clocks of the wrath by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, way to an industrial sprawl of glittering in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn sun, crawling up onto a of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing fouled with blood that had killed every living thing go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers

and IVs, prepared for a snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, crackles with ozone, rumblings, 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality soul nationality, obligated to in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, mountain shadows, this round of festivals and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, alarm, clock ran for outer wastelands, where silver light pops get a whiff of ozone and light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole sentence that runs a half million Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the evil ones now, life through oxygen by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted sudden laugh, the same brusque to be vacated, condemned, surrounded into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had a little hut on the outskirts, waking, daylight world, time gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the angel filled his clock ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must of the Deity gather at east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same race to the

outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border the temple, from the throne, saying, it sky, the clock jumps the way time the bay was redeemed, vapor lamps, insects and containers and IVs, prepared for a and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, and cattle drives, ancestral like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still boats, a smell of dawn, scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, the CEO of Uruguay, and its of the waters say they of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, boiling blood in the rising sun of knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the from the throne of the those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer frogs scurried into the mouth of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure so the first angel went rumblings, peals of thunder, the holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of dragon, the mouth of living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use and a slow wave shivers

through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a swimming about in wrecked funeral the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's down to the underworld to voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled water flowed swift and strong to carry the without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road heavy blue silence and a slow effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching rolling on past picture perfect over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems left over from an old Western movie, pulling angel filled his clock from the pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant stands somewhere in the east, a methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the conducts experiments in color photography, of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its the east, a sense of bereavement flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light Land of the Dead, flowed swift and strong to carry the seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine crackles with ozone, rumblings, somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, bubbles of withdrawal, trailing with ozone, rumblings, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, filled his clock from the rivers phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly have withdrawn this judgment his clock from the rivers of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant

thistles and sunflowers sprouting like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the first angel went and mopped effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in I come like a thief the sun, preventing it soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent and its corporation was bathed in light, from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds of festivals the priests shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you and IVs, prepared for a desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings agony, but still they cursed the Deity of in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal rear view mirror, bitten by a winged pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our a winged demon, transforming out of the temple, from the throne, and ghostly, the misplaced that had killed every living thing that swam in it, strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the interstate, a loud voice commands in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small in and out of the urine glow, a night glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock Deity, wretched and desolate, a world movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, the dark, shiver in the his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the saloons of old Strangers Rest skeletal body tight to the crumbling outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in and then, something immoral and through oxygen containers and IVs, his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers race to the outer wastelands, where

creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the and dance about, snapping their claws like of stale ectoplasm, detonations world of death and shadows, urine-tinted million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, suits and dance about, snapping their claws perhaps a town, dawn rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar tremors, face turned yellow ivory station/Exogrid church out on in a silent scream, you, like a flash bulb, get a and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, heaven and did not repent their sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all the road and scavenger birds leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of world of death and urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to the battle begins, after the saloons my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue you, at least, are still the same, you have at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet is clothed, not going about naked and making all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor and desolate, a world of death and shadows, detonations of DNA into a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, false prophet, these were crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger nationality, obligated to alcohol flame dissolve in strata Vault of the Deity,

wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating and clear, throwing off scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations people no longer gnawed their tongues in the tint of washed out gray, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of I come like a thief the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house knife in the heart, stabs him lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near near the Land of the were no longer scorched by the distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write and is clothed, not going about and desolate, a world of death and clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of experiments in color photography, focus of heavy write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent plank partitions, chattering sheet metal in the smell of dust, bread knife wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal color in an ozone hum, travel on a a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from of heaven and did mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will in censorious dread, I a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the with blood that had clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, other lovely creations

curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, in and out of Deity, so the first angel went and same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same hell's angel, join a band of by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged join a band of the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel experiments in color photography, focus of heavy in the sunlight, young faces in beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound your hand on your shoulder and sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and about naked and making wine from the forbidden warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage inherited from the circadian scientific base is already in the on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that color photography, focus of heavy blue but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, out of the temple, from judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the sixth angel filled his clock from the Deity, so the first angel angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with those who had the mark of the strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, the fifth angel filled his clock from the in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned gray strata of subways, egg flesh seismic tremors, jumps the way time by the fierce heat, but still they cursed that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven in strata of subways, all house sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto of a charred Camaro, clock with a foul and painful sore that ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the battle on the did not repent and give on the

great day of the Deity the Almighty, clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the and the springs of water, of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, on past picture perfect peaks, through their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from say they deserve to drink fall into a silver light popping in the gray flesh a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time back in censorious dread, I that runs a half million words, the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the hand on your shoulder and you still use the same million words, a sentence sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled outer wastelands, where silver light gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows holes in the rusted floorboards a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous the Almighty, see, I sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house on the outskirts, an evil old are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you outskirts, an evil old character with travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver and did not repent the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the in a back room, the Vault of no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, misplaced

soul nationality, obligated to become, mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and clock with a foul and in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, strata of subways, all house flesh, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the filled his clock from the rivers and still the same, you have still the same dreamy, dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver scientific base on Uranus saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone gazing back in censorious dread, I know this empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a radar beam, glow in and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse light popping in eyes like bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your sheer crimson bedspreads give way a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they suck the clock from the sky, the clock Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments scorched by the fierce blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the interstate, a loud voice commands seven and is clothed, not going about naked and is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and heavy blue silence and a smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above battle on the great day of the Deity out of the urine and ominous rumblings escape from ghost tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations of old Strangers Rest stretches the

desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of a loud voice came out glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses fierce heat, but still they pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing clock from the rivers and the springs and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are who had authority over these plagues, and they did the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain from the throne, saying, it and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old it from scorching people with fire, they were the esophagus at the vista of shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you mouth of the dragon, the mouth illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join popping in eyes like a flash bulb, Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give wires swollen and burned your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing the same sudden laugh, the same hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick,

eyes watering and burning, resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam rumblings, bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to spilled over trailing lights and water world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps filled his clock from the air, and a an old Western movie, pulling the screams and smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged up onto a muddy down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the a night snake ripples across partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his a band of pitiful creatures mammals smashed in the road and scavenger Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of through the universe, a the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in up off the Earth the seven aerial containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the skinned scenery, lifeless small world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a stems of giant thistles and sunflowers gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you not going about naked his clock from the great river Brazos, and clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old making wine from the

forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock snake ripples across a the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of to assemble them for the battle on the great shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh eyeballs the tint of washed like frogs scurried into the mouth of in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small and wires, couldn't you of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted was redeemed, the second angel filled his words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers bay was redeemed, the third angel round of festivals the priests come to a village and find the magic man eyes watering and burning, off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light put on brain crab suits and dance heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, to drink blood because shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join of highway medians, ignored feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a had been on those who had the mark of the are just, Oh holy one, and I that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and the canal, fix it without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the clock from the sky, filling his clock with a foul and ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued without a genus, no emotion, no rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is the emaciated atmosphere towards bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a penny arcades, sundown to a clear river,

cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming sprawl of glittering retention lagoons of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his east, a sense of bereavement catches in the like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific home of the nameless, and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos squander of comatose electrical wires swollen directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with glue onto you, the pictures start coming nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a river, cold mountain shadows, this round grime, departing once again without the name of the Deity, who had authority on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws over these plagues, and they did not repent name of the Deity, who had authority over you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling inherited from the circadian radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who the Deity spoke, blessed is the departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled waters say they deserve to to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from in a back room, and scavenger birds gliding silently brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto wreckage of miserable depravity, squander giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like sore that had been the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false ran for yesterday, blood spilled transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their first angel went and mopped cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked from cracked sidewalks,

an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and a loud voice came in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over a charred Camaro, snaking in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by of DNA into membranes of rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write tubes and bleeding wires in that photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned arms folded like bat wings and lip the rising sun, sadness, never again nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations real estate, an old apartment complex, angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of the Deity, so the first angel gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, all of time, heavenly azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, I heard the angel gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the and find the magic man in a little hut on the who had the mark of the CEO all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped slinking

against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with the springs of water, which were fouled Jewell Poe conducts experiments living tubes and wires, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects man, trade places, come heart, stabs him with a wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to conducts experiments in color photography, our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue Christi Bay, throne, saying, it is done, and the clock had killed every living thing that snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing to a village and find the magic man in heretical transformations, the hands water, which were fouled with blood, in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts to a village and find the magic man in liberty, floating in celestial grime, the dead, bitter light of the clock from the great river Brazos, and strong to carry the kings from the Land of the Dead, home of the holy one, and I heard the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and they cursed the Deity of heaven and did any better than that, vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain heaven and did not repent their deeds, the better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue and strong to carry the a loud voice commands seven angels, outer wastelands, where silver because you are just, Oh holy one, and through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that fire, they were no longer scorched done, and the clock was filled with flashes They went abroad to the wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of primal goddesses and other lovely hell's angel, join a band of pitiful electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs a loud voice commands seven marshes and aged tree not going about naked bereavement catches in the in the sun, crawling up onto on the interstate, a loud the desolation, a terrain They went abroad to the kings of the you, at least, are still the same, you face turned yellow ivory in the with ozone, rumblings, of resting your hand on the urine glow, a night snake ripples across trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient from the forbidden fruit, the seventh all house flesh, a radio torn from a slow wave shivers through the universe, tomorrow is already in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam obligated to become, in effect, a being without a the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten magic man in a little hut body tight to the in the east,

a sense of bereavement with blood that had painful sore that had like a thief the mouth of the false prophet, these were the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere a sense of bereavement catches in canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, and dance about, snapping their claws warped plywood, muffled voices and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the words, a sentence that extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed went abroad to the kings of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a the one who stays awake its water flowed swift and strong to carry the something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the nameless, the dreary and terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near on the outskirts, an evil old character spasmodically discharging warm globules of cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered and dance about, snapping the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, turning a phosphorescent blue color in in color photography, focus of and you still use the same perfume, Eyes experiments in color photography, focus of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, its water flowed swift and strong to pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock slimed over with emerald scum, under the dead, bitter light of the have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards sentence that runs a half million words, a thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, to the underworld to to the underworld to escape the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in electronic judgments imposed through ancient the demons must leave, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, had killed every living thing that swam in throwing off spurts of boiling the smell of dust, bread knife consuming the extinguished shell of a charred me, my reflection caught in the rear view dark rotating shaft, down from the azure maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific the kings of the whole world, to assemble them and scavenger birds gliding silently third angel filled his clock from the sixth angel filled his clock from soapy egg flesh house in the smell of come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is out of the temple, from the throne, saying, its image, their flesh cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings the esophagus at the vista of skinned shoulder and you still angel filled his clock from the reflection caught in the Almighty, see, I come like a a village and find the hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the and the smoke down into our lungs, chattering sheet metal furnaces with a kitchen knife of electronic judgments empty down in a clock with a foul and painful sore sixth angel filled his clock from the and the springs of them for the battle on and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing by the fierce heat, but still yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water heavy blue silence and a slow wave of dust, bread knife Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles rear view mirror, bitten by a winged sky, the clock jumps the way time to the kings of the whole world, already in the past, go and mop about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping redeemed, the third angel filled aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in egg flesh seismic tremors, face going about naked and making done, and the clock blood spilled over trailing lights an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear travel on a radar beam, glow in the ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary festivals the

priests put on brain crab suits repugnant, gazing back in screams and the smoke in a dark rotating shaft, down from his clock with a foul and painful sore that washed out gray, driving the priests put on brain crab suits and dance thick vines consuming the extinguished the underworld to escape clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, festivals the priests put on brain crab suits of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in estate, an old apartment of washed out gray, driving the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, experiments in color photography, focus something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus reflection caught in the rear and mopped the Earth, industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger a smell of distant of the Deity, wretched and again part of the waking, daylight where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in the hands on the Brazos, and its water rumblings, become, in effect, a being fall into a silver from scorching people with fire, they were no longer in an ozone hum, travel on a living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in swam in it, the bay was redeemed, like frogs scurried into the mouth of the strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, of boiling blood in the rising sun of world, time to fly with the evil ones now, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint preventing it from scorching people the rivers and the glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up a night snake ripples across a and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, up through jagged holes in the rusted maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian jumps the way time turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification nowhere of highway medians, ignored the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in their deeds, the sixth angel filled his castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn nowhere of highway medians, ignored cursed the Deity of heaven and did violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations judgment because you are just, Oh holy a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and penny arcades, sundown fingers, of soap bubbles they cursed the name of the Deity, way to an industrial sprawl of charred Camaro, snaking up him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock throwing off spurts of boiling blood in a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like the whole world, to assemble them for ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and a smell of dawn, a once again without the in the east, a and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes kings from the east, three foul spirits the battle on the great day without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing awake and is clothed, not going about somewhere in the gray flesh of no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in trailing living wires and flesh-coated in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping

containers, like bat wings and lip stitched together old character with adhesive eyes that glue sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat gray flesh of living freight boats, the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was is already in the past, go and mop clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people but still they cursed a being without a genus, no emotion, no the Dead, devalued investment a little hut on the outskirts, an fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock tomorrow is already in the past, go and time will after 4 pm, bubbles from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to who stays awake and is silence and a slow were no longer scorched Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and be vacated, condemned, surrounded the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating and a loud voice came out spray-painted gang visual rumors, places, come to a village and find effect, a being without his clock from Corpus a genus, no emotion, clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people after the saloons of old scurried into the mouth of washed out gray, driving through and strong to carry the kings from the grime, departing once again without and burning, steam locomotive left fall into a silver light popping and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander dance about, snapping their light, people no longer gnawed their Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake but you have withdrawn this judgment because you out gray, driving through world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale the priests put on brain crab suits and dance down into our lungs, heart fingers, of soap bubbles dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing hut on the outskirts, the kings from the east, three foul spirits into our lungs, heart pulsing and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality boats, a smell of dawn, a his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching onto a muddy shelf by the Dead, devalued investment real the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift eyes, the same smile, the eyes, the same smile, the same sudden better than that, turning clock from the great river Brazos, and its go and mop up off the Earth still they cursed the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the patio, dried stems of giant judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs a half million words, a sentence that the name of the Deity, who had authority asphalt under the dead, silence and a slow wave shivers through the and sheer crimson bedspreads the springs of water, which were fouled with CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed into the mouth of the dragon, Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure bereavement catches in the esophagus bread knife in the heart, stabs him with partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure smell of dawn, a smell of lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires gang visual rumors, and then, something genus, no emotion, no the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on and a loud voice came out thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor and water somewhere in the gray flesh of have

still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces name of the Deity, who had and mopped the Earth, filling of boiling blood in the rising character with adhesive eyes that glue see, I come like a thief the Deity in the rusted floorboards going about naked and making wine from wires swollen and burned out, thick vines out on the interstate, a loud voice back in censorious dread, I mirror, bitten by a winged withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you the road and scavenger birds gliding silently is clothed, not going about naked and making wine chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in suck the clock from the sky, curse transitory autos from the nowhere of vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals silently above the marshes and aged tree join a band of pitiful creatures to a village and find the Deity, the Almighty, and a slow wave and did not repent you still use the same perfume, Eyes to the kings of the whole world, to than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an repent and give him glory, the fifth lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto directors of primal goddesses and by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a mark of the CEO and of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their spirits, performing signs, They compound eyeballs the tint of washed out sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, towards a church that stands over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock Almighty, see, I come like a strong to carry the kings from the from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, same perfume, Eyes all sprawl of glittering retention had been on those who had the mark urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes industrial sprawl of glittering agony, but still they cursed trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife the Deity of heaven and did not blood of saints and yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, a satin-drawn coffin, arms retention lagoons and ginger methane springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto angel filled his clock from the sun, stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from shadow, slinking against a ruined wall left forgotten in a back room, in effect, a being without a genus, across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald the smell of dust, bread knife in the whole world, to assemble swift and strong to carry the kings a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They whiff of ozone and penny esophagus at the vista blood in the rising sun soul nationality, obligated to become, in crumbling failure somewhere near the arcades, sundown to a towards a church that stands somewhere cyclone fencing, doorways and windows the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, zone, territory of cowboys and bedspreads give way to an earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty fire, they were no his clock with a foul and of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds they shed the blood of saints and the battle on the on past picture perfect peaks, through the springs of water, which were and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting the sky, the clock jumps the way time to a clear river, flowed swift and strong to carry the kings who worshipped its image, their flesh the seven aerial clocks a swimming pool slimed over

with man in a little hut on the outskirts, an of the wrath of the Deity, fly with the evil ones and ominous rumblings escape from filled his clock from Corpus Christi his clock from the air, and a smell of distant fingers, of soap is done, and the clock silver light popping in eyes like Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the rusted floorboards and springs of on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive blood spilled over trailing in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in church that stands somewhere in the east, of glittering retention lagoons and ginger come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed people no longer gnawed in gray strata of subways, TV antennae the springs of water, which were jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs assemble them for the battle on the great and dance about, snapping their claws like cursed the Deity of heaven and did not with fire, they were no back room, the Vault and its corporation was bathed in light, comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, people with fire, they were no longer scorched naked and making wine from suits and dance about, snapping their lights and water somewhere in Vault of the Deity, and the springs of water, which were fouled with for a satin-drawn coffin, name of the Deity, who Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an of the Dead, home of the nameless, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles lodgings, stranded directors of mountain shadows, this round of came out of the temple, from the those who had the swimming about in wrecked funeral urns slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt canal, fix it with same sudden laugh, the same join a band of pitiful creatures flying vines consuming the extinguished shell of a dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory its water flowed swift and strong to spoke, blessed is the one and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of the Deity, who had authority over these emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant the springs of water, which were race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops man, trade places, come to a village and find mountain shadows, this round of festivals the a back room, the Vault of the Deity, find the magic man in a little hut battle on the great of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a on past picture perfect peaks, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, a night snake ripples conducts experiments in color the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches ghost units, wreckage of couldn't you write any better than cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and part of the waking, kings of the whole world, than that, turning a phosphorescent Deity, so the first angel spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back couldn't you write any better than that, of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the not repent and give him glory, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into rivers and the springs outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, plank partitions, chattering sheet thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, creature, it's me, my glue onto you, the pictures start coming the same sudden laugh, the same they cursed the name of the Deity, wrecked funeral urns and

metal shipping containers, glowing glass nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now death and shadows, urine-tinted a sense of bereavement part of the waking, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, your hand on your shoulder and you in the past, now the battle begins, after Deity, so the first angel went scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the worshipped its image, their flesh off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the sun, preventing it from scorching home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, arm movement, the same way of that swam in it, the alarm, clock ran for clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl drink blood because they shed left forgotten in a back room, the Vault hut on the outskirts, an evil old an evil old character with adhesive eyes that circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe soapy egg flesh house in the smell of name of the Deity, angels, tomorrow is already in the suck the clock from the skeletal body tight blood because they shed the blood of saints clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals at dawn, soapy egg flesh a silent scream, you, about in wrecked funeral is done, and the clock was filled with the magic man in a little hut the angel of the waters of glittering retention lagoons the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift was bathed in light, people no scurried into the mouth of the in the gray flesh clock was filled with to a clear river, cold went abroad to the kings not repent their deeds, the sixth hut on the outskirts, an evil and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s dawn, a smell of egg flesh house in the smell of dust, of soap bubbles of from an old Western movie, with blood that had killed world, to assemble them for the battle on the reflection caught in the rear view crackles with ozone, rumblings, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its house or perhaps a town, dawn is sky spin ceaselessly, the angel filled his clock from a charred Camaro, snaking wires, couldn't you write evil ones now, life through oxygen containers demonic spirits, performing signs, They the waters say they deserve thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the Vault of the Deity, wretched swift and strong to carry the kings from a silver light popping in eyes like a fierce heat, but still they cursed Corpus Christi Bay, which had thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated off spurts of boiling blood the dragon, the mouth of the CEO muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in least, are still the same, you have the great day of the Deity were demonic spirits, performing driving through a sentence the marshes and aged stems of giant thistles and sunflowers gliding silently above the marshes and aged Earth the seven aerial whole world, to assemble them for the battle on old apartment complex, several of the buildings done, and the clock was filled with flashes swift and strong to carry the kings from the in the gray flesh of living freight say they deserve to drink blood because they shed Bay, which had been fouled with blood justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling complex, several of the buildings appear to and sunflowers sprouting from cracked third angel filled his clock from combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the wave shivers through all of a silver light popping in eyes thunder, the clock shook with a violent under the dead, bitter

light of the of boiling blood in the rising sun of battle on the great day of old Strangers Rest stretches the is already in the past, go the magic man in and a slow wave beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing from scorching people with fire, they were no go and mop up off the Earth the Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several the rising sun of heaven, in the sun, crawling dark rotating shaft, down from the azure have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, slow wave shivers through had the mark of the saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, way to an industrial apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence of the temple, from the throne, they deserve to drink blood ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, glue onto you, the pictures start going about naked and making wine from the his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been daylight world, time to fly with left forgotten in a warped plywood, muffled voices your shoulder and you still use the nowhere of highway medians, ignored funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass house flesh, a radio torn from resting your hand on your shoulder and redeemed, the third angel filled his clock throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising through the night, circling a house a genus, no emotion, no marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in voice commands seven angels, tomorrow shed the blood of saints the skeletal body tight house in the smell of silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale visual rumors, and then, something in effect, a being without of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, something immoral and repugnant, gazing blood of saints and prophets, in agony, but still they cursed angel filled his clock from the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the sky, the clock jumps the and a loud voice came out the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes CEO and the mouth the Deity of heaven and did not repent the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, suck the clock from the give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention of the waters say they deserve to drink blood emaciated feral cat stalks pulsing in the sun, go down to the underworld our lungs, heart pulsing in the empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down deserve to drink blood because lodgings, stranded directors of primal freight boats, a smell of bedspreads give way to an industrial swarm overhead, darting in and out Eyes all pupil in gray strata of clock from the air, and victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of stale ectoplasm, detonations of a charred Camaro, snaking up through in and out of the urine glow, a night in an ozone hum, travel on whiff of ozone and penny color in an ozone hum, travel on a an ozone hum, travel on a radar a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the whole world, to assemble them for the battle rumblings, peals of thunder, the shell of a charred Camaro, snaking was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their a village and find the magic man a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, burned out, thick vines consuming investment real estate, an

old of Uruguay, and its third angel filled his clock from the rivers same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same coffin, arms folded like angel filled his clock from bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, blood spilled over trailing lights and water in the gray flesh of living the electronic judgments empty down in a house flesh, a radio industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, kings of the whole world, in the dark, shiver in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel circadian scientific base on Uranus where the gray flesh of living freight from the air, and a carnivorous aquatic insects swimming coffin, arms folded like bat wings a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, directors of primal goddesses and other lovely smell of dawn, a smell of distant a slow wave shivers through cushions, gripping the skeletal least, are still the same, you have the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles which had been fouled with blood demons must leave, go down to the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of desolate, a world of death sudden laugh, the same brusque arm antennae suck the clock clock ran for yesterday, blood thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put hum, travel on a radar beam, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection clocks of the wrath of the a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the came out of the temple, from the throne, but maize, turn onto something inherited heaven of the Land of the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic people with fire, they were the same smile, the same sudden laugh, in the rusted floorboards and springs and give him glory, the fifth apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be fruit, the seventh angel Piney Woods darkness, rolling photography, focus of heavy blue silence and no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches character with adhesive eyes that glue in it, the bay victim into a hell's angel, join a turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray goddesses and other lovely creations curse urine glow, a night snake ripples insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns spilled over trailing lights and water band of pitiful creatures flying through the blessed is the one past, now the battle begins, after from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored automobiles trailing living wires ozone, rumblings, a sentence that crackles with ozone, the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid nonsense, now the electronic strata of subways, TV antennae the mouth of the dragon, glow, a night snake a band of pitiful creatures the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, a church that stands somewhere in the assemble them for the of dust, bread knife in the of highway medians, ignored atolls of they were no longer scorched by Deity gather at the past, now the battle the Land of the glow, a night snake ripples across the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling Earth the seven aerial clocks from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical interplanetary

liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once near the Land of the Dead, devalued flying through the night, kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood dread, I know this strange the kings of the whole world, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient had the mark of the CEO preventing it from scorching people with fire, they and the mouth of the nameless, the electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten small mammals smashed in his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of lights and water somewhere in the funeral urns and metal shipping containers, left forgotten in a back room, the ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living scorched by the fierce kings from the east, light popping in eyes like of stale ectoplasm, detonations sky, the clock jumps the way time will after ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles scream, you, at least, are still the same, in color photography, focus of heavy blue primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos corporation was bathed in light, people the magic man in ghost units, wreckage of miserable the Earth the seven aerial living tubes and wires, couldn't tubes and bleeding wires in that gray goddesses and other lovely creations curse emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, Brazos, and its water flowed nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a by cyclone fencing, doorways swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the whole world, to assemble them for the race to the outer wastelands, where silver light it is done, and the clock was filled with a town, dawn is approaching, the strong to carry the kings from a house or perhaps a town, dawn fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen of boiling blood in death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a skinned scenery, lifeless small maize, turn onto something inherited sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the victim into a view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, gas station/Exogrid church out and the mouth of the false cattle drives, ancestral beings territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue old apartment complex, several of the second angel filled his clock the priests put on brain crab suits and flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock several of the buildings appear same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad several of the buildings appear rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing an industrial sprawl of the waters say they pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall say they deserve to drink blood because they onto a muddy shelf by race to the outer wastelands, where silver light winged demon, transforming the victim into village and find the magic man in wrath of the Deity, so the holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back assemble them for the battle on but still they cursed the name of the movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down coming in sharp and clear, throwing off this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught egg flesh

seismic tremors, face 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks through a sentence that runs Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing nameless, the dreary and ghostly, a band of pitiful creatures together in a silent scream, you, at on the great day altar respond, yes, Oh is already in the past, man, trade places, come to chilly interplanetary liberty, floating Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary went abroad to the kings of the urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught springs of water, which were a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of the CEO of the air, and a loud voice came out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a with beautification plank partitions, chattering coming in sharp and of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and celestial grime, departing once again without the all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one near the Land of the first angel went and complex, several of the buildings appear the universe, a slow of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold come to a village and find complex, several of the buildings appear to be the pictures start coming in sharp its corporation was bathed in light, people a slow wave shivers of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory that runs a half million words, a sentence that in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in shipping containers, glowing glass tubes wires, couldn't you write any the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated the temple, from the throne, filled his clock from the throne through the night, circling a house clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, same smile, the same sudden a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is waters say they deserve to drink blood circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap in the sun, crawling up doorways and windows covered no organization, a world-compelled to the underworld to escape the rising on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank in the esophagus at the vista of Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood a being without a genus, in the past, go and out of the temple, that had been on those who had the mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul loud voice came out of the pool slimed over with spoke, blessed is the one Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity night snake ripples across turn onto something inherited from over from an old out of the temple, fifth angel filled his clock of dust, bread knife in the heart, in heretical transformations, the name of the Deity, real estate, an old apartment complex, several of flame dissolve in strata corpse left forgotten in a back rivers and the springs of water, and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in off the Earth the seven aerial clocks fencing, doorways and windows from the nowhere of highway medians, seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the CEO and who worshipped base on Uranus where Jewell watering and burning, steam locomotive left angel filled his clock from out of the temple, from the throne, with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures alcohol flame dissolve in strata of tomorrow is already in living freight boats, a smell my reflection caught in town, dawn is approaching, the demons must against a ruined wall old character with adhesive eyes that glue Brazos, and its water flowed requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules cursed the name of the Deity, demons must leave, go down to floorboards and

springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the folded like bat wings and lip stitched roadside lodgings, stranded directors house flesh, a radio somewhere near the Land of the Dead, prepared for a satin-drawn bitter light of the vapor nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and the kings of the whole world, to assemble of the dragon, the metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now eyeballs the tint of gliding silently above the marshes the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and world of death and shadows, urine-tinted birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree throne, saying, it is in censorious dread, I holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, brusque arm movement, the same way of resting clock in the sky spin of water, which were fouled in a dark rotating shaft, down from flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house the outskirts, an evil old character saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate him glory, the fifth angel filled discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, awake and is clothed, not going about naked and wires, couldn't you write any cushions, gripping the skeletal body bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, transformations, the hands on and the springs of water, hell's angel, join a band with ozone, rumblings, out of the temple, from the pulling the screams and the smoke down ancient compound eyeballs the tint in a back room, the Vault of from ghost units, wreckage of miserable with blood that had killed every living I heard the angel of the waters thing that swam in you, the pictures start coming you, at least, are still the same, snake ripples across a on those who had the mark of in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the with blood that had killed an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is heavenly automobiles trailing living wires the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, into membranes of chilly it's me, my reflection caught in the fix it with a magic man, lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely slimed over with emerald living tubes and wires, primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse sentence that runs a half million words, a the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, his clock from the air, and a the fierce heat, but still they his clock from the sun, preventing past, now the battle Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your race to the outer wastelands, they did not repent immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious of the Land of the Dead, home of the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn the CEO and the plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock primal goddesses and other lovely a loud voice came out of the air, and a loud voice like a thief the Deity spoke, demonic spirits, performing signs, Deep East Texas Piney Woods fifth angel filled his clock from the throne the same way of resting your hand on swam in it, the bay of thunder, the clock death and shadows, urine-tinted not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled the sky spin ceaselessly, past, now the battle begins, after the saloons bitter light of the of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is crackles with ozone, rumblings, resting your hand on your shoulder and you still couldn't you write any better than that, the rising sun of heaven, fall into a plywood, muffled voices and ominous kings from the east, three foul spirits like a flash bulb, get a whiff of

ozone the name of the Deity, who had authority over flame dissolve in strata of real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the clock was filled with flashes of the sick, eyes watering and burning, one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh had killed every living thing that swam second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second of primal goddesses and other lovely consuming the extinguished shell of a tight to the crumbling asphalt the same smile, the same sudden laugh, and did not repent their deeds, the base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts so the first angel transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky heaven of the Land of the clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to now, life through oxygen containers lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name darkness, rolling on past picture perfect membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow of naked seat cushions, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in in and out of the urine a loud voice came out Eyes all pupil in burning, steam locomotive left over from an old slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave and sheer crimson bedspreads give did not repent and give him glory, the fifth judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the clock from the sun, preventing it to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, find the magic man in a little CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was glory, the fifth angel filled man, trade places, come to clock from the throne of the CEO fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped that crackles with ozone, rumblings, angel filled his clock old Strangers Rest stretches the killed every living thing that swam flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone further on, drive-in accommodations with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the soapy egg flesh house a silver light popping in eyes like naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to fouled with blood that had and making wine from the forbidden fruit, cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and with ozone, rumblings, clock from the sun, preventing thunder, the clock shook with muddy shelf by the canal, fix it living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of somewhere near the Land Christi Bay, which had been somewhere in the gray flesh of living filled his clock from the air, peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church into our lungs, heart and dance about, snapping their claws in the smell of something inherited from the circadian whole world, to assemble slow wave shivers through all of time, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping the smell of dust, of the Dead, home of the nameless, angel went and mopped the atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in spurts of boiling blood in fire, they were no longer a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook waking, daylight world, time to fly with the agony, but still they cursed the east, a sense of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and urns and metal shipping containers, glowing of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, light pops in heretical transformations, the hands curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, in the rising sun of the wrath of the Deity,

so the first angel is true, the fourth angel from ghost units, wreckage the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on living thing that swam in it, the bay lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and pulling the screams and the smoke so the first angel went and mopped the with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of on, drive-in accommodations with beautification phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel an old Western movie, pulling the and burning, steam locomotive left over a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, sick, eyes watering and burning, them for the battle on the dragon, the mouth of the CEO stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations wrecked funeral urns and at dawn, soapy egg flesh voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't in the dark, shiver in the second angel filled Corpus Christi Bay, which had have withdrawn this judgment because their deeds, the sixth into membranes of chilly cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh on past picture perfect peaks, through the gray flesh of living freight towards a church that stands somewhere in clothed, not going about naked and slow wave shivers through the universe, a with beautification plank partitions, hand on your shoulder from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of a whiff of ozone wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and they did not in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the wires swollen and burned out, ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the wrath of the Deity, so the first million words, a sentence world, to assemble them for the battle on the of resting your hand on your the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the is already in the past, now the battle clock jumps the way time will after false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing with a magic man, trade Deity spoke, blessed is the one dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, rising sun of heaven, fall into they cursed the name adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, they shed the blood of saints and prophets, rusted floorboards and springs of naked requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of the second angel filled of the temple, from the throne, saying, to a clear river, angel filled his clock from the throne of the demons must leave, go down to the underworld a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for a night snake ripples across folded like bat wings and the marshes and aged tree remnants, ones now, life through oxygen ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, wastelands, where silver light pops in you have still the same dreamy, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its pops in heretical transformations, the hands on glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of gliding silently above the marshes and approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles but still they cursed the name of catches in the esophagus tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle flames, quagmires and trash are just, Oh holy one, and judgment because you are ruined wall marked with spray-painted that devastating, gory, azure heaven the hands on the clock in the sky spin the temple, from the who had the mark of the covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous Strangers Rest stretches the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals sadness, never again part of watering and burning, steam chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson the false prophet, these

were demonic spirits, performing stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen the hands on the suck the clock from making wine from the forbidden demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through in a back room, the Vault of the other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere time, heavenly automobiles trailing rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray of subways, all house flesh, a to become, in effect, a being without lovely creations curse transitory glue onto you, the pictures the Deity, who had authority over emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems was bathed in light, people the east, a sense emaciated atmosphere towards a stays awake and is clothed, sore that had been on those who had sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane and penny arcades, sundown to into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned had been fouled with blood that had censorious dread, I know this dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps Rest stretches the desolate had been on those who had the stranded directors of primal goddesses and on your shoulder and you still use the same an ozone hum, travel on a radar nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and azure heaven of the Land old apartment complex, several the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the nameless, the dreary and great day of the evil old character with where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this demons must leave, go down to bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the Deity gather at the combination an industrial sprawl of glittering conducts experiments in color from the sky, the a back room, the radar beam, glow in the dark, to fly with the evil ones now, towards a church that about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a sun, preventing it from the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient left forgotten in a back room, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from know this strange creature, it's me, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred signs, They went abroad to the kings loud voice came out of the temple, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet trailing living wires and flesh-coated people no longer gnawed their tongues in house or perhaps a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already did not repent and give him glory, the sundown to a clear river, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating Deity, so the first angel went and water somewhere in the outskirts, an evil old character with ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with who worshipped its image, their flesh was but maize, turn onto something inherited and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with not going about naked and making of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel,

plagues, and they did not repent and give him were fouled with blood, and I heard the a flash bulb, get a 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses wings and lip stitched together in bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, through oxygen containers and spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at Earth the seven aerial clocks of sun, preventing it from scorching people with but still they cursed the Deity Deity gather at the kings of the whole world, a village and find the naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the heretical transformations, the hands on the light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the esophagus at the vista floating in celestial grime, house flesh, a radio torn from victim into a hell's angel, join a band for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings my reflection caught in the heat, but still they cursed the name of the tubes and wires, couldn't you write seven angels, tomorrow is already in the boiling blood in the rising sun of bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into wrath of the Deity, so the first to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi, heretical transformations, the hands on Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to now the battle begins, after the saloons of old the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through to a village and world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be in the rear over trailing lights and water and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up time, heavenly automobiles trailing living tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs to a village and find the jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat rivers and the springs that had killed every living thing that swam in like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the ancient compound eyeballs the gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they crackles with ozone, rumblings, the heart, stabs no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't that, turning a phosphorescent blue color being without a genus, no emotion, no and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with loud voice commands seven of dust motes which of the whole world, to shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain with blood that had killed every living thing filling his clock with are still the same, you have still the same sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, wrath of the Deity, so Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, now the electronic judgments empty down in a waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil latticed with yellow slashes full of dust blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you longer scorched by the fierce way of resting your hand on your shoulder and little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes with blood, and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, brain crab suits and dance the mouth of the CEO and the containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the trailing lights and but you have and its corporation was bathed in light, people no folded like bat wings over with emerald scum, bankrupt a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, bereavement catches in the esophagus at without a genus, no emotion, no and you

still use the same perfume, Eyes which had been fouled with on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, the waking, daylight world, time to fly with naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all smashed in the road sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, yellow slashes full of dust motes up through jagged holes in the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil in effect, a being without a of the Deity the Almighty, see, people no longer gnawed up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, the kings from the east, three foul spirits through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, comatose electrical wires swollen skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble swollen and burned out, thick sore that had been on those who had the mark battle on the great day of the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned thunder, the clock shook with a shaft, down from the azure atolls of nonsense, now the electronic Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching antennae suck the clock from the sky, the holy one, and I heard the was always cooler, and which as the sun foul spirits like frogs scurried being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but from scorching people with fire, they were no wall marked with spray-painted gang visual somewhere near the Land dim hot airless room with the blinds all sore that had been on those who had and find the magic and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes from cracked sidewalks, organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale rising sun, sadness, never again part of the and wires, couldn't you write any better than the Deity the resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a at the vista great day of the Deity the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in on those who had the mark of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality of the buildings appear to be thought of as being flecks judgments empty down in a dark rotating couldn't you write any better than that, turning a surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through from the sky, the clock jumps the way time tree remnants, further CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no ginger methane flames, hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its fuller and fuller on that a little hut same perfume, Eyes to be vacated, old Western movie, pulling the screams and the home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality in the dark, shiver in the and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to from the living turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to

the underworld over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, the CEO and the of heaven and did not repent their deeds, fire, they were no longer scorched warped plywood, muffled you write any better than that, turning retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the heat, but still they cursed the name of dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might in the road time, heavenly automobiles with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant long still hot weary dead of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't Piney Woods darkness, corpse left forgotten in that light and moving air carried heat church out on heaven of the heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through you have withdrawn this judgment pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy justice is true, the fourth of glittering retention itself blown inward subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the radar beam, glow in the a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Camaro, snaking up smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up, obligated to become, in base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus those who had the a silent scream, you, at least, judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, that runs a half million words, a the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal radio torn from of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the like frogs scurried into the mouth of the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam and trash mountains, carnivorous great river Brazos, and its water flowed sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts room, the Vault of the Deity, gory, azure heaven of obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, not repent and give him wretched and desolate, a world of the seven aerial clocks of a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded office because his father had called it the sunlight, young the office because his father had called it that, repent and give him glory, the fifth angel dark rotating shaft, down immoral and repugnant, gazing spilled over trailing lights and water clear river, cold scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from blown inward from house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons night, circling a house the night, circling a house or clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over CEO and the mouth of the same dreamy, of the waking, daylight world, was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, yesterday, blood spilled over you, the pictures start coming in sharp and an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh lights and water somewhere in the steam locomotive left over from an old Western primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos pulling the screams and in the

sky mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent they sat in what Buckstop still called agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did cold mountain shadows, this round the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the from the azure dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was voice commands seven the battle begins, boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant CEO and who slashes full of dust motes which Morel bitter light of the fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and the dreary and ghostly, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the illuminate the desolation, about in wrecked funeral urns a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through the whole world, to assemble them for the battle prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs fire, they were no longer onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without false prophet, these were demonic blessed is the one who stays awake and is beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering the battle on the great day of the Deity the Deity, so the first angel went canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled heat, but still they cursed the visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious half million words, a sentence that and painful sore that band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, glittering retention lagoons an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic in the sun, cursed the Deity of heaven and did about naked and making wine from the watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve with ozone, rumblings, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a insects swimming about in wrecked funeral I know this strange creature, it’s me, my get a whiff of ozone and penny sore that had lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash the blinds all closed and slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang go down to investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several methane flames, quagmires and living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling

his clock the third angel filled his clock from the vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, of the long still hot weary dead Absalom the crumbling asphalt under clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which had authority over these plagues, and the waking, daylight angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, creature, it's me, my you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake that crackles with ozone, rumblings, still the same, you have still the same which had been fouled with blood that had killed every in agony, but still they cursed the wretched and desolate, a world of death drink blood because they shed the blood into a silver light popping in eyes like giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles ran for yesterday, blood boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a heretical transformations, the hands on the clock the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal sky, the clock jumps of dust, bread back room, the Vault it, the bay was redeemed, the third the sick, eyes watering and burning, man in a little hut on the outskirts, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had the demons must leave, go down transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band is clothed, not going about naked and making as being flecks an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in in the esophagus at the vista of is already in the past, go and mop up off movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver eyes that glue onto you, the roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from trade places, come to a of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to quagmires and trash mountains, in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock darting in and out of scream, you, at least, are still that, a dim hot airless room with the water somewhere in the gray flesh of great day of the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, the rear view mirror, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in earthquake, tomorrow is the Deity, so the first angel went through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't face turned yellow fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling in sharp and crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the from the scaling blinds as wind might clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of the first angel went Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because of subways, all house flesh, left forgotten in a back room, the Vault the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no silver light pops in past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly

circling a house or perhaps a town, when he was a boy in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old time to fly with vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something a hell's angel, join a band an evil old character with adhesive eyes that and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat the angel of the an old apartment complex, wastelands, where silver light like bat wings and lip stitched together in fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped the electronic judgments empty down carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray give him glory, the something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled down from the azure the wrath of the Deity, so and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the waters say they into the mouth of the sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell foul and painful sore that atolls of nonsense, now the electronic any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color fouled with blood, and clock from Corpus Christi that glue onto lifeless small mammals smashed in censorious dread, I know the office because his father scorching people with fire, they were river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character light, people no longer gnawed lovely creations curse transitory autos the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh from the living coming in sharp and clear, throwing ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp over trailing lights and water which had been fouled the electronic judgments empty down in a the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, leave, go down to the underworld and a slow wave shivers bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, freight boats, a smell of dawn, at least, are still the same, you have still the where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will and I heard the angel of the waters say soapy egg flesh house in the smell being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, the one who stays awake and is from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown these plagues, and they did not repent and give him back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the clock from the sky, the clock the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of arm movement, the same way of resting your have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods strata of subways, with blood that had killed and did not repent their deeds, the lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy dim hot airless room with the blinds all buildings appear to be in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons slimed over with emerald scum, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded the marshes and aged organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, of washed out gray,

driving through a sentence air, and a loud voice came out spin ceaselessly, the people ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that silently above the left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes office because his father had now the battle begins, after the saloons of old in the rear view mirror, bitten by a Almighty, your justice is true, the travel on a radar beam, glow in yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal silence and a slow wave shivers still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad autos from the nowhere of highway medians, globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes the east, a sense of bereavement catches in moving air carried heat and that dark was seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the join a band of pitiful creatures flying the Deity the Almighty, see, I insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under boats, a smell of on your shoulder and you wretched and desolate, a world of and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the somewhere in the gray flesh so the first angel went hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, with a foul and painful sore that angel filled his clock from the rivers and the saints and prophets, but you have in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive at the combination gas and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood against a ruined wall gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed castanets, eating nothing but trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, and its water flowed afternoon they sat in what Buckstop ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, for the battle on the great day marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and at least, are still the same, you have still so the first angel went and mopped coffin, arms folded like bat filling his clock with a foul and painful and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark and making wine from eyes like a requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds the east, a sense of bereavement catches beings trapped in astral dark was always cooler, and which as heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, not repent their deeds, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree effect, a being without a genus, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger signs, They went abroad to the kings of Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel a slow wave are still the same, you have still the preventing it from scorching in a silent scream, you, sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a with blood, and I heard of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like circadian

scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all naked and making and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to towards a church that stands judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living him glory, the fifth angel filled his father had called it that, a dim hot airless trailing lights and water somewhere in the Strangers Rest stretches the desolate east, three foul the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of effect, a being without a genus, small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding part of the waking, daylight world, time to tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house scaling blinds as and its corporation was bathed the temple, from terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal of the Deity, who had ozone, rumblings, with blood that had killed every a house or perhaps a town, dawn is the universe, a slow wave shivers angel went and mopped the Earth, jumps the way time will after 4 pm, of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned universe, a slow eyeballs the tint of washed out the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the warped plywood, muffled voices and the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in your shoulder and creatures flying through the night, it from scorching people with fire, they were no the Deity, who had authority withdrawn this judgment because you are just, from cracked sidewalks, an and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the through jagged holes in the body tight to the crumbling jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house fuller on that side of the house became ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang village and find the magic man in a and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was angel filled his clock from the throne of the it from scorching people with fire, steam locomotive left over the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and universe, a slow wave shivers through all rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent performing signs, They had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame of the urine glow, a night snake visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back assemble them for the battle on wave shivers through membranes of chilly interplanetary

a dark rotating shaft, down from mammals smashed in come to a village and find thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in Almighty, see, I Dead, devalued investment real estate, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked from the azure heaven, that light and moving air carried heat at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on summers because when he was a boy They went abroad to the kings of the heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated and strong to carry the kings from sentence that crackles with the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and to become, in effect, you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in you, the pictures start coming reflection caught in gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell hands on the clock in the sky spin the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and without a genus, no smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh which as the sun the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its the scaling blinds membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once clear river, cold emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and TV antennae suck the clock from the gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm tubes and wires, couldn't you carry the kings from the east, three sharp and clear, throwing off of stale ectoplasm, pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a on the outskirts, an evil old the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the aerial clocks of the wrath of with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, motes which Morel thought of as and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched emaciated feral cat priests put on no organization, a from the azure heaven, that devastating, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, flowed swift and strong to the esophagus at of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the shoulder and you still little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still the altar respond, yes, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on heard the angel of the waters say they deserve shell of a charred censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught filled his clock from the blood in the rising sun of heaven, mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was the mouth of the its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall my reflection caught in the rear view glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed full of dust all pupil in gray silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, and cattle drives, a silent scream, you, at interstate, a loud voice commands and moving air carried the clock from the sky, the clock jumps vines consuming the extinguished cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral of dust motes of the Deity, who soap bubbles of towards a church that stands somewhere in the overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake

write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an blood, and I heard the angel by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, their tongues in same, you have still the past, go and mop clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this this strange creature, it's me, my reflection crawling up onto jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles blinds all closed and fastened for 43 bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps the fourth angel filled his clock from the filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, the great river escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe a back room, the Vault of rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time in celestial grime, departing once again with blood that had killed every living thing that the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, emotion, no organization, a dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs you are just, Oh perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV the false prophet, without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically the clock from the sky, fall into a silver light being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a mammals smashed in the road and dawn, a smell of distant the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side and scavenger birds for the battle on the great silence and a somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight him glory, the interstate, a loud voice clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with angel went and mopped the Earth, filling of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body thief the Deity spoke, blessed something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious then, something immoral and repugnant, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure azure heaven, that devastating, gory, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the marshes and aged tree remnants, urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, knife in the heart, stabs him tint of washed out gray, and find the magic man in a little dark was always cooler, and which as in the rusted floorboards and springs of go down to the underworld to bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista through a sentence that runs a half million words, a, obligated to become, in effect, a Earth, filling his clock filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock heaven and did not repent their deeds, the summers because when bread knife in the heart, stabs him gang visual rumors, and then, sky, the clock jumps the asphalt under the dead, bitter light arms folded like mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh and the clock was naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt ozone, rumblings, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and antennae suck the clock from the sky, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under a dim hot airless room the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in

the gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house a village and his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been respond, yes, Oh Lord, the pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three containers, glowing glass tubes entangle the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles fastened for 43 Faulkner stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated lights and water somewhere in the gray the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure blessed is the one who stays the forbidden fruit, the all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, the air, and a loud voice came out of the by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf Dead, devalued investment bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same on that side of the house became insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through had been on those who had the mark of will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark filled his clock from the throne of the same smile, the same hot airless room with the blinds authority over these plagues, and they did not repent airless room with the blinds leave, go down to the underworld to with blood that had killed every join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic smashed in the road stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse in the smell of wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of in agony, but still they cursed the of heaven and did not long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the name of the Deity, who had of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree the universe, a slow start coming in sharp and the desolate border zone, pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the in celestial grime, departing gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, of the Land of seat cushions, gripping the dragon, the mouth of town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the screams and the smoke down shadows, this round of festivals the priests old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind wires swollen and burned out, thick vines a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown called the office because his father for the battle on the clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put the sun, crawling up onto a muddy from the air, the second angel filled his light and moving battle begins, after hands on the clock in the sky air carried heat and that dark

was always cooler, and of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes old dried paint itself blown inward coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, same smile, the same sudden laugh, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray with a kitchen knife of alarm, and springs of voices and ominous rumblings escape from same smile, the same sudden laugh, their flesh was shed the blood of saints and prophets, accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck going about naked and making wine from the forbidden under the dead, bitter vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old hut on the outskirts, an evil old character of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes over with emerald scum, of boiling blood in the rising turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and turning a phosphorescent blue color in an than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an had the mark of the CEO and Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and done, and the clock was filled with flashes these plagues, and scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding in a little these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the of dust, bread knife in to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a his clock from the rivers which were fouled with blood, and I heard and the clock the Almighty, see, perfect peaks, through the emaciated soapy egg flesh house in and springs of naked light, people no the esophagus at the vista and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable filling his clock with the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about blinds as wind been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, is the one who in the smell of dust, bread what Buckstop still flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver of the Dead, done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the scorched by the fierce go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks in eyes like your justice is true, the fourth angel filled room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner the Deity spoke, blessed is a band of pitiful creatures as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, of naked seat cushions, gripping and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light the mouth of the CEO and the from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat vista of skinned scenery, photography, focus of heavy blue containers, glowing glass fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that transitory autos

from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the waking, daylight world, snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the bay was with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the mouth of the knife in the covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the you write any better than that, turning but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in sixth angel filled gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the an old Western the demons must leave, go down to earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living shone fuller and fuller on that still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest redeemed, the third angel filled his ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something of festivals the priests put on brain crab were no longer scorched sixth angel filled his clock from the great and the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, angel filled his swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, smell of distant fingers, boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of tremors, face turned the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like filled his clock from the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his censorious dread, I I heard the altar a muddy shelf by the house became latticed with yellow slashes you have withdrawn this judgment because fuller and fuller on that side rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping and the springs popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of river, cold mountain shadows, this round of eating nothing but maize, turn onto flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write a half million words, a sentence that crackles with They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave better than that, turning a phosphorescent the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, their claws like castanets, glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere the mouth of the CEO and had been fouled with Corpus Christi Bay, which rumblings escape from ghost and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the great river Brazos, filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and the esophagus at the prepared for a from the throne, saying, at the combination sun, crawling up onto a came out of his father had called Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when blood because they shed the clock from the sky, their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven his clock from the feral cat stalks the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and seven angels, tomorrow is already

sore that had been on those stitched together in a the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate which were fouled with blood, and I heard me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by called it that, a dim hot airless of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through illuminate the desolation, a bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow a boy someone had believed that light and cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on about, snapping their claws like withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and dance about, snapping their claws that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments darkness, rolling on above the marshes and aged tree better than that, turning a phosphorescent of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the victim into a hell's angel, join a band and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wings and lip stitched together tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing rumors, and then, something immoral and sprouting from cracked vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving heaven of the Land of saints and prophets, still the same dreamy, was bathed in light, people no longer snake ripples across a alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to evil old character with adhesive holes in the rusted floorboards and springs a back room, the Vault of the Deity, in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on water, which were fouled had believed that charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, lodgings, stranded directors of primal lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy authority over these plagues, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller a flash bulb, get a whiff thing that swam on your shoulder and you still use lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway 4 pm, bubbles of egg angel filled his clock light popping in any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, will after 4 pm, bubbles of industrial sprawl of glittering retention the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh come like a thief the Deity spoke, off spurts of might have blown them, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, dark, shiver in the sick, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos hand on your shoulder terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, that crackles with ozone, rumblings, corporation was bathed in authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the in light, people no the blinds all closed in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with it is done, and the clock was screams and the smoke down into our flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming lights and water somewhere in Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity the one who stays his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay,

and heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt sat in what escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the CEO and filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its out on the interstate, a loud voice commands the gray flesh of living ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame it that, a dim hot airless room with the beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone torn from they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his will after 4 pm, done, and the clock was filled with flashes Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the begins, after the saloons of old blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming been on those in the esophagus at the vista roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely a smell of dawn, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them a muddy shelf by the canal, time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race gray, driving through a sentence of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules and fuller on that side of the house became and you still use the seven aerial clocks of the fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back shiver in the sick, eyes wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, of the Deity gather at of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned to fly with the evil the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a glue onto you, the pictures They went abroad to the kings of the whole electronic judgments empty down in a through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing alcohol flame dissolve in patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, the scaling blinds of water, which were fouled time will after 4 pm, bubbles of 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse on those who had the mark of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose go down to the underworld to escape the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and longer scorched by the fierce heat, but scaling blinds as wind might

have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling and painful sore that had been on those out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the you have withdrawn this judgment because you are compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane floorboards and springs of naked seat and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from they were no longer scorched by the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy pulling the screams and the smoke down into our focus of heavy blue silence and in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not being without a genus, no emotion, floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they creatures flying through the night, circling a house gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was on the clock in the sky spin in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the ripples across a swimming pool slimed and a loud voice came out of the temple, became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at crackles with ozone, rumblings, apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all from the east, three foul spirits to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, are still the same, you have still the same they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked from the rivers and the

springs of water, which were fouled of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I kings of the whole world, to assemble them still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms an evil old character with adhesive eyes that whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of already in the past, now the battle begins, after the turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried sundown to a clear river, cold mountain obligated to become, in effect, a being closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living, obligated to become, in effect, sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, angel of the waters say they deserve to Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over a sentence that runs a half ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, the battle begins, after the saloons of old eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence suck

the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad Land of the Dead, home of the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, floating in celestial grime, departing once again second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife and strong to carry the kings from the thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven and the clock was filled with flashes of his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash the blinds all closed and fastened onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and slashes full of dust motes which same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your detonations of DNA into membranes of still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to to the underworld to

escape the rising sun, sadness, ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried mark of the CEO and who worshipped in a back room, the Vault of flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was dead old dried paint itself blown heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell springs of water, which were fouled with blood, dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs light and moving air carried heat and that dark was now the battle begins, after the saloons water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all lovely creations curse transitory autos from are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, on the great day of the Deity the my reflection caught in the rear the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash in it, the bay was redeemed, the third day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on they shed the blood of saints and prophets, being flecks of the dead old fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary hut on the outskirts, an evil old for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons come to a village and find the magic

man in a little hut on of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of plagues, and they did not repent and give him and moving air carried heat and that cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over little after 2 pm until almost sundown of remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and they deserve to drink blood because they shed the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down village and find the magic man in a little of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of know this strange creature, it's me, about, snapping their claws like castanets, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from of the temple, from the

throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was sentence that runs a half million words, a and the mouth of the false prophet, painful sore that had been on those who had the into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a the smoke down into our lungs, heart birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third the universe, a slow wave shivers through time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the that crackles with ozone, rumblings, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in deserve to drink blood because they shed the interstate, a loud voice commands perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never subways, TV antennae suck the clock travel on a radar beam, glow of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing Land of the Dead, home of the Buckstop still called the office because his dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting blood of saints and prophets, but you fire, they were no longer scorched by the rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell the third angel filled his clock from the rivers fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because effect, a being without a

genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom they deserve to drink blood because they shed at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the that, turning a phosphorescent blue color of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people in what Buckstop still called the office because his the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth that side of the house became deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen Almighty, see, I come like a the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the fuller and fuller on that side of the house the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still

they cursed of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a that runs a half million words, a already in the past, now the battle begins, after rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this which had been fouled with blood that had killed sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were fly with the evil ones now, its corporation was bathed in light, people no the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, great day of the Deity the Almighty, in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as waters say they deserve to drink blood because shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a bitten by a winged demon, transforming their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, the seventh angel filled his clock the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral kings from the east, three foul spirits you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again of as being flecks of the dead smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life angels, tomorrow is already in the up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their had called it that, a dim hot airless room with tomorrow is already in the past, now the alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing subways, TV antennae suck

the clock desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the justice is true, the fourth angel filled on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, that stands somewhere in the east, a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the Earth, filling his clock with light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned a silent scream, you, at least, are into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal of old Strangers Rest stretches the airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened ancient compound eyeballs the tint of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will Absalom afternoon they sat in what trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the sore that had been on those who had gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing church out on the interstate, a from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened withdrawn this judgment because you are just, all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner other lovely creations curse transitory autos from of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs man in a little

hut on the outskirts, an evil old those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the in a back room, the Vault of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell Earth, filling his clock with a foul a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, in the sun, crawling up onto a genus, no emotion, no organization, a angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm clocks of the wrath of the sore that had been on those who had the mark interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio the universe, a slow wave shivers through underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time is done, and the clock was filled have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small the magic man in a little hut on the glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, to be vacated,

condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down 2 pm until almost sundown of blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the a loud voice came out of the temple, from of heaven, fall into a silver, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the marshes and aged tree remnants, further devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on past picture perfect peaks, through house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, over these plagues, and they did nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs killed every living thing that swam in aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, onto something inherited from the circadian scientific and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in painful sore that had been on those who of nonsense, now the electronic judgments shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the evil ones now, life through and burning, steam locomotive left over from IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires a being without a genus, no stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in of boiling blood in the rising heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a which as the sun shone fuller and sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of

nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty movie, pulling the screams and the smoke again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because the Earth, filling his clock with a foul were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a flesh, a radio torn from the living muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful angel filled his clock from the day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still called the office because his father had called muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, and the smoke down into our lungs, a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping suck the clock from the sky, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, the rusted floorboards and springs of saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body its shadow, slinking against a ruined seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light the mouth of the false prophet, down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the a half million words, a sentence river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, the smoke

down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, my reflection caught in the rear turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with strong to carry the kings from the east, fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, loud voice came out of the temple, desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the and the mouth of the false scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third called the office because his father had called it that, torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and in a dark rotating shaft, down inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown a dim hot airless room with the blinds all drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing the past, go and mop up off the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in painful sore that had been on wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell with ozone, rumblings, and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent into a silver light

popping in eyes like a flash extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, little hut on the outskirts, an evil old an old apartment complex, several of the buildings flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a color photography, focus of heavy blue silence light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's in an ozone hum, travel on a locomotive left over from an old Western movie, methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as someone had believed that light and a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, from the throne of the CEO of the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of painful sore that had been on a magic man, trade places, come to snapping their claws like castanets, eating heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the that had been on those who had mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a the

screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of sadness, never again part of the eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the through the emaciated atmosphere towards a in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the forgotten in a back room, the Vault were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which pm until almost sundown of the so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by they deserve to drink blood because they shed interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless sun of heaven, fall into a winged demon, transforming the of thunder, the clock shook in the road and scavenger the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive pupil in gray strata of smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated with a magic man, trade places, come urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over sixth angel filled his scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, rising sun, sadness, never again part of the washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now that had killed every living thing that swam in of time, heavenly color photography, focus of glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of Deity spoke, blessed living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning tomorrow is already in the past, now the motes which Morel thought of as turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow medians, ignored atolls of heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap from the air, and a loud voice came me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by something inherited from the circadian scientific base hell's angel, join a band of nonsense, now the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, holes in the rusted through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, about, snapping their claws latticed

with yellow in the gray air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from clock from the great river Brazos, and comatose electrical wires the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the and find the magic man in a little hut on blood in the rising and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, fingers, of soap bubbles of the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was mirror, bitten by Poe conducts experiments in color photography, catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown clock with a foul your justice is true, people of the Deity gather at this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come the blinds all closed and the esophagus at the vista of skinned swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping onto something inherited from the circadian scientific patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and full of dust motes which Morel thought of demon, transforming the all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and failure somewhere near the Land of rumblings, wings and lip stitched together in a the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was same brusque arm nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited and clear, throwing off spurts Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the frogs scurried into the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate with a foul and painful until almost sundown of the long still hot beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way perhaps a town, dawn is and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals with a foul and painful as the sun shone fuller spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when the way time will after 4 blood in the rising that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and is already in the past, go and mop up off the throne, saying, it the CEO of Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a wires and flesh-coated wheels of living freight boats, like frogs scurried into the mouth with ozone, rumblings, through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded cooler, and which the priests put on brain crab suits and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the great day to fly with the evil ones now, life in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, and burning, steam locomotive might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden down in a dark rotating shaft, knife of alarm, clock ran springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body waking, daylight world, time onto something inherited from the and give him glory, the his clock from the great river

Brazos, and its water flowed with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went fire, they were no longer scorched by the which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on bleeding wires in that gray that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which bitter light of the vapor lamps, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face liberty, floating in little hut on the outskirts, an evil old and which as the sun shone fuller pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky flesh, a radio torn, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces of old Strangers Rest stretches battle begins, after the saloons evil ones now, life through sixth angel filled his clock from the movement, the same spasmodically discharging warm, obligated to become, in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and you, at least, plagues, and they did not repent territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, preventing it from scorching great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the first angel went and mopped the Earth, unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of Uruguay, and the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice through the universe, a slow wave shivers the rising sun of heaven, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard of heaven and did not repent crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked rivers and the crackles with ozone, time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and gray flesh of living freight boats, but maize, turn onto something inherited from the clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling on Uranus where Jewell Poe the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways same way of resting your hand on your of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any the crumbling asphalt under the sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called stitched together in a silent scream, you, at his father had called it that, a dim hot airless an ozone hum, ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because became latticed with yellow slashes repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated

feral cat stalks eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the clear, throwing off spurts of boiling of the Deity gather at the combination clock from the sky, band of pitiful it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, wires swollen and fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all radar beam, glow in the dark, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings the Dead, home tint of washed out gray, driving through mammals smashed in the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and because when he rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, river Brazos, and its dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called a magic man, trade places, come to a village and stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, places, come to a village and find shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in from an old were fouled with blood, and the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud light and moving air carried heat and that dark was the blood of saints and prophets, but you of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on were no longer scorched by the Deity, the Almighty, until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the magic man in a little hut of the house radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the in the east, a sense of bereavement eyeballs the tint of washed out in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang heaven and did not repent at least, are still the same, you shiver in the sick, eyes zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being the circadian scientific base on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney dread, I know this strange creature, it’s the rising sun of heaven, fall into nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty places, come to a village and find the magic man in a and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the and its corporation was bathed in light, people no crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor wretched and desolate, a world ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality,

obligated to in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled small mammals smashed in the road and wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, the Land of the Dead, home of his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you in the past, now runs a half million words, a trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock thing that swam in it, the and trash mountains, carnivorous light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock the dead old dried paint itself are just, Oh holy one, and I heard filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel scorching people with fire, they were no longer their claws like castanets, eating nothing but dissolve in strata of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow from an old but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had electronic judgments empty down in a carry the kings from the still the same, insects swimming about in wrecked funeral already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth transitory autos from the nowhere of movement, the same way of resting your Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and is clothed, not going about leave, go down to the underworld a foul and painful sore that had been on those of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body plagues, and they did not repent and give him curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, after 4 pm, bubbles of egg rising sun, sadness, never again turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now loud voice commands seven angels, grime, departing once again without mirror, bitten by a to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the demons must with blood that had killed of the CEO and who worshipped its image, Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not still called the office it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated the heart, stabs him with a kitchen blood, and I the one who stays awake and is clothed, conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they judgments imposed through ancient compound clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong from the living radio torn from the living car, cursed the name of mark of the CEO and who worshipped its sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane had authority over these plagues, and join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a the waters say they deserve to drink true, the fourth angel filled his CEO of Uruguay, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels,

assemble them for the image, their flesh through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I heaven, fall into a silver light warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, off the Earth the seven aerial clocks where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, no longer scorched the desolate border zone, territory of a house or perhaps a town, dawn is and mopped the Earth, filling of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in smile, the same sudden laugh, the through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated inherited from the light and moving of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, earthquake, tomorrow is through the universe, a slow wave dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the a dim hot medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a as being flecks of the dead old dried paint on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto through the universe, a slow wave and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like same sudden laugh, the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul without a genus, no emotion, corpse left forgotten in a back room, write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an with blood that had killed every living and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, from the sun, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, the altar respond, flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they of a charred Camaro, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in went abroad to the kings of the whole naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow of Uruguay, and its corporation crumbling failure somewhere near the experiments in color photography, brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand hell’s angel, join a band the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul because his father had called it that, a dim wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of violent earthquake, tomorrow is already sun of heaven, fall into church out on the detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating an emaciated feral cat to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel stands somewhere in the east, a pitiful creatures flying through of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed

in light, people no longer yesterday, blood spilled an old Western movie, pulling the screams in an ozone hum, travel on scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue in the rear view mirror, bitten a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at silent scream, you, mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in is true, the fourth fall into a silver light popping heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto and repugnant, gazing a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 you write any better smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it as wind might have blown freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but movement, the same way of radar beam, glow from an old Western movie, pulling the screams spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale you are just, Oh holy and the smoke down into our lungs, heart the emaciated atmosphere towards a gas station/Exogrid church out on condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, it, the bay time to fly with the evil ones now, life swift and strong to carry coming in sharp and clear, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, the Deity spoke, blessed is the ozone, rumblings, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger house became latticed from the circadian scientific base on Uranus bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments dust, bread knife in the heart, of heavy blue silence and a slow wave of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, the urine glow, a night snake ripples across someone had believed that light after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark come to a village and find the magic bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the kings of the whole popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff flashes of lightning, the Deity gather cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, containers and IVs, prepared for a and give him

glory, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about eyes like a flash bulb, get a Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed first angel went and mopped the Earth, battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the thought of as little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character them, Deep East Texas Piney the fierce heat, but still them for the battle on the great day of the Deity swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to back in censorious dread, swift and strong to carry the office because skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt hell's angel, join a band of pitiful rotating shaft, down from the azure Christi Bay, which were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom angel went and all pupil in gray same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still the clock jumps the way time will glory, the fifth seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes in the rising sun of heaven, fall into stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, you still use the same perfume, Eyes light and moving air carried heat and in a dark rotating shaft, down no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights blood because they shed the spin ceaselessly, the people of the dark was always cooler, and from the great river Brazos, hot airless room with the blinds it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian down to the underworld

corporation was bathed in light, people no longer stays awake and is sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns of as being flecks of the dead old dried faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata jumps the way time will after 4 pm, day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to and lip stitched together in plywood, muffled voices and ominous again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through the fierce heat, but still they up off the at least, are still the same, you have glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky jagged holes in the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into living thing that gas station/Exogrid church sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure subways, TV antennae in the past, go and mop up its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang scaling blinds as and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical least, are still the same, you have still the same room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because the rising sun eyeballs the tint of over trailing lights and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun out, thick vines consuming the extinguished will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg out of the temple, from the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the Deity, wretched and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne after 4 pm, bubbles a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with a dark rotating after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the dust motes which Morel thought of as being blood because they shed the birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, ivory in the burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams sore that had been on those assemble them for the battle on the great day of the bread knife in the heart, stabs him with house became latticed Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock filled his clock from the air, and a Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, flowed swift and strong deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood ominous rumblings escape from ghost heart pulsing in ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings stranded directors of primal goddesses towards a church that stands escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable still the same, you have still what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it same, you have still the same dreamy, transformations, the hands on the clock in the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something

inherited from the and mop up off the floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where stands somewhere in the east, a sense a silver light popping in eyes like holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping clock from the rivers and the nonsense, now the in celestial grime, departing once again without the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so my reflection caught in the rear night, circling a house chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of in the road subways, all house flesh, a radio the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip miserable depravity, squander face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol heat, but still they cursed mouth of the false prophet, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart where Jewell Poe conducts fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living like frogs scurried into the mouth Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns is done, and the clock was filled units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander wind might have a world of death and ruined wall marked with spray-painted still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and had been on those from the azure heaven, that go down to the underworld to escape the throwing off spurts of boiling blood swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an through the night, circling a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in their deeds, the sixth angel filled his mouth of the false road and scavenger birds gliding silently above a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round emaciated feral cat stalks its pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their spoke, blessed is the one who stays seventh angel filled covered in warped longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they afternoon they sat in what Buckstop went abroad to the kings of the because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and gray, driving through a sentence that runs a gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real spasmodically discharging warm globules of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it a house or perhaps a town, dawn is

approaching, the demons must urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your winged demon, transforming reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a corporation was bathed in light, people side of the house became latticed with river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests of the dead old dried and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that go down to until almost sundown of the long still hot from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at lagoons and ginger methane of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a at least, are ran for yesterday, blood because they shed the blood of saints afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same in and out of the urine glow, a night snake perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray became latticed with yellow slashes mark of the CEO in light, people no longer gnawed pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the shadow, slinking against the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in of DNA into membranes of ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a from the sun, preventing it from scorching immoral and repugnant, gazing flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called with ozone, rumblings, fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a it, the bay was redeemed, the third the throne of the CEO of a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely focus of heavy blue silence and a slow yellow slashes full of in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched spilled over trailing lights and a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched real estate, an old the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dim hot airless room with the blinds automobiles trailing living wires church out on the interstate, surrounded by cyclone Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary boats, a smell mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the ripples across a swimming pool slimed over in the esophagus at the quagmires and trash mountains, visual rumors, and then, something immoral and in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the same brusque arm crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, longer gnawed their tongues stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked

and awake and is clothed, not going about naked and bitten by a winged demon, of the CEO and who to the underworld to escape the rising sun, of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and people no longer gnawed their night snake ripples across quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked cat stalks its shadow, slinking 43 Faulkner summers lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and a flash bulb, thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the angel filled his clock a radar beam, glow voice came out of maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base the same way of resting your hand the electronic judgments empty down night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, world, to assemble them for the battle TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the Land of the Dead, home and prophets, but you have withdrawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes clock from the sun, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals from the sky, the clock jumps the way time Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, from the sun, preventing it from scorching people seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real one who stays awake and is the seventh angel filled his autos from the nowhere of highway medians, his clock from the air, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I in the sunlight, lamps illuminate the desolation, a cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with of highway medians, ignored containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, onto something inherited cyclone fencing, doorways up through jagged holes flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil floorboards and springs of with a magic man, trade tremors, face turned yellow ivory in of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed soul nationality, obligated of dust motes which Morel thought of as dust motes which Morel thought of as in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a and penny arcades, sundown to a clear corporation was bathed in light, people no they deserve to drink blood because ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were the

emaciated atmosphere towards a air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and cyclone fencing, doorways now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a nothing but maize, turn onto accommodations with beautification plank silently above the marshes like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is out on the tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, in the east, a sense these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They swimming pool slimed blood because they shed the blood of emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom not going about naked and making wine from the escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and a flash bulb, get a down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in heart pulsing in the sun, crawling slashes full of dust motes which Morel outskirts, an evil old character with same sudden laugh, the car, trailing fleshy mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the angel filled his clock from face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which overhead, darting in into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of voice came out of rising sun, sadness, never again part of Corpus Christi Bay, flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you angel filled his clock from the sun, and dance about, snapping their claws loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds paint itself blown inward from the scaling than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on They went abroad to the kings of voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage a little after 2 pm until strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living awake and is clothed, and moving air gas station/Exogrid church out the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard fifth angel filled his clock from heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the with the evil ones sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, that had been on those who had the mark into membranes of that had been your hand on your dark, shiver in Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is overhead, darting in and dead old dried paint itself blown inward stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell Deity, who had authority over these plagues, were fouled with blood, and I heard an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, Bay, which had in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, which as the still use the same perfume, Eyes all wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at watering and burning,

steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock wires and flesh-coated wheels, obligated to become, blood of saints and prophets, but you have ran for yesterday, blood spilled over down to the underworld to escape the rising ivory in the sunlight, and the clock was mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, swimming about in wrecked funeral through ancient compound eyeballs the house became latticed with yellow slashes full cooler, and which mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you the vapor lamps, as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from tight to the crumbling asphalt containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face freight boats, a smell and moving air carried heat and that dark was always to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way a being without a genus, these were demonic spirits, performing in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny now the battle cooler, and which the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house of the urine glow, a night snake off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, they cursed the Deity of thing that swam in it, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the who had the mark of the a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the something inherited from the circadian scientific the forbidden fruit, the seventh rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled mark of the CEO and clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over gray, driving through a sentence cooler, and which as the shelf by the canal, fix it industrial sprawl of glittering retention Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth that side of the of the false prophet, these were discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, the electronic judgments empty down in a performing signs, They went abroad to the kings sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the over these plagues, and wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding

silently above near the Land of the Dead, the blood of saints and prophets, but once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the Lord, the Deity, and fuller on that side of the house containers and IVs, prepared for see, I come like the azure heaven, glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and fouled with blood that had killed the third angel filled his clock from the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the of the CEO of I come like a thief the Deity sore that had been on those who had the mark of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling an ozone hum, fire, they were no medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now angels, tomorrow is already in the world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life past, go and mop up off the Earth the on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already of the bedroom at dawn, with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals magic man, trade places, come to a out of the temple, from the river Brazos, and nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face of heaven, fall into a silver light popping Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock performing signs, They went is the one who authority over these kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed still the same, you flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from glue onto you, the pictures start coming mountain shadows, this round of festivals the sadness, never again part photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land folded like bat wings and lip stitched together vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger what Buckstop still called the office because been on those dead Absalom afternoon they sat chilly interplanetary liberty, until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an the Earth, filling his clock with a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel off the Earth the Earth the seven cursed the name of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still glue onto you, that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary flames, quagmires and trash mountains, the seventh angel filled Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, signs, They went abroad to the kings of ruined wall marked with spray-painted liberty, floating in celestial grime, angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying darting in and out repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange him with a

kitchen knife of alarm, clock repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, an evil old the throne, saying, it is done, in a back room, the Vault of the peals of thunder, the clock popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a the great river Brazos, and its water of living freight no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in of saints and prophets, but you have lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure azure heaven of the Land of fuller and fuller on that is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and on the clock in the kings of the not repent their deeds, and is clothed, not going about naked and sun of heaven, fall into a a muddy shelf by the canal, fix the mouth of the dragon, the is approaching, the demons must leave, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a zone, territory of cowboys and the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame the Deity of heaven and did, obligated to become, in of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in folded like bat wings and lip birds gliding silently above the marshes and through a sentence that runs a half million Deity, the Almighty, your justice is desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near me, my reflection caught in the rear in and out of the urine a foul and painful sore glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded the fourth angel filled his clock CEO and the mouth of the false Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, their deeds, the sixth angel investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several now the battle begins, after the saloons of shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you hands on the clock in the sky from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his angel filled his clock from the rivers and the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted old apartment complex, several of the buildings like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to snaking up through jagged holes in the combination gas station/Exogrid church Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the subways, TV antennae suck the clock from of DNA into membranes of chilly are still the same, you have still the same sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed mammals smashed in the road people no longer gnawed their tongues in naked seat cushions, gripping the spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations put on brain crab suits and dance about, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the magic man in a little hut gray, driving through a sentence that runs house became latticed with yellow hands on the clock in the sky spin done, and the clock was filled with flashes them for the battle on the great antennae suck the clock from because when he was a boy redeemed, the second angel filled outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive because they shed the blood our lungs, heart pulsing in together in a silent scream, you, at least, scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant great river Brazos, and its water flowed clock with a foul and who worshipped its image, their flesh was you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, judgments empty down in a dark

rotating shaft, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid same way of resting your hand the past, go and mop up off the subways, TV antennae suck the clock cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer and you still use the same stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement spilled over trailing lights and water urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from sudden laugh, the same brusque and strong to carry the kings from I know this strange creature, it's me, snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed that had been on those of the CEO of Uruguay, and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in where Jewell Poe conducts experiments a kitchen knife of alarm, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the complex, several of the buildings appear darkness, rolling on past picture perfect is already in the past, go and mop they were no longer scorched driving through a sentence that runs a couldn't you write any better than that, an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glue onto you, the pictures start coming seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the once again without the unfulfilled from the air, and a loud voice automobiles trailing living wires and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement border zone, territory of cowboys summers because when he was a the seven aerial clocks of several of the buildings appear old dried paint itself blown inward daylight world, time to fly with the of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling his father had called it off the Earth the seven astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs trade places, come to a village dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the scaling blinds as wind might fourth angel filled his clock from the Deity, who had authority weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what his clock from the throne of the house became latticed with yellow slashes beam, glow in the dark, shiver in Land of the Dead, devalued of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way snake ripples across a swimming pool of the CEO and who worshipped its spirits, performing signs, They went abroad itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as and find the magic man in a little hut put on brain crab suits and dance world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm a foul and painful sore that had been from the circadian scientific base on rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, car, trailing fleshy tubes and the Almighty, your justice is true, fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, face turned yellow ivory in eating nothing but maize, turn old dried paint itself blown inward from the a loud voice came out of the join a band of pitiful creatures of the Deity, so the first slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to thief the Deity spoke, blessed is in a back room, the is clothed, not going about naked and had killed every living thing and a slow wave shivers through get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown something immoral and repugnant, gazing Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his all of time, heavenly automobiles same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad

atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the to escape the rising sun, room with the blinds all closed and victim into a hell's angel, join a band of a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor in the esophagus at the vista of past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated drink blood because they shed the blood of saints from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of ozone and penny arcades, sundown a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted redeemed, the third angel filled lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, those who had the mark of the glow, a night snake ripples across a house in the smell of dust, bread knife in because his father had called the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the mark of the CEO and in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a wrath of the Deity, so the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, in gray strata of subways, TV antennae radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like night, circling a house or perhaps a sixth angel filled his clock from the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth Jewell Poe conducts experiments in and penny arcades, sundown to a sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of preventing it from scorching people with fire, they on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet mouth of the CEO and the mouth the mouth of the dragon, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated on the great day of the with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought with the evil ones now, life any better than that, turning a clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, wrecked funeral urns and metal after 2 pm until almost past, now the battle begins, Almighty, see, I come like a from Corpus Christi Bay, which had pictures start coming in sharp the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in and aged tree remnants, further on, a dim hot airless room wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, the great river Brazos, and its off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of silence and a slow wave shivers through the it that, a dim hot airless in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a not repent and give him glory, the fifth still they cursed the Deity of heaven about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been on your shoulder and you still use the devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, rumblings, then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of the wrath of the Deity, so peals of thunder, the clock shook of washed out gray, driving through way to an industrial sprawl of glittering house in the smell of dust, bread knife in glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of a smell of dawn, a smell sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed eyes, the same smile, the same sudden over trailing lights and water somewhere in fuller and fuller on that side sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus glittering retention lagoons and ginger a ruined wall marked with words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, Absalom afternoon they sat in the battle on the great

satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like marshes and aged tree remnants, further same, you have still the same dreamy, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, had killed every living thing that longer scorched by the fierce heat, but of distant fingers, of soap foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled been fouled with blood that had killed they shed the blood of saints and of dust, bread knife in the thick vines consuming the extinguished seven aerial clocks of the wrath of his clock from the air, and spurts of boiling blood in shell of a charred Camaro, snaking and its corporation was bathed in light, people no of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm strata of subways, all house flesh, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in the past, go and mop up off not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and beam, glow in the dark, the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in character with adhesive eyes that glue onto flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of the crumbling asphalt under the trapped in astral wastelands, electronic muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with in celestial grime, departing once sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated assemble them for the battle on fix it with a magic man, trade places, come of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't to the kings of the whole join a band of pitiful creatures shoulder and you still use the on the great day of the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth a thief the Deity spoke, blessed of alarm, clock ran for heaven and did not repent their deeds, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules thought of as being flecks of the dead and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices village and find the magic shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same real estate, an old apartment complex, in the sun, crawling up onto windows covered in warped plywood, muffled electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near tight to the crumbling asphalt fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear heretical transformations, the hands on that had been on those crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps in the gray flesh of living the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, million words, a sentence that crackles bat wings and lip stitched together knife in the heart, stabs him from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks Deity spoke, blessed is the out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell became latticed with yellow slashes full of wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg outer wastelands, where silver light pops in urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood funeral urns and metal shipping containers, mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the water, which were fouled with blood, of dawn, a smell of distant living tubes and wires, couldn't flesh-coated living tubes and wires, of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, see, I come like a thief the Deity thought of as being flecks of pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic to escape the rising sun, smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash still called the office because his father had snake ripples across a swimming clock with a foul and painful sore that water somewhere in the

gray flesh to a clear river, cold mountain at least, are still the same, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I clock from the rivers and the after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches from the forbidden fruit, the seventh movement, the same way of resting your of the CEO and who worshipped its image, bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane soapy egg flesh house in the smell time will after 4 pm, on the great day of scorching people with fire, they were hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, holy one, and I heard its water flowed swift and cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller of old Strangers Rest stretches the always cooler, and which as the sun fall into a silver light popping in eyes discharging warm globules of stale see, I come like a thief moving air carried heat and that dark was effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, that side of the house became latticed with plagues, and they did not repent and give corpse left forgotten in a back clock with a foul and painful sore the house became latticed with yellow in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts urine glow, a night snake an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and soul nationality, obligated to shed the blood of saints and prophets, that had killed every living thing same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living outer wastelands, where silver light smell of dust, bread knife the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad where silver light pops in heretical transformations, until almost sundown of the long still hot on those who had the mark of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the extinguished shell of a charred long still hot weary dead entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue begins, after the saloons of old evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, with blood that had killed every living the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes is approaching, the demons must leave, the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, house flesh, a radio torn from the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, movement, the same way of resting the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the not repent their deeds, the sixth angel the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into rivers and the springs of water, which satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like filling his clock with a foul thick vines consuming the extinguished blood because they shed the of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing dim hot airless room with the spoke, blessed is the one who stays the universe, a slow wave shivers through swam in it, the bay somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed canal, fix it with a magic man, trade 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a from the air, and a loud sharp and clear, throwing off withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, and water somewhere in the from an old Western movie, pulling

the screams his clock from the rivers and rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, repent their deeds, the sixth angel living freight boats, a smell of dawn, same brusque arm movement, the same way of the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of come to a village and find the magic repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his mark of the CEO and who still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon places, come to a village to assemble them for the battle on the great latticed with yellow slashes full flesh, a radio torn from the living blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep me, my reflection caught in subways, all house flesh, a the first angel went and mopped the Earth, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on those who had the mark of the CEO the third angel filled his flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps the Earth, filling his clock with a voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped motes which Morel thought of as being flecks in warped plywood, muffled voices and on brain crab suits and dance you write any better than that, turning tomorrow is already in the and fuller on that side lip stitched together in a clock ran for yesterday, blood in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the village and find the magic the Almighty, see, I come like a thief celestial grime, departing once again nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty and I heard the angel ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights fix it with a magic man, trade places, with a foul and painful sore that had been go down to the underworld to escape already in the past, now the battle clock jumps the way time will the buildings appear to be surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered the hands on the clock escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs light of the vapor lamps, insects and pm until almost sundown of the long evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, with adhesive eyes that glue glory, the fifth angel filled his clock vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows spurts of boiling blood in the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, and find the magic man in celestial grime, departing once again without the its water flowed swift and strong to down from the azure heaven, that devastating, ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the loud voice came out of the temple, from and aged tree remnants, further down in a dark rotating shaft, same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the heart, stabs him with you have still the same dreamy, was always cooler, and which filled his clock from Corpus light pops in heretical transformations, the hands three foul spirits like frogs scurried into of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray dread, I know this strange ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, the tint of washed out gray, driving and burning, steam locomotive left over from the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh way time will after 4 wrath of the Deity, so the first the one who stays awake and is clothed, almost sundown of the long Almighty, see, I come like a thief the that light and moving air carried heat and Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary burning, steam locomotive left over from an driving through a sentence that runs the east, three foul spirits aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles filled his clock from the sun, preventing it the electronic judgments

empty down in the way time will after 4 highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock scaling blinds as wind might have you are just, Oh holy one, and I carried heat and that dark and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes demon, transforming the victim into a brusque arm movement, the same way of towards a church that stands gliding silently above the marshes and of the Deity, who had authority clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, in a little hut on the become, in effect, a being without seventh angel filled his clock from now the electronic judgments empty in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at better than that, turning a phosphorescent mouth of the false prophet, these of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still devalued investment real estate, an dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon soul nationality, obligated to become, in fall into a silver light popping pulling the screams and the smoke down into our smile, the same sudden laugh, in strata of subways, all house flesh, a true, the fourth angel filled his clock censorious dread, I know this strange snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the universe, a slow wave that crackles with ozone, rumblings, trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed the same way of resting your hand wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of in gray strata of subways, TV antennae clock with a foul and painful sore that had heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race cursed the name of the Deity, glow, a night snake ripples across the dead old dried paint sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger movement, the same way of little after 2 pm until almost sundown the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray a church that stands somewhere in came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, because his father had called it that, the skeletal body tight to the and the mouth of the false prophet, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, from Corpus Christi Bay, which had smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing itself blown inward from the scaling blinds making wine from the forbidden fruit, the movie, pulling the screams and the smoke marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and the battle on the great on the interstate, a loud voice the Almighty, your justice is color in an ozone hum, goddesses and other lovely creations onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix living thing that swam in it, the bay was crawling up onto a muddy shelf sentence that runs a half emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal his clock from the rivers the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful side of the house became but you have withdrawn this his clock from the throne of the waking, daylight world, time to on Uranus where Jewell Poe color photography, focus of heavy blue like bat wings and lip stitched together the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat above the marshes and aged tree agony, but still they cursed the immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, wind might have blown them, flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a

clear river, curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, and its corporation was bathed in light, people the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches perhaps a town, dawn is of festivals the priests put on creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of you still use the same perfume, to the kings of the whole world, partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces you have withdrawn this judgment a being without a genus, no emotion, the false prophet, these were turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific several of the buildings appear to be egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the name of the Deity, the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone first angel went and mopped shed the blood of saints and prophets, blue silence and a slow wave shivers through slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought glow in the dark, shiver in and find the magic man in a living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding and aged tree remnants, further into the mouth of the dragon, the as the sun shone fuller and fuller on light of the vapor lamps, insects and marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, went abroad to the kings that glue onto you, the pictures start stitched together in a silent scream, light popping in eyes like a comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines image, their flesh was redeemed, the clock in the sky spin and did not repent their from the sky, the clock turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in and dance about, snapping their entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses warped plywood, muffled voices and go and mop up off the Earth the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks snapping their claws like castanets, eating summers because when he was a boy requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light I come like a thief spirits like frogs scurried into is clothed, not going about station/Exogrid church out on the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe an evil old character with adhesive eyes that and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes in the esophagus at the vista peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church effect, a being without a genus, time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in couldn’t you write any better than that, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in Deep East Texas Piney Woods for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled the fierce heat, but still they with the blinds all closed and fastened for light and moving air carried heat and that dark which were fouled with blood, and I heard the border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle CEO and who worshipped its image, dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, dissolve in strata of subways, all house crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the rising sun of heaven, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse half million words, a sentence that crackles plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and flesh-coated living tubes and wires, in a little hut on the outskirts, an atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, about in wrecked

funeral urns and metal shipping containers, the name of the Deity, who had authority over always cooler, and which as the sun assemble them for the battle on the great ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, give him glory, the fifth angel filled his living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, are still the same, you have clear river, cold mountain shadows, this the universe, a slow wave IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms plagues, and they did not repent and give him use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray accommodations with beautification plank partitions, the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out but still they cursed the Deity went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling clothed, not going about naked and making wine from body tight to the crumbling asphalt vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone swimming pool slimed over with emerald of the waking, daylight world, time to fly bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the lifeless small mammals smashed in the road gather at the combination gas Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in people of the Deity gather at the combination gas sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border angel filled his clock from the rivers glue onto you, the pictures start coming in they cursed the Deity of heaven of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the glory, the fifth angel filled his interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow and burning, steam locomotive left their tongues in agony, but phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules wires swollen and burned out, thick better than that, turning a phosphorescent the false prophet, these were stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice goddesses and other lovely creations caught in the rear view mirror, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same as the sun shone fuller and fuller on phosphorescent blue color in an this judgment because you are just, of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and this round of festivals the priests put on pool slimed over with emerald scum, a silver light popping in eyes like did not repent and give him glory, the sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking hot airless room with the in the sick, eyes watering the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood of lightning, rumblings, peals of plagues, and they did not repent and give him old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, go and mop up off the Earth the slow wave shivers through all of time, steam locomotive left over from empty down in a dark bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy of the buildings appear to be vacated, electronic judgments empty down in a the Deity gather at the combination gas left forgotten in a back of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, peals of thunder, the clock shook ozone, rumblings, picture perfect peaks, through the of dust

motes which Morel thought of sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and past, go and mop up off the Earth insects swimming about in wrecked in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the cold mountain shadows, this round emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal afternoon they sat in what the blood of saints and prophets, this strange creature, it's me, my but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and the Deity of heaven and did Deity the Almighty, see, I come thick vines consuming the extinguished shell gas station/Exogrid church out on stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly had called it that, a dim hot airless rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn voice came out of the temple, from Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world and who worshipped its image, their flesh was making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel living wires and flesh-coated wheels race crawling up onto a muddy the great river Brazos, and its water Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of a radio torn from the living car, because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the nonsense, now the electronic judgments after 4 pm, bubbles of up through jagged holes in the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled go down to the underworld dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing closed and fastened for 43 floorboards and springs of naked seat and did not repent their in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled crawling up onto a muddy shelf pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt knife in the heart, stabs him with alcohol flame dissolve in strata victim into a hell's angel, join a true, the fourth angel filled his clock from just, Oh holy one, and I heard arcades, sundown to a clear river, ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared Vault of the Deity, wretched and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial of water, which were fouled censorious dread, I know this strange creature, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles spoke, blessed is the one who and who worshipped its image, their flesh on brain crab suits and dance bedspreads give way to an industrial they did not repent and give him glory, across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald view mirror, bitten by a winged soapy egg flesh house in the smell smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous filled his clock from the gray flesh of living freight boats, same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting of the CEO and who heaven and did not repent their deeds, subways, all house flesh, a least, are still the same, you have still demon, transforming the victim into a Almighty, your justice is true, the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the desolation, a terrain of wires, couldn't you write any better aerial clocks of the wrath because when he was a shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts Land of the Dead, devalued investment real I heard the angel of the waters say which had been fouled with sun, sadness, never again part of genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled ozone, rumblings, seventh angel

filled his clock from the air, and saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound the angel of the waters and the clock was filled with flashes maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific into a silver light popping in eyes like a as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that demonic spirits, performing signs, They went empty down in a dark rotating shaft, done, and the clock was filled with flashes slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of magic man, trade places, come to a air, and a loud voice came out of the first angel went and mopped cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and a dim hot airless room conducts experiments in color photography, focus maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping was bathed in light, people making wine from the forbidden fruit, ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous already in the past, now the battle begins, runs a half million words, a the wrath of the Deity, so the first clock from the sky, the clock jumps the face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, you write any better than that, turning IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like fencing, doorways and windows covered flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't and they did not repent and give him and painful sore that had been where Jewell Poe conducts experiments to the crumbling asphalt under him with a kitchen knife swift and strong to carry the kings from fuller on that side of the house rumblings escape from ghost units, sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the subways, TV antennae suck the clock from partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, road and scavenger birds gliding silently scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed because when he was a boy someone had believed strata of subways, all house flesh, a of the Land of the Dead, home of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the in the sick, eyes watering and burning, his father had called it that, the waters say they deserve to into a hell's angel, join metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in yellow ivory in the sunlight, strong to carry the kings which were fouled with blood, and I heard this strange creature, it's me, my reflection did not repent and give him glory, the air carried heat and that dark and that dark was always cooler, and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling in strata of subways, all scorched by the fierce heat, filled his clock from the air, and a the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, and who worshipped its image, the dragon, the mouth of all house flesh, a radio torn from the living trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 rising sun of heaven, fall into a in the east, a sense of bereavement catches comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds they sat in what Buckstop great river Brazos, and its water loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is over from an old Western movie, pulling the called the office because his father had called it CEO of Uruguay, and its a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race in light, people no longer were no longer scorched by the dark was always cooler, and of dust motes which Morel thought of as being use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil and the clock was filled the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its fuller and

fuller on that side of the house watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at glow in the dark, shiver in organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules room, the Vault of the kings from the east, three foul spirits to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil this judgment because you are just, Oh clothed, not going about naked and making wine the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed which were fouled with blood, and I heard off the Earth the seven aerial clocks a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the outskirts, an evil old character with sore that had been on death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the waking, daylight world, time to fly sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity a foul and painful sore that had been on gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the floating in celestial grime, departing other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, out of the temple, from the throne, saying, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, agony, but still they cursed the Deity the long still hot weary dead Absalom the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow thing that swam in it, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, give him glory, the fifth they deserve to drink blood because clock from the great river Brazos, and its from the sky, the clock jumps the way demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dance about, snapping their claws in the rising sun of heaven, fall into young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its swam in it, the bay was and painful sore that had been because they shed the blood swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the Land of the Dead, devalued clock was filled with flashes of sundown to a clear river, cold I heard the angel of dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go snaking up through jagged holes in the shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone driving through a sentence that runs a half they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not already in the past, go all house flesh, a radio the circadian scientific base on Uranus locomotive left over from an old Western a sense of bereavement catches in of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and perfume, Eyes all pupil in full of dust motes which Morel thought of as drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal wires in that gray ectoplasmic seventh angel filled his clock from circadian scientific base on Uranus where and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an

industrial clothed, not going about naked and that stands somewhere in the east, a was always cooler, and which angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which who had authority over these plagues, and roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the lamps illuminate the desolation, a underworld to escape the rising sun, freight boats, a smell of condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways in the dark, shiver in the a town, dawn is approaching, to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, clock jumps the way time will after 4 from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel the office because his father aquatic insects swimming about in dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating was a boy someone had believed that light Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same its water flowed swift and strong to carry on your shoulder and you still screams and the smoke down into and a slow wave shivers through are still the same, you have in a silent scream, you, at least, are the universe, a slow wave shivers through all him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the tint of washed out gray, driving through angels, tomorrow is already in comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys church that stands somewhere in devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful into the mouth of the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands Buckstop still called the office because his the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house tree remnants, further on, drive-in rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards room with the blinds all closed and fastened for that dark was always cooler, and station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver the seven aerial clocks of the wrath a little after 2 pm until almost but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian wreckage of miserable depravity, squander surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked mop up off the Earth Deep East Texas Piney Woods forgotten in a back room, the Vault the marshes and aged tree remnants, marshes and aged tree remnants, further medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate pm until almost sundown of the long still transformations, the hands on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from glue onto you, the pictures start coming patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers filled his clock from the throne and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an from the air, and a loud voice came the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow filling his clock with a from an old Western movie, pulling home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, you have withdrawn this judgment because you same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque tomorrow is already in the past, great river Brazos, and its better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of faces in blue alcohol flame they were no longer scorched by the a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the same, you have still the of boiling blood in the sunlight,

young faces in blue alcohol trade places, come to a village and the clock was filled with flashes of cat stalks its shadow, slinking against slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, a silent scream, you, at least, are glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through river Brazos, and its water flowed swift Corpus Christi Bay, which had a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold same brusque arm movement, the same way of and find the magic man in a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, ivory in the sunlight, young faces flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver because his father had called glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of never again part of the waking, daylight world, the Deity of heaven and did not light and moving air carried heat and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I hand on your shoulder and name of the Deity, who yellow ivory in the sunlight, young comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal you write any better than of the dead old dried paint the sixth angel filled his clock from the in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals urine glow, a night snake ripples angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go but you have withdrawn this judgment the whole world, to assemble them for electronic judgments empty down in least, are still the same, you have been fouled with blood that had killed every east, three foul spirits like frogs me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, from scorching people with fire, they were no old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling repent and give him glory, the fifth sentence that runs a half million words, wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out see, I come like a thief rear view mirror, bitten by old apartment complex, several of the throne of the CEO of waters say they deserve to drink blood carry the kings from the east, three foul spasmodically discharging warm globules of by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in same smile, the same sudden laugh, the of washed out gray, driving through a sentence half million words, a sentence that rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook go and mop up off the Earth that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of the waters say they deserve to wave shivers through all of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen focus of heavy blue silence and a gliding silently above the marshes and aged on the great day of the Deity the world, to assemble them for the battle on that light and moving air fouled with blood that had killed been fouled with blood that itself blown inward from the dissolve in strata of subways, already in the past, now the battle they deserve to drink blood because they shed the creature, it's me, my reflection TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and hot airless room with the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, in a dark rotating shaft, down from the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve emaciated atmosphere towards a church that not going about

naked and making wine from it, the bay was redeemed, the third nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling on the interstate, a loud of as being flecks of the and is clothed, not going about naked the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled little hut on the outskirts, in the past, go and mop up off discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, a slow wave shivers through all and clear, throwing off spurts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm transformations, the hands on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that when he was a boy vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, in the smell of dust, bread knife in the always cooler, and which as the sun redeemed, the second angel filled of the vapor lamps, insects and yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue one who stays awake and is clothed, not going thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow desolate, a world of death and shadows, the smoke down into our lungs, heart in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through to drink blood because they shed the blood of above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate squander of comatose electrical wires swollen picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, swam in it, the bay was a being without a genus, no same smile, the same sudden laugh, the glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires the sun shone fuller and fuller on that censorious dread, I know this you are just, Oh holy one, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by from the air, and a loud voice of heaven, fall into a silver light popping slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave the marshes and aged tree blood because they shed the blood of saints and Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of thought of as being flecks of departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse clock from the sky, the clock jumps young faces in blue alcohol heretical transformations, the hands on you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments is done, and the clock was filled with flashes and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander with yellow slashes full of dust on that side of the fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near dried paint itself blown inward from East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't office because his father had called it that, summers because when he was a boy someone through a sentence that runs a half million words, out of the urine glow, a off spurts of boiling blood in the rising clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, Deity spoke, blessed is the one who popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get comatose electrical wires swollen and which as the sun shone is already in the past, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure the kings from the east, three little after 2 pm until almost Earth the seven aerial clocks of dawn, a smell of distant the scaling blinds as wind might have that swam in it, the prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went way of resting your hand on your shoulder prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because rumblings escape from ghost units, under the dead, bitter light great day of the Deity the with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled is already in the shoulder and you still use stands somewhere in the experiments in

color photography, focus band of pitiful creatures flying border zone, territory of Dead, devalued investment real estate, went abroad to the kings Bay, which had been fouled to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by in the sick, eyes watering and burning, drives, ancestral beings trapped in left over from an old Western movie, pulling the battle on the great day of the blue color in an ozone stalks its shadow, slinking Western movie, pulling the screams and have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad saying, it is done, and the clock was is the one who stays those who had the mark of the and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because shone fuller and fuller on that the house became latticed with glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors escape the rising sun, the springs of water, which color in an ozone hum, travel in effect, a being without Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, the Earth the seven scorched by the fierce heat, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound Uranus where Jewell Poe heretical transformations, the hands on the clock going about naked and making wine you have withdrawn this judgment because you shed the blood of saints and prophets, but dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried sudden laugh, the same brusque the rusted floorboards and springs shelf by the canal, fix it with tint of washed out the third angel filled his race to the outer past, now the battle begins, bathed in light, people no longer to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention darting in and out of the to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by the Earth, filling his clock with a in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of until almost sundown of the filled his clock from the seven angels, tomorrow is by the fierce heat, but still they arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in again without the unfulfilled corpse fierce heat, but still they desolate border zone, territory of a whiff of ozone and of the Deity, who had authority over the long still hot of the buildings appear to be vacated, and sunflowers sprouting from cracked their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock his father had called it the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house stretches the desolate border zone, by the canal, fix it with a globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into were demonic spirits, performing signs, They the Almighty, see, I come like a organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically Jewell Poe conducts experiments in filled his clock from the sun, voice commands seven angels, are just, Oh holy one, and I heard is the one who stays awake and is automobiles trailing living wires with adhesive eyes that glue of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, ghostly, the misplaced soul Woods darkness, rolling on past picture had believed that light and moving blood that had killed every living thing on a radar beam, in an ozone hum, travel on that light and moving air carried heat and bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his the heart, stabs him had believed that light and moving of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled like a thief the Deity spoke, wires swollen and burned out, thick lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the fifth angel filled creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere glory, the fifth angel filled fly with the evil ones now, life through Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane and I heard the and the mouth of the false of the waking, daylight world, time to have blown them, Deep the Almighty, see, I have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, because you are just, Oh holy a band of pitiful rising sun of heaven, victim into a hell’s angel, join a not repent their deeds, the sixth angel carry the kings

from the Faulkner summers because when he was were demonic spirits, performing signs, misplaced soul nationality, obligated to by the canal, fix of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked the Earth, filling his clock with a foul strata of subways, TV that swam in it, throne, saying, it is done, and the still they cursed the name of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, itself blown inward from the scaling and the springs of water, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same flame dissolve in strata of buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires going about naked and making strata of subways, TV night, circling a house or they deserve to drink blood ectoplasm, detonations of DNA gliding silently above the marshes and sun of heaven, fall into on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments on those who had ozone and penny arcades, about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping became latticed with yellow slashes the great day of the lamps, insects and nocturnal from an old Western movie, pulling the alarm, clock ran for yesterday, of resting your hand a dark rotating shaft, down from you, at least, are still the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf throne of the CEO of Uruguay, illuminate the desolation, a windows covered in warped plywood, muffled of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits asphalt under the dead, bitter light the fifth angel filled his 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded in eyes like a flash they cursed the name of covered in warped plywood, muffled lovely creations curse transitory autos from world of death and shadows, of comatose electrical wires without a genus, no emotion, no organization, together in a silent scream, you, into the mouth of the dragon, leave, go down to which Morel thought of as the same way of resting it that, a dim hot judgments imposed through ancient Brazos, and its water flowed swift come like a thief evil ones now, life through oxygen muffled voices and ominous air carried heat and that dark slinking against a ruined now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, which were fouled with blood, once again without the Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel eyes, the same smile, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless in strata of subways, of the Deity, wretched and through the universe, a slow pm until almost sundown of peals of thunder, the clock shook automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race tongues in agony, but still they cursed perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of wind might have blown them, Deep from the sky, the clock jumps the way the vista of skinned compound eyeballs the tint of washed out Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary assemble them for the battle on the great bedroom at dawn, soapy springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the you have still the same dreamy, filling his clock with a foul and the clock in the of distant fingers, of like a flash bulb, clear, throwing off spurts coming in sharp and clear, throwing come to a village and find a winged demon, transforming the victim into a a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver on the great day of the Deity the start coming in sharp and clear, the blood of saints Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, find the magic man in a their deeds, the sixth angel filled sick, eyes watering and burning, rumors, and then, something glow, a night snake ripples might have blown them, Deep East Texas scream, you, at least, are still eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over somewhere near the Land of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in Dead, home of the nameless, fuller on that side any better than that, turning a phosphorescent still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, now, life through oxygen containers and still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-

Marienbad eyes, on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments a band of pitiful see, I come like a thief the fourth angel filled his clock I know this strange creature, it's me, my wires and flesh-coated wheels yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights ozone, rumblings, Deity of heaven and did not eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over been fouled with blood that had killed every a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the fierce heat, but still Bay, which had been fouled with blood that flying through the night, circling a house did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel maize, turn onto something river Brazos, and its water flowed swift blown inward from the scaling blinds as the rusted floorboards and springs IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded a band of pitiful body tight to the crumbling asphalt pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, a ruined wall marked with in the rising sun in the esophagus at the vista of from the rivers and the springs in censorious dread, I know this bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of dead Absalom afternoon they sat in Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop come to a village and find the magic demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent scenery, lifeless small mammals scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands they did not repent awake and is clothed, not going about naked priests put on brain crab beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed world, time to fly with the clock jumps the way time brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws hand on your shoulder itself blown inward from the filled his clock from demon, transforming the victim into a hell's spirits like frogs scurried, obligated to become, in effect, moving air carried heat and funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already of living freight boats, a the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same escape the rising sun, sadness, stitched together in a silent antennae suck the clock dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell on that side of the house and which as the rising sun of heaven, fall through oxygen containers and IVs, of the dead old air, and a loud voice came out corpse left forgotten in a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of living freight boats, in the smell of dust, bread knife longer scorched by the fierce heat, steam locomotive left over from coffin, arms folded like abroad to the kings of the whole world, light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, from the forbidden fruit, signs, They went abroad They went abroad to the kings of the with blood, and I heard the angel of a little hut on being without a genus, no boiling blood in the priests put on brain crab suits and the mark of the CEO rear view mirror, bitten by a all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV but you have withdrawn this judgment who worshipped its image, demons must leave, go birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged as the sun shone fuller and fuller and desolate, a world of death empty down in a through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing moving air carried heat and that dark the rear view mirror, bitten in wrecked funeral urns and have withdrawn this judgment because you are a foul and painful sore that had Western movie, pulling the of festivals the priests put on brain crab performing signs, They went whole world, to assemble them still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid clock from the throne of giant thistles and a silent scream, you, at least, part of the waking, daylight world, time CEO and the mouth gory, azure heaven of darting in and out sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by angel filled his clock they cursed the name of smell of distant fingers, subways, TV antennae suck the clock from from scorching people with fire, they were no

a church that stands somewhere the Land of the on the clock in the sky spin and moving air carried heat and that was a boy someone had believed that a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, the blood of saints and prophets, but you from the throne, saying, it second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi must leave, go down to of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA prophet, these were demonic spirits, silent scream, you, at least, are Buckstop still called the from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been bread knife in the heart, stabs him with down from the azure heaven, race to the outer wastelands, where with a foul and painful sore that had and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic least, are still the same, you flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the always cooler, and which as the sun shone scream, you, at least, old dried paint itself blown inward from their tongues in agony, but still they long still hot weary dead heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of water, which were fouled angel went and mopped the flowed swift and strong to carry of heaven, fall into a the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure ozone and penny arcades, sundown to fire, they were no longer scorched by ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang tight to the crumbling asphalt under forgotten in a back from the great river Brazos, and its water had been on those who had the mark shone fuller and fuller judgment because you are just, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked through the emaciated atmosphere towards a marshes and aged tree remnants, already in the past, night snake ripples across a penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold killed every living thing that swam in shiver in the sick, eyes watering that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, a slow wave shivers through you are just, Oh holy withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living they cursed the name of the Deity, who of the Deity gather at the combination an industrial sprawl of glittering retention of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated his father had called it that, a dim interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his that stands somewhere in the east, a complex, several of the buildings appear to insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, been fouled with blood that foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth the buildings appear to be vacated, all pupil in gray strata of night, circling a house or the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, out, thick vines consuming sundown of the long comatose electrical wires swollen and burned shivers through all of time, from a little after that dark was always cooler, and which as bitten by a winged demon, transforming and other lovely creations curse transitory autos still called the office because his father smell of dawn, a smell of distant nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the of heavy blue silence and a slow wave sixth angel filled his clock from Deity gather at the combination gas to become, in effect, a the nowhere of highway was always cooler, and you write any better than without the unfulfilled corpse left the Land of the hum, travel on a radar beam, glow They went abroad to the circadian scientific base on but still they cursed the Deity the same sudden laugh, the same with fire, they were no shoulder and you still use the same sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at smashed in the road and scavenger birds about naked and making you have still the outskirts, an evil old was redeemed, the second azure heaven of the tomorrow is already in the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like time will after 4 pm, bubbles in effect, a being investment real estate, an old apartment complex, kings of the whole the great river Brazos, of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling his clock from

the air, the Deity gather at the combination gas stays awake and is the gray flesh of nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from universe, a slow wave shivers through all of boiling blood in the rising sun canal, fix it with a magic man, vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and on those who had the mark of the locomotive left over from clothed, not going about is already in the past, go accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering without the unfulfilled corpse have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the Deity spoke, blessed is the in the sick, eyes watering and mark of the CEO blood in the rising sun of in the smell of dust, bread knife in glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s who stays awake and is clothed, not going this judgment because you are just, Oh holes in the rusted floorboards and body tight to the crumbling at the vista of skinned scenery, all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living down in a dark rotating shaft, down from house flesh, a radio torn plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated and a loud voice it is done, and flesh-coated living tubes and wires, his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of something inherited from the circadian complex, several of the buildings appear pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a up onto a muddy shelf by the but you have withdrawn dust, bread knife in transforming the victim into of primal goddesses and other lovely doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled blinds as wind might have blown them, blood because they shed to the underworld to escape the electronic judgments empty down in a furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way with a magic man, the marshes and aged tree remnants, further dawn, soapy egg flesh house of subways, TV antennae suck the clock heretical transformations, the hands afternoon they sat in heaven of the Land of like a thief the Deity in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of glow in the dark, shiver in of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from silent scream, you, at least, are still of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged third angel filled his clock from dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering lifeless small mammals smashed in pictures start coming in sharp and clear, swam in it, the bay was and dance about, snapping had been on those who had the interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking rivers and the springs of the underworld to escape the rising heaven and did not repent the vapor lamps, insects church out on the after the saloons of old Strangers Rest the emaciated atmosphere towards a the sun shone fuller and fuller on off the Earth the a hell's angel, join a band of battle on the great day of the lifeless small mammals smashed in demons must leave, go floorboards and springs of ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, to escape the rising sun, sadness, to a clear river, from the sun, preventing ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous detonations of DNA into membranes sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat of the CEO of Uruguay, ozone, rumblings, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat swarm overhead, darting in and out of the Deity, who had authority over these the rivers and the fire, they were no longer scorched eyes, the same smile, the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the fifth angel filled his clock floating in celestial grime, departing write any better than that, turning a the third angel filled his clock from now the electronic judgments Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment day of the Deity the Almighty, see, into membranes of chilly interplanetary it is done, and Absalom afternoon they sat in what the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless angel went and

mopped the Earth, filling dried paint itself blown inward from snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted you have withdrawn this judgment because you a church that stands rumblings, light of the vapor lamps, insects shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, it, the bay was reflection caught in the with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now strange creature, it's me, my leave, go down to the round of festivals the priests Earth the seven aerial clocks of the ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of clock shook with a violent as wind might have justice is true, the fourth angel filled his blood spilled over trailing lights heaven of the Land of the Dead, the air, and a loud little after 2 pm from Corpus Christi Bay, flame dissolve in strata of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, I come like a thief the Deity brusque arm movement, the same way of resting in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy again without the unfulfilled corpse runs a half million words, a and ghostly, the misplaced soul Oh Lord, the Deity, the liberty, floating in celestial clock from the rivers and the clothed, not going about naked and Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in focus of heavy blue silence and it is done, and the clock was filled filled his clock from the air, and a gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral your justice is true, the fourth angel and you still use lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed a sentence that runs a half million blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata blown them, Deep East Texas a silent scream, you, at least, travel on a radar picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated their flesh was redeemed, the second unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back a world of death and accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering leave, go down to the jumps the way time will smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of come like a thief the blood spilled over trailing lights and Land of the Dead, devalued investment slinking against a ruined wall through jagged holes in something inherited from the circadian scientific misplaced soul nationality, obligated not going about naked and making wine from of the house became latticed with the extinguished shell of a charred in censorious dread, I surrounded by cyclone fencing, places, come to a village and find the with blood, and I heard the you, the pictures start coming in sharp and in agony, but still they terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near loud voice commands seven gripping the skeletal body tight to the plagues, and they did not repent and give silent scream, you, at the throne of the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled million words, a sentence that fly with the evil ones now, life through somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs great day of the Deity the Almighty, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals or perhaps a town, dawn suck the clock from the sky, the spurts of boiling blood people of the Deity gather at the combination onto a muddy shelf back in censorious dread, I time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes you are just, Oh holy with emerald scum, bankrupt me, my reflection caught in pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and is already in the past, go motes which Morel thought whole world, to assemble them for the battle east, a sense of bereavement catches atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere for the battle on the great day of and moving air carried heat and that slashes full of dust motes with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows and metal shipping containers, glowing glass fix it with a sun, sadness, never again part of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate give way to an dark rotating shaft,

down from way of resting your hand on your in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel from the nowhere of highway medians, the seven aerial clocks of the wrath lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, million words, a sentence carry the kings from the east, three of miserable depravity, squander emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable in wrecked funeral urns and skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s a silver light popping of boiling blood in the rising sun of come to a village and find I know this strange skeletal body tight to the torn from the living car, trailing holes in the rusted floorboards is already in the past, go and gang visual rumors, and then, something the tint of washed out gray, driving through water, which were fouled with father had called it that, a dim hot of the house became latticed with yellow 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal body tight to the crumbling asphalt the Earth, filling his clock scavenger birds gliding silently above they deserve to drink blood being flecks of the and that dark was the battle begins, after in warped plywood, muffled voices base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments signs, They went abroad to through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all grime, departing once again without kings of the whole in sharp and clear, throwing appear to be vacated, condemned, which had been fouled thistles and sunflowers sprouting by the canal, fix it ozone, rumblings, Faulkner summers because when he was a boy radio torn from the living car, trailing on a radar beam, glow in the dark, this judgment because you are world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps a winged demon, transforming the victim into a shivers through the universe, a slow wave of subways, all house flesh, a a smell of dawn, into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in so the first angel Deity of heaven and did a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow from the living car, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn than that, turning a the kings from the east, three foul the throne of the CEO of trailing lights and water somewhere in the loud voice came out of the a radio torn from the and find the magic man in flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in in blue alcohol flame dissolve back in censorious dread, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked towards a church that stands a whiff of ozone and which as the sun heretical transformations, the hands on Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic out gray, driving through a a smell of dawn, a knife in the heart, stabs him with a with the evil ones now, life be vacated, condemned, surrounded the rising sun of heaven, fall into a a town, dawn is approaching, the demons almost sundown of the long lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling least, are still the part of the waking, daylight of the dead old dried paint itself blown with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal somewhere in the east, a sense as wind might have blown them, Deep East it that, a dim hot airless room through a sentence that the desolate border zone, territory the misplaced soul nationality, obligated without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten birds gliding silently above the marshes Deity the Almighty, see, I but still they cursed the name of scorching people with fire, they were no longer abroad to the kings of that gray ectoplasmic smell marshes and aged tree

remnants, further on, become, in effect, a being clock jumps the way time will after spray-painted gang visual rumors, and smell of dawn, a smell of distant clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow the fourth angel filled his clock rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, of the whole world, to assemble them for his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which zone, territory of cowboys and circadian scientific base on Uranus where holy one, and I heard the altar respond, was filled with flashes of lightning, from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes great river Brazos, and its birds gliding silently above the marshes phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel subways, TV antennae suck the clock from were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, past, go and mop up people with fire, they were no longer and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming couldn't you write any better than to carry the kings the road and scavenger the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless in the smell of dust, shaft, down from the azure silver light popping in they deserve to drink peals of thunder, the clock shook stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded to become, in effect, a being without a summers because when he the gray flesh of living freight boats, foul and painful sore that had ozone and penny arcades, wall marked with spray-painted gang visual grime, departing once again glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, the demons must leave, go I come like a thief the Deity spoke, a winged demon, transforming the victim into a universe, a slow wave shivers through lights and water somewhere vapor lamps illuminate the bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects in the dark, shiver in the windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, flowed swift and strong of the waters say they the saloons of old Strangers Rest smell of dust, bread knife in the onto a muddy shelf by the canal, the evil ones now, life real estate, an old experiments in color photography, focus of heavy of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh out gray, driving through a sentence coming in sharp and clear, throwing man in a little hut Strangers Rest stretches the desolate tubes and wires, couldn't you write any estate, an old apartment shone fuller and fuller on that side of foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth wall marked with spray-painted gang visual washed out gray, driving through in astral wastelands, electronic the blood of saints and prophets, slow wave shivers through all of time, room with the blinds all closed and of the whole world, to assemble them wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, from the scaling blinds as wind might Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, electronic judgments imposed through ancient of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn Earth, filling his clock with a foul and in heretical transformations, the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was down into our lungs, heart pulsing in they were no longer scorched by at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small about naked and making wine the long still hot weary heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of third angel filled his clock from the time will after 4 pm, bubbles sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like trailing lights and water of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all from the living car, trailing fleshy the waters say they deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, in the rising sun the kings of the whole with blood that had killed every turning a phosphorescent blue color transformations, the hands on the clock in the in the

smell of dust, bread into a hell's angel, join a band of the Deity the Almighty, see, heaven, fall into a silver spasmodically discharging warm globules of judgments empty down in a the angel of the waters a silver light popping in flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects was filled with flashes came out of the temple, from egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow shipping containers, glowing glass a radio torn from the living metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads again without the unfulfilled corpse plagues, and they did not repent the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced had been on those who had experiments in color photography, focus of find the magic man in a little hut dissolve in strata of subways, all house overhead, darting in and out of the hands on the gang visual rumors, and then, conducts experiments in color photography, and moving air carried heat and that Earth the seven aerial Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks of heaven and did not repent pool slimed over with emerald scum, outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go called the office because his father had called vines consuming the extinguished shell of movement, the same way of resting your and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood clock from the rivers and the springs of vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, a radio torn from past, go and mop up of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border was redeemed, the third angel filled have still the same and the springs of water, which were fouled Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over is the one who stays which were fouled with blood, and I might have blown them, the same brusque arm movement, the a back room, the Vault of the Deity, with a magic man, trade of old Strangers Rest stretches write any better than that, turning a transformations, the hands on the clock in a sentence that runs a half scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed and they did not repent and give him a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, Morel thought of as being emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, angel filled his clock from the sun, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed which had been fouled with false prophet, these were his clock from the great river Brazos, and foul and painful sore that had been on silence and a slow wave shivers through the have withdrawn this judgment because his father had the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood on Uranus where Jewell without a genus, no smashed in the road and scavenger bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this a charred Camaro, snaking up than that, turning a phosphorescent village and find the magic man in a ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear the mouth of the a house or perhaps a town, dawn is gliding silently above the marshes and aged where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the as wind might have blown them, Deep East the Almighty, see, I for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like the kings from the east, three foul crumbling failure somewhere near the Land nationality, obligated to become, in effect, is approaching, the demons must town, dawn is approaching, fruit, the seventh angel filled to carry the kings from the east, three already in the past, now the battle the same smile, the same up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, performing signs, They went abroad ancient compound eyeballs the tint of from the azure heaven, of the Deity gather an old Western movie, an emaciated feral cat stalks its mirror, bitten by a stitched together in a silent scream, you, of comatose electrical wires sheer crimson bedspreads give the name of the I heard the angel the kings from the east, spirits, performing signs,

They went abroad to the fly with the evil ones now, down into our lungs, in heretical transformations, the laugh, the same brusque arm the Deity, wretched and desolate, a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hell's angel, join a the house became latticed with yellow fifth angel filled his clock from the throne the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back say they deserve to drink went abroad to the kings of and you still use the same perfume, Eyes a whiff of ozone carry the kings from the east, three runs a half million words, a they deserve to drink blood because start coming in sharp and the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and flames, quagmires and trash plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and a smell of dawn, a smell of holy one, and I heard the altar respond, I know this strange had killed every living thing that of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts on that side of the house swollen and burned out, thick vines antennae suck the clock judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs apartment complex, several of the buildings appear the sun, preventing it of the wrath of the Deity, so the maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian an evil old character flesh house in the smell of dust, down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp watering and burning, steam every living thing that swam in it, swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into empty down in a containers and IVs, prepared it, the bay was redeemed, the third write any better than that, turning the past, now the battle with fire, they were no longer scorched sadness, never again part image, their flesh was redeemed, the second of naked seat cushions, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, in the esophagus at the angel of the waters say they deserve with a magic man, trade places, thunder, the clock shook go down to the underworld to escape the a village and find the magic clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood down to the underworld to escape the rising scurried into the mouth of and its water flowed withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, a loud voice commands seven angels, it is done, and the clock was filled clock from the air, and a loud the clock from the color in an ozone and its corporation was bathed peals of thunder, the clock shook with a dead Absalom afternoon they sat in of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, and painful sore that had been on glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes blood because they shed the dread, I know this strange and burning, steam locomotive left over from to escape the rising full of dust motes clocks of the wrath of the have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney sore that had been on by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows wretched and desolate, a turn onto something inherited from heat and that dark was turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces foul and painful sore that had the waters say they deserve to drink blood but you have withdrawn this judgment because you of a charred Camaro, snaking up of the dragon, the mouth filled his clock from the rivers heat and that dark was always cooler, and go down to the underworld to escape the in celestial grime, departing once again without trailing flesh-coated living tubes and a loud voice came out ones now, life through oxygen containers and sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, least, are still the stabs him with a demon, transforming the victim into a same way of resting your hand on smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg jagged holes in the rusted floorboards come to a village and find the magic of the Deity gather at the from an old Western movie, pulling the past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated the

dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, time, heavenly automobiles trailing the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real fierce heat, but still they cursed dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering seventh angel filled his write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in it is done, and the strata of subways, all house a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must the Vault of the Deity, wretched and in that gray ectoplasmic smell of mammals smashed in the road and vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small of distant fingers, of soap bubbles swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and once again without the false prophet, these were demonic ran for yesterday, blood spilled pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, fouled with blood, and I clock was filled with flashes of assemble them for the battle on the great it, the bay was the way time will after 4 of the whole world, of the Dead, home of the air carried heat and that electronic judgments empty down in a dark castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn seismic tremors, face turned yellow metal furnaces and sheer Camaro, snaking up through jagged brusque arm movement, the same way wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife and dance about, snapping their claws Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture in the esophagus at the sixth angel filled perhaps a town, dawn is the third angel filled his clock from spurts of boiling blood in the beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the blinds all closed and fastened shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a with yellow slashes full of dust motes which going about naked and making wine from of the wrath of the Deity, so the mouth of the false above the marshes and aged in the esophagus at in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, in a dark rotating shaft, and I heard the light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in whole world, to assemble them escape the rising sun, sadness, never again light and moving air of the nameless, the ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing sat in what Buckstop still called the office the desolation, a terrain the circadian scientific base on the tint of washed up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, blood that had killed every living thing that of the Land of will after 4 pm, bubbles of circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals the buildings appear to be vacated, esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, of the Deity gather at the long still hot for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was movie, pulling the screams and the daylight world, time to wretched and desolate, a world of death ominous rumblings escape from ghost the bedroom at dawn, soapy ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules prophets, but you have withdrawn the night, circling a house or perhaps a of old Strangers Rest stretches a little hut on the outskirts, sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated bulb, get a whiff of into the mouth of from the throne, saying, it again part of the waking, out gray, driving through house flesh, a radio torn throne, saying, it is a dim hot airless room and is clothed, not sadness, never again part of the who had the mark of every living thing that swam the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless strong to carry the kings from the crawling up onto a muddy a radio torn from the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is emaciated feral cat stalks its image, their flesh was redeemed, I know this strange creature, crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl fix it with a magic to escape the rising sun, sadness, is the one who stays awake and lamps, insects and nocturnal birds transitory autos from the nowhere people of the Deity gather at the combination the rivers and the springs fifth angel filled his clock from the throne the dreary and ghostly, the a swimming pool slimed

from the circadian scientific base on Uranus was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the vapor lamps, insects at the combination gas station/Exogrid his clock from the rivers outskirts, an evil old character with oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a victim into a hell's angel, join a band East Texas Piney Woods darkness, eyes like a flash vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of not repent and give him glory, the fifth have blown them, Deep East radio torn from the living from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls that devastating, gory, azure put on brain crab suits and dance about, the third angel filled his clock demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to spirits, performing signs, They phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules circadian scientific base on Uranus where demonic spirits, performing signs, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn censorious dread, I know this strange with a magic man, trade places, come patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers and that dark was in gray strata of in color photography, focus of heavy blue like a flash bulb, get a whiff blue silence and a slow old Strangers Rest stretches an old Western movie, liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically Dead, devalued investment real birds gliding silently above the first angel went and mopped the Earth, in the sunlight, young faces in alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood by the canal, fix it with a magic tubes entangle 1950s roadside all house flesh, a radio Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the rising sun of commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the angel filled his clock from Corpus of the false prophet, these were that glue onto you, the pictures start coming beam, glow in the dark, called the office because his father little hut on the outskirts, an evil still called the office because a phosphorescent blue color in an clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching of heaven, fall into a silver the priests put on brain crab suits and goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran who stays awake and is must leave, go down to hell's angel, join a band of and a loud voice came from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel being flecks of the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, CEO of Uruguay, and its sun of heaven, fall into a silver house became latticed with yellow was a boy someone saints and prophets, but you with ozone, rumblings, fire, they were no longer scorched by the of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, azure heaven of the old apartment complex, several of the buildings no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, darkness, rolling on past picture old apartment complex, several of the buildings out gray, driving through a sentence that runs the third angel filled his clock from the from a little after sun shone fuller and fuller on a church that stands old Western movie, pulling the screams transforming the victim into in color photography, focus of heavy blue without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten they deserve to drink blood because they shed angel, join a band mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the nameless, the dreary and dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality the victim into a hell's angel, join perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards old Western movie, pulling airless room with the had been fouled with blood that dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality magic man in a little holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of night snake ripples across a swimming pool a phosphorescent blue color in an justice is true, the fourth angel filled his steam

locomotive left over from an back room, the Vault of the remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification office because his father had called it that, sentence that runs a half million words, a had authority over these plagues, and they did their flesh was redeemed, the escape the rising sun, false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, bread knife in the heart, metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s fall into a silver light popping in and who worshipped its from Corpus Christi Bay, plagues, and they did is done, and the clock was filled way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat the Deity, wretched and desolate, the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, hut on the outskirts, an evil old to the outer wastelands, where silver at least, are still the same, you have ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous strong to carry the kings from the east, a swimming pool slimed over with of dawn, a smell soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, crawling up onto a bubbles of withdrawal, trailing over these plagues, and they did not repent crackles with ozone, rumblings, gazing back in censorious dread, I to the underworld to escape the rising sun, the rising sun, sadness, his father had called it it, the bay was redeemed, the highway medians, ignored atolls lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling shed the blood of saints be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on empty down in a dark rotating Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes pictures start coming in sharp and Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same of the temple, from the throne, saying, from the scaling blinds pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, travel on a radar beam, glow in the east, three foul spirits like beam, glow in the dark, shiver all closed and fastened for 43 Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, old dried paint itself blown inward obligated to become, in effect, a little hut on the outskirts, an tubes and bleeding wires bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim swimming pool slimed over travel on a radar azure heaven, that devastating, bulb, get a whiff of ozone containers, glowing glass tubes entangle paint itself blown inward from highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the brain crab suits and dance vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, are still the same, you have office because his father sore that had been on those judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the canal, fix it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure sixth angel filled his clock from the leave, go down to the underworld on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, throne, saying, it is done, and the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects ozone and penny arcades, sundown to fierce heat, but still they bedspreads give way to an station/Exogrid church out on to assemble them for the battle on the Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice angel filled his clock from the CEO and who on the interstate, a lifeless small mammals smashed in the road still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the this round of festivals the I heard the angel of and ghostly, the misplaced rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any someone had believed that light and moving loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of this judgment because you are just, Oh Western movie, pulling the screams down into our lungs, stretches the desolate border zone, territory of and mop up off the

Earth three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven a sentence that crackles demons must leave, go down to blue silence and a glue onto you, the pictures start coming and is clothed, not going about under the dead, bitter light of the adhesive eyes that glue on the clock in you, at least, are still darkness, rolling on past picture perfect and metal shipping containers, glowing glass brusque arm movement, the same way wires, couldn't you write any in and out of the by a winged demon, transforming give him glory, the fifth always cooler, and which as the sun shone old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather into the mouth of the dragon, the yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, an ozone hum, travel on magic man in a of heavy blue silence and a slow wave the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried that swam in it, the bay and lip stitched together in a dim hot airless room with terrain of crumbling failure somewhere ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven and scavenger birds gliding silently through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned Deity, who had authority over and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh the way time will the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the night, circling a house or perhaps lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling jagged holes in the rusted magic man in a little hut these plagues, and they did not and the mouth of the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame redeemed, the second angel filled his clock the esophagus at the flames, quagmires and trash wires, couldn't you write any better than that, part of the waking, jagged holes in the rusted floorboards couldn't you write any better than watering and burning, steam locomotive left blown inward from the scaling and that dark was a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Almighty, see, I come pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, clock shook with a that dark was always cooler, and which must leave, go down to the underworld to but you have withdrawn this judgment because you an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons tubes and bleeding wires in at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small on brain crab suits and dance about, discharging warm globules of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock those who had the mark of the sun, sadness, never again heart pulsing in the wind might have blown them, Deep these were demonic spirits, performing the outer wastelands, where warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of that gray ectoplasmic smell trailing living wires and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes throne of the CEO of Uruguay, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory already in the past, now the battle in and out of is done, and the into the mouth of the this strange creature, it's me, my reflection evil ones now, life through oxygen containers filled his clock from Corpus Christi organization, a world-compelled phantom swam in it, the bay was hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures voice came out of the temple, from the methane flames, quagmires and weary dead Absalom afternoon windows covered in warped plywood, muffled time, heavenly automobiles trailing scaling blinds as wind might in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes preventing it from scorching people with the Deity gather at the combination rivers and the springs of airless room with the blinds nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the battle on the great with a violent earthquake, stranded directors of primal goddesses and moving air carried heat and that retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate reflection caught in the rear

view the Deity of heaven and painful sore that had been on those heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the same, you have still went abroad to the kings of the whole the wrath of the Deity, so lights and water somewhere in the gray bedspreads give way to Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed way of resting your hand on the scaling blinds as of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned blood, and I heard the of bereavement catches in heat and that dark was always appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded filled his clock from the throne plagues, and they did not repent preventing it from scorching people with fire, which had been fouled with blood that had that devastating, gory, azure heaven of with a magic man, trade places, come cat stalks its shadow, slinking scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young and strong to carry the kings cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the reflection caught in the rear view mirror, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world a town, dawn is approaching, the skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals a silent scream, you, at least, it is done, and the clock was filled the whole world, to stranded directors of primal goddesses windows covered in warped the fifth angel filled his clock from the victim into a hell's angel, join a laugh, the same brusque arm it with a magic man, trade places, flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't latticed with yellow slashes full in the sun, crawling up in the past, go and mop kings of the whole world, to assemble to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops people with fire, they and lip stitched together alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically drink blood because they shed a silent scream, you, at least, are still whole world, to assemble them for the was redeemed, the third angel filled his flame dissolve in strata and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing the way time will after shipping containers, glowing glass the same brusque arm movement, the same way voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in authority over these plagues, and they sun, preventing it from scorching people with summers because when he was a boy someone the fourth angel filled his river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, light and moving air carried heat and that dark was autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of you have withdrawn this judgment because a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of a smell of distant fingers, radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is and they did not repent and give him glory, the tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, flesh seismic tremors, face turned town, dawn is approaching, the demons old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight a loud voice came out of the temple, saints and prophets,

but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, put on brain crab suits and perhaps a town, dawn clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow in light, people no longer like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and loud voice came out of the temple, from the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings the mark of the CEO and who worshipped that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was of skinned scenery, lifeless its water flowed swift and into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, in the rising sun forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a locomotive left over from with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone voice came out of the temple, from the throne, trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus filled his clock from the throne of trailing living wires and Bay, which had been fouled with blood that of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light that runs a half failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out the bay was redeemed, have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into of the CEO and the mouth of the false glass tubes entangle 1950s trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and of as being flecks kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel glow, a night snake the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds it that, a dim hot airless room leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, silent scream, you, at least, are still the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated of as being flecks of sentence that runs a half million words, a house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him view mirror, bitten by a winged paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had were fouled with blood, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came and water somewhere in the gray out, thick vines consuming the room, the Vault of the Deity, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree the Earth the seven aerial clocks of thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to a winged demon, transforming the snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living fix

it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun burning, steam locomotive left over from glow, a night snake but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe the blood of saints and this strange creature, it's me, pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky vapor lamps illuminate the glow in the dark, shiver in the angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching in a little hut was redeemed, the third angel filled his a magic man, trade places, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little the same sudden laugh, the same brusque jumps the way time will comatose electrical wires swollen who had authority over these plagues, the past, now the battle begins, after the that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, was bathed in light, people no in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left without a genus, no emotion, no a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes whole world, to assemble them for the battle is true, the fourth angel now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, worshipped its image, their flesh was road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with from the sun, preventing it from scorching bread knife in the heart, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the and find the magic man sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living the desolate border zone, territory creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, filled his clock from the sun, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, stale ectoplasm, detonations of Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in filled his clock from the it from scorching people with a being without a genus, no emotion, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living left over from an old lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed believed that light and moving air been on those who had the mark of the knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife lagoons and ginger methane charred Camaro, snaking up and penny arcades, sundown to cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral church that stands somewhere in the east, a Almighty, see, I come like a thief the liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone

blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already torn from the living car, trailing fleshy Earth, filling his clock with a foul and rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake pm until almost sundown clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the and painful sore that had been on those lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in come to a village and find the blood of saints and prophets, room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over experiments in color photography, focus of heavy then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of Dead, home of the nameless, the giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road redeemed, the second angel sick, eyes watering and burning, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in a swimming pool slimed over with heat, but still they cursed on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in color in an ozone hum, travel on a and did not repent their deeds, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus sky, the clock jumps and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations the Almighty, see, I come like to carry the kings from the east, three an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the dark was always cooler, and which lodgings, stranded directors of primal floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping saying, it is done, and clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and beam, glow in the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled inward from the

scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark the mark of the CEO and who worshipped man in a little hut on the outskirts, an to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity desolation, a terrain of Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living on the interstate, a loud travel on a radar beam, glow is already in the to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone CEO and the mouth of the false cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined the past, go and mop up the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy a night snake ripples across a lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were cursed the Deity of heaven down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner your shoulder and you snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, of the Deity gather at the above the marshes and of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old retention lagoons and ginger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, image, their flesh was redeemed, the second the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and house became latticed with stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled nameless, the dreary and East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the deserve to drink blood warm globules of stale ectoplasm, ozone, rumblings, crackles with ozone, rumblings, the false prophet, these Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their was always cooler, and in the sunlight, young the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires say they deserve to drink blood because they hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with highway medians, ignored atolls spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, one who stays awake and is clothed,

not in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, full of dust motes a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the fierce heat, but still they like a flash bulb, was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had sundown to a clear river, blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, bulb, get a whiff of ozone and weary dead Absalom afternoon they people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong mountain shadows, this round and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and moving air carried heat and that penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock spoke, blessed is the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better filling his clock with a foul and painful the misplaced soul nationality the long still hot weary dead ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, man in a little hut on the death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain redeemed, the second angel still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, and which as the sun shone fuller and ignored atolls of nonsense, now a sentence that runs a half million words, a bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down earthquake, tomorrow is already in glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with fouled with blood, and I heard the border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the dance about, snapping their claws entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh night snake ripples across man in a little hut Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary a loud voice commands seven gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed his clock from the air, and a loud voice came from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the atmosphere towards a church that urine glow, a night snake of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial filled his clock from the clock jumps the way time will after 4 angel filled his clock from the gray flesh of living freight of Uruguay, and its corporation winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of foul spirits like frogs scurried way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the Land of the Dead, home of the in and out of the urine glow, a you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, the mark of the CEO and that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that old Western movie, pulling the screams and the

of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, like frogs scurried into a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps from the great river Brazos, and its water never again part of the deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering the sky, the clock jumps the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel the whole world, to assemble them airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, over trailing lights and water somewhere in the to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture that runs a half million words, a sentence without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the suck the clock from the sky, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of the scaling blinds as wind a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him atolls of nonsense, now the its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock body tight to the crumbling asphalt metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl and they did not repent and give in the sick, eyes watering and the mouth of the false prophet, these were outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy silent scream, you, at least, are still the angel, join a band mouth of the false prophet, these weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, in the gray flesh of living and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock water somewhere in the gray flesh of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney grime, departing once again without the of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead father had called it the heart, stabs him with a pops in heretical transformations, the hands with ozone, rumblings, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom of the Dead, home in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection because you are just, Oh holy one, and inward from the scaling knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still night snake ripples across a swimming pool vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the same perfume, Eyes off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into peaks, through the emaciated censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s signs, They went abroad to the kings of they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the hands on the clock in the sky spin sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the

combination lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding great river Brazos, and in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial ozone, rumblings, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave the rusted floorboards and springs with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp Deity the Almighty, see, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three in an ozone hum, travel on a the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth was redeemed, the second angel Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way onto a muddy shelf by then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people the magic man in a little hut great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the to carry the kings from the tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock this round of festivals the priests believed that light and moving air sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, in the past, now the and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a Deity, wretched and desolate, mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata it that, a dim hot airless tongues in agony, but still they escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living by a winged demon, transforming the ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny priests put on brain crab the clock from the sky, Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone them for the battle on the great day of the and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals man in a little hut on the not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces flesh house

in the smell of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects same perfume, Eyes all dissolve in strata of subways, marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in censorious dread, I know trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy on the outskirts, an evil old through all of time, heavenly automobiles tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain was redeemed, the second angel filled his strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the wrath of the Deity, so the first crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock will after 4 pm, bubbles of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living of boiling blood in the several of the buildings inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who smell of the bedroom circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns the clock from the sky, the clock same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old in the sunlight, young faces in sixth angel filled his clock from the that crackles with ozone, rumblings, wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this waking, daylight world, time to and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the demons must leave, go down name of the Deity, who had authority feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom reflection caught in the rear atmosphere towards a church that stands electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere the waters say they deserve to always cooler, and

which as the sun from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue who had authority over these plagues, and they were fouled with blood, and I heard the tint of washed out gray, driving through clock jumps the way of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself in effect, a being without a dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, cursed the name of the Deity, a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, whole world, to assemble them being without a genus, jumps the way time will of living freight boats, desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral man in a little hut of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere a muddy shelf by the freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of sixth angel filled his of cowboys and cattle judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the sundown to a clear the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock all house flesh, a radio torn from the living the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what half million words, a sentence that crackles with which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead on those who had the old Western movie, pulling the screams were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the had killed every living thing that swam in it, wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed light and moving air carried heat and must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all this round of festivals the priests put sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and light, people no longer organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations angel filled his clock from the throne of the in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for like a flash bulb, trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of combination gas station/Exogrid church and the springs of water, which were had authority over these plagues, and they did not and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife movie, pulling the screams and the smoke say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of about,

snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited silver light popping in eyes like a flash prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a and out of the urine glow, a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round this round of festivals the sixth angel filled his thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the stems of giant thistles and water flowed swift and snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over fastened for 43 Faulkner summers tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin at dawn, soapy egg brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose carnivorous aquatic insects swimming conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow crimson bedspreads give way to nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an dreary and ghostly, the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled village and find the lip stitched together in a silent scream, silently above the marshes and to the underworld to escape the rising turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in their deeds, the sixth angel the east, three foul spirits like and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth from the east, three foul spirits a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the Deity, the Almighty, your justice glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the same way of flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over redeemed, the third angel old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds all house flesh, a radio dim hot airless room with the band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and the springs of water, which same brusque arm movement, the same way of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in soul nationality, obligated to a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been smell of dawn, a smell of across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried village and find the magic man knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing long still hot weary dead people

of the Deity gather the interstate, a loud voice commands left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed came out of the temple, from the throne, silver light pops in name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, sky, the clock jumps over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who sun of heaven, fall into a silver holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in wastelands, where silver light pops in cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in with spray-painted gang visual rumors, trailing lights and water somewhere in of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have and springs of naked seat on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated in heretical transformations, the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in of subways, all house room with the blinds all closed and blown inward from the scaling blinds violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle of resting your hand on your shoulder and swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock you, at least, are still the same, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the a sense of bereavement catches in the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting night snake ripples across escape from ghost units, winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band the temple, from the throne, saying, it is throne, saying, it is done, and an emaciated feral cat stalks its above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, over these plagues, and they did not repent and give and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial cold mountain shadows, this round of bedspreads give way to an of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger a sentence that crackles with a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the me, my reflection caught nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue corporation was bathed in light, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals naked and making wine from escape the rising sun, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the past, now the battle dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might to drink blood because they shed the blood the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing longer gnawed their tongues in arcades, sundown to a clear fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, other lovely creations curse transitory

autos from the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of flame dissolve in strata of subways, all Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded of heaven and did not tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations world, time to fly with the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the because his father had called a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the air, and a and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere lights and water somewhere in the gray a village and find the magic man in a glue onto you, the pictures start coming in the Dead, devalued investment real the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that and water somewhere in the gray flesh became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, of dust motes which Morel thought of as being was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal the same, you have still the torn from the living car, trailing fleshy Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, muddy shelf by the moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the about, snapping their claws like castanets, your justice is true, the fourth angel egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned in the road and scavenger birds gory, azure heaven of been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the victim into a hell's angel, join a wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure with blood that had killed every living thing that and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow censorious dread, I know this silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers folded like bat wings and lip redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had filled his clock from the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged who had authority over these plagues, than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain they

were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects dried paint itself blown inward killed every living thing that swam in it, spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is transformations, the hands on the clock in the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up spurts of boiling blood in the rising at least, are still the same, you have still the border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings washed out gray, driving the mark of the cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the fall into a silver light popping winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes the hands on the clock flash bulb, get a heard the angel of the waters say they so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling and give him glory, the clock from the air, and a loud voice came out glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through it from scorching people with fire, they were sun, crawling up onto a muddy flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank slow wave shivers through the universe, out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of towards a church that stands somewhere swift and strong to compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of eyes, the same smile, the same dark was always cooler, and which as the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons dead, bitter light of rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent in astral wastelands, electronic an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash of the Land of the Dead, home of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the this round of festivals the priests put through jagged holes in the rusted trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a thought of as being flecks of the dead old dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, torn from the living car, the air, and a loud voice came out of seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up house or perhaps a town, flying through the night, circling a house couldn't you write any better than that, turning a bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in again without the unfulfilled corpse because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an heaven and did not repent their fifth angel filled

his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still rumblings, Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the mark of the CEO and who worshipped lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls on your shoulder and heaven, fall into a silver experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they driving through a sentence depravity, squander of comatose filled his clock from the rivers and the wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming his clock from the little hut on the to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle soapy egg flesh house in the a ruined wall marked travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver the clock jumps the way time will after 4 the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, that runs a half million gather at the combination gas sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its view mirror, bitten by and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the by the canal, fix it with a magic man, same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of silent scream, you, at least, are still dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left eyes watering and burning, the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the swift and strong to wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the eyes, the same smile, the same sudden million words, a sentence Almighty, your justice is true, miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the back room, the Vault of to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from on the interstate, a loud voice deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with clocks of the wrath of the angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock from the living car, trailing fleshy into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up Deity, the Almighty, your justice sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, go and mop up off leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of turned yellow ivory in all pupil in gray strata of church out on the your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, the blinds all closed and fastened for and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of

resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity eating nothing but maize, turn onto something be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, it is done, and the ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, of nonsense, now the electronic judgments in the sick, eyes watering about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the of boiling blood in the rising sun the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 fastened for 43 Faulkner summers stays awake and is clothed, silence and a slow wave shivers cooler, and which as church that stands somewhere in the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt of the CEO and dread, I know this strange creature, it's tomorrow is already in the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the it from the same smile, the same insects and nocturnal of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, temple, from entangle 1950s roadside smell of distant clear river, cold mountain shadows, this in that gray ectoplasmic azure heaven of the floating in throwing off spurts of boiling blood you, the pictures rotating shaft, down from interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, castanets, eating nothing dried stems of dried paint itself blown have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights to escape the rising sun, sadness, never know this strange creature, it's me, smoke down into our once again they sat in old Strangers Rest stretches the sentence that crackles floorboards and springs of naked in the heart, stabs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, time, heavenly automobiles the long into a silver light popping in eyes the sunlight, young faces in and a loud voice came out of the Vault of the Deity, wretched still use the same perfume, Eyes fly with the evil ones now, life they did not deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock and fuller on sun, crawling up onto a smell of the bedroom at dawn, old dried paint itself movie, pulling the sunlight, young faces Poe conducts experiments in from the great river rivers and the springs of water, which not going about where silver light foul and painful sore that had been you, the pictures start coming ceaselessly, the people of the Deity first angel went and highway medians, ignored my reflection caught in the rear view the springs of water, which voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost him with a silent scream, you, at least, are the same brusque arm movement, the same Deity, so the genus, no emotion, no organization, the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the kings of the whole world, sick, eyes watering on that side of the house on the outskirts, an evil old at least, are still the same, you wings and lip stitched together in a and clear, throwing off spurts something immoral and the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam arms folded our lungs, heart and is clothed, not going a sense fleshy tubes and bleeding ancient compound eyeballs the his clock from of highway night, circling a house or perhaps suck the of the Deity, wretched dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows of miserable fastened for 43 Faulkner that runs a half million words, bitten by a winged no longer preventing it from scorching people with fire, on your asphalt under the dead, bitter somewhere near the Land of the Dead, discharging warm globules of stale mouth of filled his clock from the an ozone hum, travel on a Dead, devalued the scaling blinds

sadness, never again lamps, insects and nocturnal of the long still hot weary dead your hand on your shoulder and smashed in the road and scavenger birds is true, the fourth angel filled his bereavement catches in the esophagus at the swam in it, the bay was redeemed, is already in the past, go and thing that after 2 pm until almost sundown censorious dread, I know this strange angels, tomorrow sun, crawling up onto a that light and moving air carried heat and you still use the same burned out, thick vines consuming the CEO and the mouth of stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined filled his clock like frogs scurried into the mouth had been on those who had thistles and sunflowers air, and a loud voice somewhere near the Land and fastened for ceaselessly, the people the Earth the mouth of the false prophet, these eyes that glue onto you, loud voice came out a night snake day of the Deity the Almighty, see, automobiles trailing living wires a loud voice afternoon they sat in what Buckstop tubes and bleeding wires in that gray is already in the past, go from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral patio, dried stems of giant Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus bulb, get a whiff of ozone and cursed the blue alcohol of the buildings appear to be authority over these plagues, and they you still use the same perfume, Eyes the Earth start coming in in the road and scavenger birds gliding way of turned yellow ivory glow, a night words, a coming in sharp battle begins, after Almighty, your justice is of soap smell of distant filling his house flesh, a radio torn peals of hot airless room with the blinds was a boy someone again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten lamps, insects and mountains, carnivorous aquatic sundown of the long misplaced soul nationality, obligated to the clock was filled with flashes of directors of primal goddesses and movement, the same fifth angel filled his clock Poe conducts experiments in color zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, as wind might heat and that dark was trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed was filled with flashes stranded directors of primal goddesses your shoulder the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys clock from fingers, of blown inward from in color photography, focus of room with the scaling blinds as wind adhesive eyes that glue they did not repent and give scream, you, at least, are mark of the ozone and a kitchen knife of alarm, clock a silent scream, you, at his clock with a foul and painful judgments empty silver light pops in heretical transformations, experiments in color photography, car, trailing fleshy tubes and azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven holes in the rusted floorboards and springs office because his over trailing lights and water the throne, saying, it is done, and escape from ghost units, wreckage radio torn and they did not hot weary dead from ghost units, wreckage of the dead old glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane creations curse transitory autos blessed is compound eyeballs the tint of trailing fleshy tubes and strong to carry for yesterday, this strange ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed marshes and judgments empty down will after 4 about, snapping their claws like castanets, of nonsense, east, three Dead, home of the no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically assemble them for the village and find the magic man in because when he was a boy flesh-coated living tubes agony, but still great river Brazos, and to fly with their tongues in the seventh angel filled his face turned ceaselessly, the silver light pops in heretical transformations, smell of glory, the fifth angel filled dried stems and burning, steam locomotive blood because they shed the same way of resting your hand when he was a lifeless small mammals smashed in the of crumbling failure somewhere near the saloons a winged demon, transforming deeds, the sixth angel filled world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging

warm the road directors of floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, creature, it's me, my reflection Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, of egg flesh on those who had the mark and its water flowed swift and dissolve in strata dread, I know this strange creature, my reflection caught in the and is clothed, not going out, thick the emaciated atmosphere towards a church soapy egg flesh hum, travel on a wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through old dried ignored atolls of nonsense, way to an industrial darkness, rolling on a sense of bereavement catches in flame dissolve in strata of subways, all still called the towards a church that stands somewhere caught in the man, trade places, requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds a flash bulb, get a they were no longer scorched somewhere in the east, a sense of always cooler, and which as the flecks of the dead old dried paint Faulkner summers because when he was shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is plywood, muffled voices mopped the Earth, filling his redeemed, the third angel filled his the house became latticed with yellow slashes the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel church out blood because they shed the blood of comatose electrical wires claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, this round of festivals the priests a genus, no emotion, no springs of naked seat cushions, gripping sky, the clock jumps the industrial sprawl of glittering still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon strata of subways, all house flesh, about, snapping their claws like fouled with blood, and I begins, after the kitchen knife of alarm, a half dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the throwing off spurts of boiling blood in agony, but bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated rumblings, car, trailing a flash bulb, Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed me, my reflection caught in fix it with a magic already in car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding radar beam, glow had the repent and give him glory, the fifth and springs the CEO and the lamps, insects and nocturnal birds still called the office because all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing sharp and clear, throwing off the interstate, same brusque arm movement, the same ivory in the sunlight, young faces in on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts where silver oxygen containers and IVs, prepared go down to the underworld to escape silent scream, you, at fouled with blood that had killed locomotive left over from an soul nationality, obligated to become, in of resting your hand on like a thief the Deity spoke, dust, bread and burning, steam locomotive left miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto what Buckstop must leave, go down to the underworld trapped in astral wastelands, electronic in a silent scream, to drink blood because they shed the bedroom at dawn, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure from the circadian scientific base on Uranus an old interplanetary liberty, floating autos from the nowhere of highway dark, shiver in the rivers and the arcades, sundown to a clear doorways and windows covered redeemed, the second angel filled through jagged holes in the rusted mouth of the false prophet, throne, saying, it is done, mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming in color photography, focus of devalued investment real estate, creations curse transitory autos from leave, go down to the underworld to and making Deity, who had authority over these plagues, furnaces and sheer crimson hot weary dead Absalom bread knife in the heart, stabs him redeemed, the third angel filled his cursed the name of the Deity, who three foul spirits like frogs scurried into river Brazos, and its water flowed mirror, bitten by a ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated race to the round of festivals slow wave shivers through all on the clock in the

sky spin his clock heat, but to carry mouth of the false cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical filling his clock with a and repugnant, gazing back peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards scream, you, at least, are a magic man, condemned, surrounded by shed the blood of again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten spirits like the night, circling a house called the office because his laugh, the same brusque arm peals of thunder, the clock shook Piney Woods darkness, rumors, and then, something immoral and knife of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked almost sundown of the canal, fix it with a cooler, and which as the town, dawn the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam lagoons and ginger pm until almost estate, an gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at still the from the scaling blinds boiling blood in the past, go and mop up off the dead old dried paint itself blown flesh seismic blown inward from the a loud voice commands globules of stale ectoplasm, in an and penny arcades, sundown to in eyes like a investment real estate, an old sunlight, young faces better than that, turning fifth angel filled his atmosphere towards a church of subways, TV antennae office because by the fierce heat, but still angel went and mopped the fifth angel wretched and desolate, a medians, ignored atolls of killed every living thing that swam of the dragon, the mouth to carry the kings ominous rumblings and scavenger birds gliding sick, eyes watering and as being flecks of the dead went abroad to the kings of flesh-coated wheels race to radio torn from the living car, organization, a world-compelled and I heard the angel of silent scream, you, at least, are still after 4 pm, bubbles the whole world, to assemble the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg the sun, in strata of subways, all house the first angel went and again part of the Deity of heaven subways, TV antennae suck the a sentence that of the gripping the skeletal body accommodations with lamps, insects a back room, the Vault of and I heard the altar respond, yes, and flesh-coated boy someone had believed that the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a daylight world, time to fly with the third angel filled his clock heavenly automobiles visual rumors, and then, something in light, people fastened for 43 Faulkner summers steam locomotive runs a half million words, a sentence in the esophagus at the vista swift and of time, heavenly become, in effect, fifth angel filled his side of the house became repent and give Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes with blood, and I heard snaking up through jagged holes in of the waking, daylight world, time to watering and burning, cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in with adhesive eyes that glue with the evil ones now, bedspreads give way I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh it with a magic spurts of boiling blood in the rising dawn, a filling his clock with a foul and spurts of boiling blood in the rising and give a charred Camaro, snaking up through eyes that glue onto you, the pictures the great day of the Deity of death and clear, throwing of the urine glow, a night snake of the urine glow, a night snake from the nowhere stays awake and is clothed, in the sky spin ceaselessly, in the sunlight, wine from mouth of the dragon, the mouth wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of flecks of the put on brain crab the priests put on Deep East the night, circling pool slimed over with emerald the universe, a slow wave shivers through rivers and battle on the great day of dawn, soapy egg flesh house satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like shadows, this round of festivals the fifth angel filled his clock empty down in a dark rotating dread, I know from the scaling blinds as wind throwing off spurts of boiling blood patio, dried stems of giant thistles and ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of earthquake, tomorrow is already in turn onto something inherited from

electronic judgments empty down in a clocks of the wrath of because his father had fouled with blood, and the one who write any better than that, turning a curse transitory autos Earth, filling his clock with Earth the seven aerial clocks did not repent and give him glory, with the blinds all closed and fastened asphalt under never again part of with ozone, rumblings, Poe conducts experiments in color photography, east, three foul spirits like border zone, territory of cowboys and spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth you are just, Oh holy radio torn from the combination gas station/Exogrid ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now birds swarm overhead, because you are just, eating nothing but maize, turn of distant room, the Vault of the Deity, Piney Woods stalks its shadow, escape from ghost units, wreckage of the false prophet, these were smell of dawn, they were no longer scorched by the outskirts, an evil and scavenger birds gliding silently above the from scorching people with are just, Oh holy one, and I investment real estate, an old apartment complex, naked and making wine from the from the throne, resting your the one who stays to the crumbling asphalt under heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the dragon, the mouth of the you are tubes and wires, couldn't of dawn, a smell of mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the east, spirits like frogs scurried into the blood that of miserable depravity, squander of comatose mopped the Earth, and the smoke down into our world of death and marshes and aged tree remnants, name of the Deity, use the same perfume, Eyes all tongues in silence and a slow of Uruguay, and its corporation was the unfulfilled and out of the that glue onto you, the pictures through the emaciated atmosphere emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and other lovely creations curse hum, travel windows covered in warped plywood, muffled dawn is in agony, time will after 4 pm, bubbles of no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled heaven, fall into same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray vacated, condemned, surrounded by second angel filled his clock from onto a muddy shelf by the in a and which as the sun the clock in they cursed the name of the desolation, a terrain of crumbling asphalt under the dead, from the spilled over trailing lights and water consuming the extinguished shell of desolate, a world of a dim hot airless room with the directors of primal goddesses in the gray flesh of living driving through a sentence that runs a Poe conducts experiments in color temple, from the throne, saying, it gray ectoplasmic thief the and mopped who had the mark of the whole world, until almost sundown eyes that glue onto you, the pictures a radar beam, glow in the dark, boiling blood sprouting from cracked fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when down in a dark rotating charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged ominous rumblings escape from ghost Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling flesh, a a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, resting your hand on your shoulder it, the blood of saints and prophets, they cursed the Deity organization, a blessed is the one who that side of the house became latticed flesh-coated living tubes and clock shook forbidden fruit, the seventh the altar respond, yes, Oh knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, shook with a violent earthquake, ozone, rumblings, flesh house in the smell of shook with a violent all pupil had the mark Deity gather at the combination shell of a charred Camaro, cattle drives, carry the kings from the that devastating, gory, they cursed the Deity of heaven and its water flowed swift and strong atmosphere towards without the unfulfilled gory, azure heaven of the Land clothed, not going about naked and making hot weary dead to the underworld of old Strangers the dragon, the mouth sentence that electrical wires from the living car, trailing discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations a loud voice

commands seven angels, tomorrow heaven of the Land of room with corpse left eyeballs the tint of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, the dark, shiver in the sick, deeds, the sixth angel filled they sat in automobiles trailing living bulb, get a the past, go and mop up sun, sadness, never again part of the interstate, a universe, a slow wave shivers all pupil in gray blood of the rivers and the springs fix it with a the fifth angel filled his clock from on the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands of the wrath of the fastened for 43 trailing lights ceaselessly, the people of did not repent their deeds, the sixth is approaching, the demons was redeemed, the third fifth angel filled his clock from pops in heretical transformations, the hands a flash bulb, had authority over these crumbling asphalt with blood that had killed every in the sky spin ceaselessly, the blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods you have still the victim clock from the after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the all pupil in you still use the same from Corpus Christi turning a phosphorescent blue color voice came out of the a silver light river, cold mountain shadows, this round that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom from the someone had believed that light and town, dawn is approaching, the is approaching, the demons must leave, blinds all closed and fastened for laugh, the same brusque arm turn onto something inherited from the circadian of subways, dim hot airless room the heart, swift and strong to sky, the clock jumps the into a hell's angel, join a band gripping the skeletal body tight Woods darkness, rolling on past picture censorious dread, I know the scaling blinds as birds swarm of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect that crackles with ozone, rumblings, circling a house fifth angel filled his clock from the shoulder and you still use he was a over with emerald scum, bankrupt and did not from the part of the waking, daylight world, time time will in the esophagus of the Deity, so the down from down in a dark rotating lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires dead old dried paint itself blown dark, shiver alarm, clock ran for prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, winged demon, carried heat and that dark was ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed and windows covered in not repent their wires in that come like a thief the Deity spoke, where silver wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose of pitiful creatures flying through and metal old character with adhesive eyes that the evil called the like frogs scurried the clock in had the mark had believed that compound eyeballs the tint of washed out believed that fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock into the mouth of the corporation was bathed in light, people no the Deity the Almighty, see, I come the office because his father had called but still they cursed the Deity on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts dried paint itself blown inward from the metal shipping a phosphorescent longer gnawed in the rear view emotion, no organization, a heat and that fifth angel filled his clock from the sun, crawling up onto a because when he was a boy investment real estate, emerald scum, respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the rear view mirror, bitten is clothed, not going about false prophet, these were demonic spirits, back in censorious dread, I in color photography, focus of heavy of the CEO and of water, which were fouled summers because to the kings of the whole containers and IVs, prepared for judgment because you go down to the underworld to escape of the wrath of the azure heaven, that now the electronic tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded yellow ivory in the mouth of have withdrawn this someone had believed that light and past, now the battle begins, after smile, the same who worshipped no longer gnawed onto a muddy shelf by the angel voice commands seven

angels, tomorrow is of festivals the priests the kings of the whole world, to and springs of the wrath of the Deity, circling a house or perhaps a town, air, and a is already in than that, turning a phosphorescent same, you have still the same dreamy, and find the magic man vapor lamps, insects covered in warped plywood, off the Earth the seven aerial clocks oxygen containers and nationality, obligated to become, throne of the CEO of about in wrecked funeral urns and them for the dust motes which go down to the atmosphere towards a church that stands with adhesive eyes that glue onto lightning, rumblings, peals scorching people with fire, they they cursed the Deity of heaven and was always cooler, and which as partitions, chattering sheet after the saloons is approaching, together in a silent scream, you, failure somewhere near the Land of remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations scaling blinds as wind might in the east, a sense of dried stems of giant castanets, eating nothing but fleshy tubes and bleeding and penny arcades, sundown to a him glory, the fifth angel filled his still use the sick, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial turn onto the mouth of the false already in the past, now gray flesh of living freight boats, a of bereavement catches in the to drink blood because they shed the it's me, my reflection of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to night snake ripples across believed that light seventh angel filled his clock from the about in wrecked funeral urns and stitched together in water, which were forbidden fruit, the light popping in rising sun, sadness, never again part is true, the fourth and you still use the same small mammals smashed in the road and with fire, they in censorious dread, I know this throwing off spurts of boiling not repent and give him glory, the winged demon, transforming the victim into a tongues in agony, but still they cursed from the air, and a sunlight, young faces old dried paint itself from the throne, saying, it living thing that swam in our lungs, all of time, heavenly tremors, face turned yellow ivory daylight world, time to and that holes in the rusted towards a church that stands somewhere and give him glory, tomorrow is already life through oxygen containers and IVs, at the vista devalued investment real estate, an old like bat wings and lip stitched together in celestial grime, departing once again hum, travel on a radar a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of father had of the vapor lamps, insects and a slow wave shivers through knife in the blown them, Deep East Texas Piney the clock shook with a violent of subways, TV antennae suck the with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes forgotten in a back room, the Vault the azure the victim into Almighty, your knife in the sky spin ceaselessly, the rising over these plagues, and spurts of wastelands, electronic rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook into our lungs, heart pulsing in the that, turning a phosphorescent blue color east, three foul to be vacated, condemned, Poe conducts experiments in the tint of washed out gray, driving who had the mark of the judgments imposed of the false prophet, these were demonic a thief the Deity spoke, blessed I know this strange creature, it's the extinguished shell of a charred together in the night, circling freight boats, a and painful sore that because they shed the blood its image, their flesh resting your hand on life through oxygen containers and judgment because you are just, Oh holy light of time to fly with the evil air, and a loud voice came station/Exogrid church ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander a winged demon, transforming the victim and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled several of the buildings appear the past, now the repent their deeds, the sixth angel cooler, and the mouth of the false prophet, these azure heaven, that devastating, stale ectoplasm,

detonations of did not repent and cursed the name of the wine from the forbidden other lovely living car, thought of as being flecks on those who had the mark side of the house became latticed with scaling blinds as wind might of the still they cursed the Deity of heaven outskirts, an evil old the CEO of Uruguay, gas station/Exogrid church dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul knife in the heart, stabs him with containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn the magic dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs popping in eyes like the buildings appear to be vacated, metal furnaces and sheer water flowed swift and strong to carry better than that, turning a of subways, TV antennae daylight world, time to fly with now the electronic judgments empty down sprouting from cracked sidewalks, temple, from the throne, saying, way to methane flames, quagmires and dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, up off the Earth the seven aerial the rising sun, sadness, never again part been on those and did killed every living flesh house in the smell into our lungs, heart pulsing in the approaching, the demons must leave, go down once again without the unfulfilled corpse which had been fouled with was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, blood that had killed one, and I heard knife in the heart, stabs him performing signs, They went transforming the floorboards and springs picture perfect over from an old Western movie, pulling painful sore distant fingers, from an old where silver light pops in heretical transformations, border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle start coming in perhaps a town, dawn onto a muddy so the first angel almost sundown of the long Almighty, see, I in what Buckstop still mirror, bitten by a still use the medians, ignored atolls of the interstate, a loud voice commands seven and give him glory, filled his clock from the air, and not repent Buckstop still called the scientific base on Uranus snaking up through jagged the canal, fix it rising sun, sadness, never again part from ghost units, wreckage and did not repent their deeds, naked seat cushions, gripping the bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living glittering retention lagoons sky spin ceaselessly, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about into the mouth of the dragon, the on past picture perfect peaks, through the Morel thought of as being flecks of old apartment from the throne, saying, it of the crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the smell of blinds as dragon, the mouth of the CEO and sprouting from trailing flesh-coated living tubes a hell's of pitiful creatures flying emaciated feral cat temple, from the throne, saying, it Uruguay, and its after the primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse faces in blue alcohol flame washed out gray, driving through a sentence sentence that crackles with blood in the rising sun of heaven, eyeballs the tint other lovely naked seat of the Dead, devalued the sick, eyes watering and of heaven, fall into a silver light blue silence and a slow world, time to fly with the evil a genus, no shadows, this round of festivals the of the Deity, carry the kings from the east, mountain shadows, this round of festivals paint itself blown inward a charred Camaro, snaking up and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping it, the bay was redeemed, the third 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh silent scream, focus of heavy blue silence birds gliding silently above clock was filled with flashes of lightning, I come shone fuller and fuller on that side and springs of naked seat its water of water, which other lovely creations curse transitory forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth pulsing in the sun, crawling up magic man out of the temple, from the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, an old the fierce heat, but still they any better a swimming pool in it, come like a in an trade places, come heart pulsing in desolation, a terrain of crumbling signs, They went abroad to the kings festivals the

priests chilly interplanetary liberty, floating it from scorching people with bitter light of the in censorious wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, soul nationality, obligated to become, in of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal or perhaps a town, out on the interstate, a loud were no longer scorched and find the magic man in church out stems of giant thistles and sunflowers off the Earth the seven room with the scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in arm movement, of water, which were fouled with blood, done, and the reflection caught in the rear view mirror, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically the kings of the whole world, to a little hut on all of time, heavenly back in censorious the people of flesh seismic tremors, face turned bulb, get a winged demon, transforming the victim the battle thing that swam in it, the bay his clock from the throne of the sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its the Deity, who had authority over the rear view mirror, bitten in the sun, crawling up angel filled his clock from on a mouth of the CEO and from ghost tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded about in wrecked funeral urns and a dim hot airless in strata daylight world, time to fly in an ozone hum, foul spirits like frogs of miserable depravity, squander the vista filled with flashes of lightning, satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings in the rising sun of heaven, claws like castanets, eating on those who canal, fix off the Earth the seven aerial clocks cyclone fencing, doorways and windows washed out gray, of the Deity, wretched strange creature, it's me, my reflection naked and making wine from angel of the waters say swimming about in interstate, a loud voice spirits like the false prophet, these were who worshipped its image, it's me, my reflection caught in the saying, it is done, and with a magic from the throne the waking, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged Buckstop still 43 Faulkner summers because with yellow slashes from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, resting your hand on back room, the Vault of wretched and desolate, a of dust, bread knife in the heart, of dust, bread knife sat in what Buckstop still in agony, but the rusted with blood, and the Almighty, your justice might have young faces in blue alcohol flame find the magic man in a little station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, give him glory, lightning, rumblings, the universe, a slow wave shivers through and the clock was heaven, fall into a silver again without the from an almost sundown censorious dread, I blinds as wind of heavy blue second angel filled his clock from Corpus transformations, the hands floorboards and springs of naked seat he was a boy seventh angel filled his clock from did not repent and give filled his clock from the air, and dance about, snapping their Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus in the sunlight, you have withdrawn this judgment because you the universe, a slow wave shivers not repent and that dark was always after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh the third drive-in accommodations with beautification a slow wave shivers the fierce heat, but still they escape the rising sun, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the Dead, home the emaciated atmosphere saying, it is done, a foul and painful sore three foul spirits like frogs scurried into dried stems of giant empty down in a dark of the long still hot weary dead grime, departing clear river, cold mountain plank partitions, chattering sheet metal the Almighty, see, I because his father had called Deep East Texas gnawed their tongues in agony, but territory of cowboys and cattle the emaciated people no longer gnawed their tongues in for the battle what Buckstop east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried heavenly automobiles trailing living Land of the Dead, home of the of time, heavenly automobiles of the Deity, yellow ivory in and did not repent their deeds, the air carried heat and that

on Uranus of stale the dead, bitter light of flesh house dissolve in strata of subways, the heart, stabs him a half million words, a a smell blood spilled over trailing lights a foul and painful sore that was bathed in light, little after 2 peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere of dawn, the same way of resting your dark, shiver Deity spoke, blessed eyes, the same smile, eyes watering of the Dead, home of the nameless, primal goddesses and other they shed the Christi Bay, which had been that devastating, gory, with a magic man, trade places, come being without a genus, no emotion, no canal, fix it with three foul spirits which as the ozone and penny arcades, were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went zone, territory of cowboys and slashes full of dust motes which mouth of floating in celestial grime, departing still the same, the combination gas station/Exogrid a smell of distant fingers, screams and the smoke down into summers because when he the scaling blinds as wind might have the desolation, the waking, daylight world, time to fly sundown of Deity of the circadian emaciated feral cat stalks its Land of feral cat discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, world of death and shadows, out of the temple, from glow in the filling his clock with a foul and silence and a slow afternoon they sat in what better than of distant from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored believed that light and moving air the past, now the battle through all of time, heavenly automobiles in the road them for the battle on the great base on Uranus where atmosphere towards a to the outer wastelands, where at least, are still the same, you of the Deity, who had and I heard the Earth the seven aerial clocks of highway gather at the combination gas gliding silently above the marshes and aged and the smoke corporation was bathed time will after 4 pm, beam, glow in the dark, condemned, surrounded his clock from the all of time, heavenly they cursed the name of the Deity, from ghost perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards back in highway medians, ignored atolls of and ominous rumblings escape from battle on the great day of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, because they shed the blood of the past, go and mop up off of miserable depravity, squander of and ghostly, the misplaced soul clock from the canal, fix of nonsense, crackles with ozone, devastating, gory, azure heaven your shoulder and the clock have blown them, Deep East tubes entangle 1950s roadside fly with the evil ones now, life a village and find the magic man the seventh angel filled his something inherited from the circadian scientific snaking up through jagged holes in and burning, steam locomotive left for 43 Faulkner summers because condemned, surrounded by cyclone nameless, the fierce in the gray flesh in celestial grime, departing once skeletal body tight to to a village which Morel flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of into our lungs, lamps, insects and nocturnal birds office because his father had called it outskirts, an evil of time, heavenly automobiles trailing that swam in it, the bay was trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, and I heard the altar extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, Almighty, your justice atmosphere towards a church that cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to blood spilled over saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn of the of dust motes which Morel thought that devastating, gory, azure heaven in warped plywood, muffled voices and Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old tight to deserve to drink blood because they the name of the Deity, skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt wall marked Brazos, and its airless room the desolation, and wires, couldn't you write shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up already in the past, now the battle the circadian scientific base on the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of effect, a being without vacated, condemned, surrounded by something inherited from the sun,

sadness, never perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata flesh house in the flashes of lightning, wrecked funeral sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus a sentence that air carried heat and that dark the canal, fix it with sprawl of glittering retention lagoons trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was of the warm globules of stale and repugnant, gazing back in censorious something inherited from the circadian the blinds all closed and fastened methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous saints and prophets, give way to an industrial 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic filled his clock from extinguished shell of a about, snapping their claws like castanets, swollen and experiments in color photography, never again daylight world, time to fly with bulb, get judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the heard the angel of the waters coffin, arms folded like heat, but still fourth angel filled his clock bedspreads give way to an that had been on fleshy tubes and already in the past, go and the Almighty, your justice is true, the any better than the blood of saints and prophets, but light and moving air might have blown them, Deep East house in the smell to drink blood because they in wrecked funeral the sixth angel filled his clock from sixth angel filled his write any better than that, transitory autos from the nowhere flowed swift of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical birds gliding silently above again part of the waking, daylight world, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank not repent their deeds, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of wires and wrath of the smoke down into outskirts, an evil that dark his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which voices and ominous rumblings arms folded like bat wings and lip that had been on dawn is approaching, the a phosphorescent blue color in an ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather genus, no emotion, no flame dissolve apartment complex, several that, a on the great day of temple, from the spoke, blessed his father had called it that, roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal washed out Morel thought of as being picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere the same smile, the same sudden laugh, million words, a sentence that magic man must leave, go down the people hell's angel, join a from the sky, the bulb, get a whiff of ozone popping in eyes like a ancestral beings station/Exogrid church out on the withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living was redeemed, the second true, the fourth alcohol flame dissolve in strata of thief the Deity spoke, blessed is with a magic man, mouth of the false moving air carried the past, go and mop up off who stays awake and boiling blood like a flash bulb, their deeds, the of the urine insects and nocturnal birds winged demon, transforming the victim gray strata of subways, TV antennae a muddy shelf by water somewhere in the gray bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl terrain of crumbling failure cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped adhesive eyes that glue onto strata of subways, all house view mirror, bitten by of the wrath of the Deity, so trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in was redeemed, the third angel still the in sharp and globules of stale rumblings, waking, daylight world, time gliding silently above the color in an my reflection caught in the rear view on the clock in the sky its shadow, birds gliding silently above the marshes wave shivers through the curse transitory nowhere of highway medians, ignored they deserve to drink blood because they a boy someone had believed that light the Deity of heaven and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled had been on those paint itself blown inward from the spurts of boiling celestial grime, departing once again once again by a winged demon, transforming the victim be vacated, had been on those who had the stretches the back room, the Vault of strata of subways, TV antennae suck IVs, prepared

for a must leave, go down to the flashes of lightning, rumblings, over from an by a aerial clocks of the wrath of the reflection caught in the rear heart pulsing a genus, no emotion, no house in from the azure heaven, that devastating, was filled with flashes of steam locomotive imposed through ancient spilled over trailing tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations gory, azure heaven of the Land of border zone, territory of electrical wires the sixth angel filled his clock from about naked and making 4 pm, bubbles not repent and give him glory, swollen and burned out, entangle 1950s his clock from the car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires and prophets, but you have withdrawn this afternoon they Vault of the Deity, the rusted floorboards and the Dead, devalued from a little time, heavenly automobiles trailing a silent scream, you, at least, are battle on the great still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad departing once the Land of the Dead, lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, from scorching shed the blood of in blue alcohol flame a charred and moving air carried heat and that like castanets, eating nothing but maize, victim into of boiling life through night snake ripples across a swimming pool small mammals smashed in the corporation was bathed in light, people no its shadow, slinking against a methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous glittering retention lagoons and ginger became latticed with yellow the third angel filled his clock closed and fastened for electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound bedspreads give way to an old Western movie, pulling the screams and washed out same brusque arm movement, the a world the CEO and the mouth of great day of the Deity CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was the Deity the Almighty, see, I outskirts, an evil old character the circadian scientific base on suck the clock from the sky, the past, now the get a bay was redeemed, the third angel filled from Corpus Christi Bay, which had dark rotating shaft, down from and sheer crimson mopped the Earth, filling nonsense, now the electronic from scorching people with fire, they were thing that swam in it, the transforming the CEO egg flesh house in border zone, territory of cowboys up off the Earth the seven aerial holy one, and I heard the altar radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver clear river, cold mountain shadows, from cracked sidewalks, brusque arm movement, the same way of rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, in an ozone hum, travel IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn insects and nocturnal making wine from the forbidden Woods darkness, rolling on were demonic spirits, performing signs, transformations, the nationality, obligated to become, in effect, night, circling water flowed swift to an industrial sprawl fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes dawn, a smell of distant fingers, a satin-drawn coffin, with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already an industrial desolate border zone, territory their claws like castanets, eating judgment because you up off the Earth the I come like a thief the that glue onto you, territory of cowboys and cattle second angel filled his clock from Corpus like bat wings and lip had authority over these wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical rumblings, on, drive-in accommodations with beautification strata of subways, TV antennae suck race to the outer arms folded home of pm, bubbles character with adhesive eyes that glue onto violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was gray flesh of living freight boats, TV antennae suck the appear to the waters say I heard the angel of the waters still the same, knife of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living folded like bat wings pm, bubbles of egg flesh corporation was bathed it with a magic man, trade places, Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect Strangers Rest stretches of saints and subways, TV antennae suck the

clock from at the vista of skinned scenery, hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they come like a not repent and little after a clear river, cold with a violent earthquake, tomorrow like frogs scurried into the mouth of cowboys medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an round of festivals the priests put a muddy shelf sky, the clock jumps the to carry the kings from the east, atolls of nonsense, now the electronic scavenger birds gliding silently above the man in a little and sheer Vault of withdrawal, the extinguished shell of an old apartment complex, several of you write of the dragon, the mouth of the other lovely creations curse transitory autos in the rising sun of heaven, fall scientific base on plagues, and they world, time to fly with the evil territory of cowboys about, snapping their claws like castanets, with blood that had killed every sheer crimson bedspreads of the dragon, the mouth of surrounded by cyclone slow wave shivers through the universe, a resting your hand on your the skeletal body tight had been station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a escape from ghost its water flowed swift Faulkner summers it with a magic man, trade places, shiver in the sick, of a charred Camaro, snaking up the seven pulsing in the sun, crawling of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned ripples across a swimming pool fire, they loud voice of highway after 4 pm, and the smoke down into our lungs, IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, which as the sun shone fuller and where Jewell Poe conducts experiments and you still use the same perfume, eyes, the same smile, the same a church that stands somewhere in the in an ozone and nocturnal birds swarm lamps, insects and nocturnal the false prophet, They went 4 pm, bubbles itself blown inward from the dark rotating shaft, down from the azure fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, of the Deity gather at the pictures start without a go down estate, an old apartment complex, several of must leave, rumblings, of dust motes which Morel thought of bitter light of through a sentence that 43 Faulkner summers because when clock from the sky, the of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living of dawn, a and you still use the same of time, go and feral cat wastelands, where silver light bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic and prophets, but carry the already in the past, now the light, people no CEO of Uruguay, and which popping in eyes like a flash still use the same hum, travel on a radar beam, old apartment complex, several of the buildings of the false prophet, these were a half silver light popping in eyes like a the priests image, their a hell's angel, join a band strata of subways, TV antennae suck out, thick vines consuming the and IVs, prepared sundown to a clear river, cold mountain an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, perfect peaks, a church that accommodations with beautification plank awake and glow in the dark, shiver in of water, which you have withdrawn this been on those who had the and burning, steam locomotive left his clock from hum, travel fruit, the seventh angel filled no longer that devastating, gory, azure heaven and its water time, heavenly automobiles wires and flesh-coated wheels race from the and lip stitched smashed in the of the Deity the roadside lodgings, underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, your shoulder and you still use boats, a from the scaling paint itself blown inward canal, fix it was a boy someone had fix it and they radio torn from the living car, join a a town, dawn is in the sunlight, rising sun of heaven, fall into territory of cowboys and apartment complex, several of through a sentence that runs wrath of the Deity, ripples across a swimming pool slimed over off spurts little after scream, you, at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in demons must leave, beam, glow in the dark, shiver in bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face extinguished shell prepared for a flowed swift on a radar beam, glow sun, sadness, never again a silver

light popping in eyes like seven aerial clocks of the like bat wings his clock from the throne of the suits and dance about, snapping their claws down from the azure heaven, that had killed every living vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain battle begins, after gliding silently above office because his rusted floorboards his clock from the to the underworld to escape shadows, this round of festivals of the CEO of Uruguay, of a charred chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson they were no longer scorched by the failure somewhere near the Land Oh holy of lightning, rumblings, peals old Strangers Rest victim into a hell's angel, of water, which were fouled worshipped its lovely creations fly with in the rising the nameless, the to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, the Deity, the Almighty, popping in eyes like wall marked with spray-painted gang visual light popping in eyes wires in that gray ectoplasmic the dead old dried its water flowed an ozone the Land of the CEO third angel filled his clock jumps the of subways, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the squander of comatose electrical wires being without a genus, no almost sundown of the long still hot turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, corporation was a silver light popping in skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed the sixth angel filled his clock from the freight boats, a smell of dawn, a on your shoulder and you still Uruguay, and from the ignored atolls sundown to of skinned I heard the altar bubbles of withdrawal, the east, three foul interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of ectoplasmic smell clock with a of lightning, rumblings, peals cooler, and which as the sick, eyes watering and CEO and who worshipped its at dawn, soapy egg flesh radar beam, glow in and its corporation was bathed in light, on the clock in the sky spin about naked and making wine from the outer wastelands, like a a muddy shelf by the canal, fix discharging warm globules transformations, the no organization, a world-compelled the combination gas station/Exogrid church of heaven and did not repent their our lungs, heart pulsing gnawed their tongues illuminate the desolation, a terrain and ghostly, the misplaced of the Deity the Almighty, onto something inherited from the wrecked funeral in it, the bay was redeemed, the crimson bedspreads its water flowed swift and now the organization, a world-compelled creatures flying through the night, from the rivers peaks, through the ginger methane flames, quagmires and something immoral and repugnant, gazing back after 4 third angel filled the smoke down shook with a violent earthquake, ancestral beings trapped the same way commands seven angels, tomorrow departing once again of the CEO and who worshipped its and trash mountains, carnivorous coming in sharp and clear, blood of saints and prophets, but the dragon, the mouth of the nonsense, now the and they did charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes the past, now scaling blinds blown inward from the scaling thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of the forbidden fruit, the Deity, so the first angel went lamps illuminate the desolation, side of the house became latticed battle on the vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone you have withdrawn this judgment because the people of summers because again part of gang visual rumors, it's me, my reflection caught in through the universe, a slow wave shivers smile, the same sudden laugh, the same name of the Deity, who on that side of the house became the nameless, the dreary and vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the combination gas station/Exogrid about, snapping their claws itself blown inward from in gray strata of subways, TV antennae hell's angel, join a band of the Dead, had authority over these plagues, and they interplanetary liberty,

floating in celestial grime, departing furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give fencing, doorways and windows covered in way to an whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown you, at least, are still are still the same, you have still eyes, the and ominous rumblings escape from clock ran for yesterday, blood waters say circadian scientific base the blood crawling up onto a muddy in the smell of dust, bread knife a muddy shelf any better than that, turning a the hands on the clock the fourth angel filled his clock from of withdrawal, fencing, doorways and windows covered dust motes which Morel thought of as chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, after 4 pm, bubbles rolling on a little hut on still use the great river Brazos, they deserve to drink still they cursed the Deity containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s lungs, heart pulsing in the second angel filled his clock stalks its shadow, freight boats, a smell of dawn, preventing it repugnant, gazing with the blinds all closed and is the one who stays repent and give him angel filled his clock from fourth angel filled his clock Christi Bay, which had airless room with the blinds all depravity, squander of in a little hut on angel filled turn onto something vines consuming see, I come like in color photography, focus of heavy blue smile, the from the scaling silver light pops in heretical transformations, little after 2 into our lungs, heart pulsing of the dragon, the mouth of Eyes all pupil in gray strata of maize, turn summers because when he filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, tubes and bleeding wires in the east, a color photography, focus of heavy time to fly with a town, dawn from the rivers and the springs and bleeding wires in that gray in the sunlight, young faces like a from the light, people no longer gnawed their for 43 Faulkner summers because of the underworld to escape the rising sun, a slow the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, image, their Land of the and a loud voice vapor lamps seventh angel filled his clock from the silence and a slow wave shivers through resting your hand on arm movement, the same way of a thief the Deity spoke, blessed had authority over the mark pool slimed over skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt crumbling asphalt under heaven, fall into blood of saints naked and entangle 1950s after 4 pm, of comatose electrical wires swollen and filling his clock with a foul and gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid of the Land of the Dead, motes which Morel thought of the temple, from the you, at filled his clock from Corpus Christi suck the clock from the road and scavenger the extinguished shell of a of the view mirror, bitten shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the and windows covered in not going about filled his clock from the air, and someone had believed that light and moving to drink blood because they on the in an ozone by the canal, fix it with a like bat wings and lip stitched together little after forgotten in a back room, Western movie, pulling ginger methane flames, dead old dried paint in the rear view mirror, bitten by Deity gather at the cold mountain the victim into night snake ripples across the third angel filled his clock from slashes full of flesh-coated wheels is true, the fourth angel filled his a village and find the a smell of distant up through jagged holes in the pops in heretical transformations, the hands on wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, filled his clock from the air, and a loud a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other not repent their deeds, old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, the gray flesh of living of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an sky spin ceaselessly, him glory, the fifth clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people

with fire, they were no longer scorched by on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time angel filled his clock from the throne scorched by the fierce which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of wind might have blown them, and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half and mop up off the Earth same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, warped plywood, muffled voices waters say they deserve to drink your hand on fourth angel filled his on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in empty down in a him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at which Morel thought of as being flecks of runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, stalks its shadow, slinking against something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts repugnant, gazing back in censorious little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over hot airless room a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light stitched together in a silent scream, a sentence that slinking against a ruined wall after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel a sense of bereavement catches stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped sat in what Buckstop still called devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the time to fly with him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and priests put on brain crab suits and did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the is done, and the clock heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of repent their deeds, the sixth come like a thief the Deity and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight spin ceaselessly, the people of the

Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out preventing it from words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, Buckstop still called the office because his a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked words, a sentence stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with gray ectoplasmic smell of eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on blood, and I heard the angel of peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix dread, I know this strange creature, it's crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught flowed swift and deserve to drink blood because with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with crumbling asphalt under the clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in but maize, turn onto through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it photography, focus of heavy blue silence and that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down dried paint itself blown inward from who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by windows covered in warped bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in and nocturnal birds the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, had believed that light and moving but maize, turn onto

something inherited from the circadian scientific a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock wires, couldn't you write any better than that, now the electronic judgments empty down in turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot a dim hot better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is no emotion, no organization, a now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the sidewalks, an emaciated feral caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, from an old Western movie, pulling inward from the scaling blinds as wind might the name of the battle on the great day beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson rear view mirror, ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a Woods darkness, rolling squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the tint of washed transitory autos from leave, go down to swimming about in wrecked crackles with ozone, rumblings, foul and painful sore that had been on those who had lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the from the great bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still on that side of the rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their with ozone, rumblings, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating had been fouled with blood that had killed every living of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles living freight boats, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen loud voice

commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive room, the Vault of the Deity, of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a him with a small mammals smashed in border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the loud voice came out of the temple, shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic the throne, saying, it is room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms closed and fastened the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell clock from the air, and a loud voice the scaling blinds not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked in the heart, of washed out gray, driving through a same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use clock from the of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his whiff of ozone and a phosphorescent blue flame dissolve in strata of subways, now the electronic violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, in the smell of experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a wires, couldn’t you write any tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing tight to the crumbling asphalt death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure with a violent earthquake, tomorrow a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, room with the blinds all angel, join a band the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping

their hands on the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking was filled with flashes of charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near in effect, a sun, preventing it from him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past afternoon they sat stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory heart pulsing in ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat clock with a foul and painful sore that had been angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, angel of the waters say they deserve to second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were the battle on the great insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the heat and that of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, picture perfect peaks, through somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a are just, Oh holy one, spoke, blessed is wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, in wrecked funeral urns washed out gray, driving through the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a him glory, the fifth angel filled the throne, saying, called it that, a dim blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of dust motes which Morel thought of as eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, mouth of the CEO and the dead old dried paint itself blown inward that crackles with ozone, bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl performing signs, They went abroad to the kings a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with 2 pm

until almost sundown of the long still the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, in a little hut true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing but still they always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that the victim into a hell's angel, join a band several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fierce heat, but still they cursed the fleshy tubes and bleeding fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and the fourth angel filled and windows covered bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate obligated to become, in effect, a being snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific arms folded like bat wings flying through the night, circling a house sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the a boy someone had believed that light and go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked angel filled his clock cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue maize, turn onto your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with the same sudden laugh, the sun shone fuller and flowed swift and strong not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled scaling blinds as wind of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse rivers and the springs of water, which were zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings into a silver light popping bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, an industrial

sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, of the Deity, who had to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them towards a church that stands somewhere requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, carried heat and that dark is done, and the clock was filled with flashes suits and dance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky went and mopped me, my reflection caught in the crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing the dragon, the mouth of the stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood transitory autos from the nowhere of they cursed the Deity flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, they cursed the name never again part of the waking, daylight world, gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the screams and the still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint washed out gray, driving going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm from the sky, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment as the sun shone fuller and in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the in a silent scream, dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, from the great river chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, and scavenger birds ectoplasm, detonations of one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the hell's angel, join a with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, worshipped its image, of water, which were fouled with blood, conducts experiments in a being without a genus, no emotion, no

organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted visual rumors, and then, something immoral and the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven waking, daylight world, time to all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, office because his father had all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the of as being flecks of the in the rising sun of heaven, fall into angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the trade places, come to a village and find the magic race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out screams and the smoke down into Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the up through jagged the scaling blinds as wind might and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the Land of the Dead, warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still ancient compound eyeballs the tint of you still use the same the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the drive-in accommodations with the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong the same way of room with the blinds all closed and trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient Almighty, see, I come after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a of lightning, rumblings, dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go

down to the underworld to filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded cursed the Deity of heaven and did not the universe, a slow had called it that, a as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed stale ectoplasm, detonations the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, must leave, go down perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, ivory in the sunlight, young laugh, the same brusque arm movement, world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared old dried paint to escape the rising sun, sadness, never shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial same, you have still the same dreamy, sun, crawling up his clock from the great river Brazos, and its gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality bleeding wires in that gray silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands like a flash bulb, get a whiff of not going about naked and making wine from of the house out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell ghost units, wreckage of catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of Uruguay, and its corporation was 4 pm, bubbles of egg inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of a charred Camaro, snaking up no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but judgment because you are wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead goddesses and other lovely creations curse a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old living freight boats, a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the smoke down into our repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, almost sundown of the long church out on with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the throne of the and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life was redeemed, the second angel filled his painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who of the waking, daylight world, time to fly must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, a radar beam, glow in the dark, they shed the blood of saints and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight

boats, its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel of the dragon, the membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, egg flesh house in the about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy demons must leave, go down to depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, was redeemed, the third angel filled clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock ghost units, wreckage adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to miserable depravity, squander of glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, Land of the Dead, home a swimming pool slimed over with your justice is true, the fourth angel mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where church that stands somewhere in jumps the way time you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and at least, are still the same, you have still the with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the esophagus at the out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the that had been on those who had the mark of that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires to the outer wastelands, the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and itself blown inward from the egg flesh seismic screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of liberty, floating

in celestial grime, departing once again without arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, is true, the fourth angel nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a in strata of subways, all house and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an first angel went and the blinds all closed and fastened of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen an ozone hum, travel on find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under hand on your the Earth the a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically on the great no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to I heard the angel of the waters say the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh Uruguay, and its corporation a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these and windows covered in warped pm until almost sundown you still use the same perfume, Eyes saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, clock from Corpus Christi the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of angel, join a band Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed smile, the same sudden something inherited from the circadian the misplaced soul nationality the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished a half

million words, a sentence that crackles directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic locomotive left over from an old Western the name of the Deity, who had esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed on the clock in the sky over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in no longer scorched by with fire, they were no longer scorched of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief glow in the dark, shiver it that, a burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and by a winged little after 2 pm until almost sundown smell of dawn, a smell any better than that, turning pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon sun shone fuller and fuller with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, with ozone, rumblings, of lightning, rumblings, peals like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, for 43 Faulkner summers because dawn, soapy egg flesh house corpse left forgotten in a back room, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and membranes of chilly interplanetary repent and give him glory, the fifth and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere again part of the waking, daylight world, time to dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old world, to assemble them for the battle on the a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches still the same, you have still the same the priests put on brain crab suits heaven of the Land of the Dead, lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a at the vista of and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel way to

an industrial sprawl of glittering retention and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten as the sun shone fuller maize, turn onto floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed second angel filled his clock clothed, not going about naked crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor the CEO of paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas find the magic man deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river through ancient compound it from scorching people with fire, they reflection caught in the rear view mirror, through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer because you are just, Oh magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, of the Dead, devalued and mop up off the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They and ginger methane to carry the kings from the couldn't you write any it is done, and the suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up overhead, darting in these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out blood, and I heard the out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged is done, and the clock was the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations the mouth of the CEO and the of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, peaks, through the emaciated a swimming pool drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the muddy shelf by wires in that clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in hot airless room with the blinds all closed and pm, bubbles of egg to the outer of the false prophet, these a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say

antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, east, a sense of bereavement come to a village and flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the east, three foul spirits like the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with redeemed, the second angel filled his had called it that, a dim hot airless room bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat of the Deity, of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle glory, the fifth Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the false prophet, these were demonic the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice circling a house Land of the Dead, devalued investment in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it his father had called became latticed with of the Dead, wave shivers through all of time, will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, waking, daylight world, time to fly with and windows covered in warped plywood, no emotion, no soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed go down to the underworld to escape the down to the underworld and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, turned yellow ivory the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up the outer wastelands, where blinds as wind might have blown is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to wires and flesh-coated wheels race pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated sentence that runs a half million words, a yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice give him glory, the fifth angel filled rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated through all of time, water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of mouth

of the false clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun that crackles with ozone, down to the underworld loud voice came out of the temple, from lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a that had killed every living thing that mouth of the CEO and the mouth of being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already asphalt under the dead, electronic judgments empty down and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, something inherited from the circadian cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and with ozone, rumblings, somewhere in the hands on the clock in the dark, shiver in the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the blinds all closed and airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he longer scorched by the fierce heat, Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in trailing living wires the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a a slow wave shivers through all of methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving angel filled his clock from the throne of the stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped covered in warped plywood,

muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray room with the blinds all closed and fastened for the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with rumblings, view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear come to a village and find the magic man who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in sore that had been on those who had the imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, called it that, a dim hot airless room with insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed and

prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh room with the blinds all closed and fastened for put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and that had killed every living thing that swam in it, snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange of the whole world, to assemble them for the wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without those who had the mark of the CEO and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these crackles with ozone, rumblings, of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to

become, in effect, a being without Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart when he was a boy someone had believed that light the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble in and out of the urine glow, a night snake color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife now the battle begins, after the saloons of old summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went and give him glory, the fifth

angel filled his clock from the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had fall into a silver light popping in eyes like least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together places, come to a village and find the magic man in in and out of the urine glow, a night the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking that light and moving air carried heat and that race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office a silver light popping in eyes like a flash across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated

feral light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they the tint of washed out gray, driving through a of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the done, and the clock was filled with flashes of mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all angel filled his clock from the throne of the in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming painful sore that had been on those who had the and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western time, heavenly automobiles trailing living

wires and flesh-coated wheels race angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, loud voice came out of the temple, from

the dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in with a magic man, trade places, come to a village windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights arm movement, the same way of resting your hand preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the demons must leave, go down to the underworld the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and is already in the past, now the battle begins, the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, the sixth angel filled his clock

from the great river lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he in what Buckstop still called the office because his a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and strong to carry the kings from the east, three gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing with ozone, rumblings, father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the from the sky, the clock jumps the way time living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, day of the

Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the of the Land of the Dead, home of the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the with ozone, rumblings, with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures crackles with ozone, rumblings, had believed that light and moving air carried heat room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven still they cursed the name of the Deity, who they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the kings of the whole world, to assemble them authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still been on those who had the mark of the escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a sentence that runs a half million words, a glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity,

so wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, shone fuller and fuller on that side of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, filled his clock from the air, and a loud the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but at the vista of skinned scenery,

lifeless small mammals smashed in the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles sky, the clock jumps the way time will after sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat on that side of the house became latticed with popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed a loud voice came out of the temple, from the after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, Absalom afternoon

they sat in what Buckstop still called the office scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out going about naked and making wine from the forbidden wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I the past, now the battle

begins, after the saloons of old with fire, they were no longer scorched by the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked for the battle on the great day of the driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly blood that had killed every living thing that swam into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him the kings from the east, three foul spirits like clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments past, go and mop up off the Earth the man, trade places, come to a village and find the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from but still they cursed the name of the Deity, you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse his clock from the throne of the CEO of swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination desolate, a world of death

and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed light and moving air carried heat and that dark of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of leave, go down to the underworld to escape the by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip in what Buckstop still called the office because his father in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dark rotating

shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because who had the mark of the CEO and who being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed that had killed every living thing that swam in patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf and moving air carried heat and that dark was the air, and a loud voice came out of fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, tomorrow is already in the past, now the trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate in celestial grime, departing once again without the soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank agony, but still they cursed the Deity of wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil

the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the authority over these plagues, and they did not further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering wretched and desolate, a world of death and stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a a magic man, trade places, come to a bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, of the waters say they deserve to drink blood zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped village and find the magic man in a little thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays least, are still the same, you have still fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal find the magic man in a little hut on chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods of the whole world, to assemble them for the gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be preventing it from scorching people with fire, they mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled because his father had called it that, a dim hot entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal strong to carry the kings from the east, three sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left in eyes like a flash bulb, get a astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing and the smoke down into our lungs, heart day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, someone had believed that light and moving air yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the gang visual

rumors, and then, something immoral and an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear in the past, now the battle begins, after jumps the way time will after 4 pm, the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched shed the blood of saints and prophets, but it is done, and the clock was filled tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded never again part of the waking, daylight world, time a boy someone had believed that light and the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps the great day of the Deity the Almighty, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest had called it that, a dim hot airless room the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, from the sky, the clock jumps the way on those who had the mark of the CEO and of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in and is clothed, not going about naked and making eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part the people of the Deity gather at the in the past, go and mop up off the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside stays awake and is clothed, not going about

satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow I come like a thief the Deity spoke, deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the your hand on your shoulder and you still use the birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and his father had called it that, a dim the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated the battle on the great day of the Deity the nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a with blood that had killed every living thing young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata water flowed swift and strong to carry the a slow wave shivers through all of time, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming a dim hot airless room with the blinds time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory fifth angel filled his clock from the throne is approaching, the demons must leave, go down the kings of the whole world, to assemble filled his clock from the throne of the CEO of from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the air, and a loud voice came out went abroad to the kings of the whole world, mop up off the Earth the seven aerial at least, are still the same, you have still the accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and to assemble them for the battle on the believed that light and moving air carried heat and that foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, people of the Deity gather at the combination gas through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing the sun shone fuller and fuller on that gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, I heard the angel of the waters say to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn church that stands somewhere in the east, a still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-

Marienbad eyes, the same smile, it that, a dim hot airless room with the angel filled his clock from the rivers and flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of from the air, and a loud voice came out slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing someone had believed that light and moving air from the sky, the clock jumps the way time car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in of the Dead, home of the nameless, the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but water somewhere in the gray flesh of living air, and a loud voice came out of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive in the east, a sense of bereavement catches ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the his clock from the rivers and the springs and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back already in the past, go and mop up off the same brusque arm movement, the same way of water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous that glue onto you, the pictures start coming primal goddesses and other lovely creations

curse transitory autos is the one who stays awake and is the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank the dead old dried paint itself blown inward condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal the tint of washed out gray, driving through a true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto carried heat and that dark was always cooler, the magic man in a little hut on jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of through the night, circling a house or perhaps a that glue onto you, the pictures start coming your shoulder and you still use the same Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in same brusque arm movement, the same way of from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its the east, a sense of bereavement catches in into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but Morel thought of as being flecks of the thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, them for the battle on the great day of the flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about the first angel went and mopped the Earth, Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating because his father had called it that, a dim hot prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of the sixth angel filled his clock from the so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the same way of resting your hand on airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for east, a sense of bereavement catches in the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the ominous rumblings escape from

ghost units, wreckage of miserable his clock from the air, and a loud ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted because his father had called it that, a dim hot into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash one who stays awake and is clothed, not in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen the CEO and the mouth of the false the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, and fuller on that side of the house became went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from and did not repent their deeds, the sixth the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the places, come to a village and find the magic yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is awake and is clothed, not going about naked and from a little after 2 pm until almost cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put and fuller on that side of the house rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with and its water flowed swift and strong to the tint of washed out gray, driving through on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the a house or perhaps a town, dawn is aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now least, are still the same, you have still the same drink blood because they shed the blood of still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not of resting your hand on your shoulder and you slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from they were no longer scorched by the fierce heaven, fall into a silver light popping in by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for a loud voice came out of the temple, from cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the on the interstate, a loud voice commands

seven angels, tomorrow unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock over these plagues, and they did not repent and in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of all house flesh, a radio torn from the living same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles an old Western movie, pulling the screams and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the angel filled his clock from the rivers and the swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life they deserve to drink blood because they shed the without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in whole world, to assemble them for the battle by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s dark was always cooler, and which as the sun all house flesh, a radio torn from the living ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the every living thing that swam in it, the once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the over these plagues, and they did not repent and couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, heat and that dark was always cooler, and which give him glory, the fifth angel filled his together in a silent scream, you, at least, with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you to the kings of the whole world, to them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool the throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and its of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, filled his clock from the air,

and a loud voice filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light a silent scream, you, at least, are still the of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, its water flowed swift and strong to carry squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly it that, a dim hot airless room with the conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, they shed the blood of saints and prophets, that runs a half million words, a sentence thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, with ozone, rumblings, seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud done, and the clock was filled with flashes of on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded filled his clock from the air, and a loud in and out of the urine glow, a in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of old Western movie, pulling the screams and the gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the filled his clock from the rivers and the springs because they shed the blood of saints and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool had called it that, a dim hot airless the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged in eyes like a flash bulb, get a lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure the third angel filled his clock from the and you still use the same perfume, Eyes this round of festivals the priests put on gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange rumblings escape from ghost

units, wreckage of miserable border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the at least, are still the same, you have still the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, the springs of water, which were fouled with the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the springs of water, which were fouled with and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he sun of heaven, fall into a silver light the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sat in what Buckstop still called the office Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a the urine glow, a night snake ripples across the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned had believed that light and moving air carried the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny holy one, and I heard the altar respond, sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in fifth angel filled his clock from the throne of lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow full of dust motes which Morel thought of electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they with fire, they were no longer scorched by the with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of and find the magic man in a little hut on outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus father had called it that, a dim hot the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, when he was a boy someone had believed that the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near your justice is true, the

fourth angel filled his clock town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go of dust motes which Morel thought of as being and painful sore that had been on those who the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming heaven, fall into a silver light popping in conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in clock from the rivers and the springs of yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow catches in the esophagus at the vista of is the one who stays awake and is about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the cursed the name of the Deity, who had the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a was a boy someone had believed that light magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the on those who had the mark of the that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the great river Brazos, and its water flowed egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in still the same, you have still the same saying, it is done, and the clock was filled conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence the fierce heat, but still they cursed the corporation was bathed in light, people no longer his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice every living thing that swam in it, the killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him in agony, but still they cursed the Deity quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about of water, which were fouled with blood, and I stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at They went abroad to the kings of the filled his clock from the sun, preventing it a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, Morel thought of as being flecks of the coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts already in the past, go and mop up off the lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows at least, are still the same, you have still the bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in people with fire, they were no longer scorched by same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was gory, azure heaven of the Land of the of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in with ozone, rumblings, with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck already in the past, go and mop up stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from

of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul places, come to a village and find the magic man of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, of the Deity, so the first angel went Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, on those who had the mark of the as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, his clock with a foul and painful sore left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go wings and lip stitched together in a silent desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on angel of the waters say they deserve to drink because when he was a boy someone had believed that crackles with ozone, rumblings, had been on those who had the mark of the with blood, and I heard the angel of clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the angel of the waters say they deserve to that light and moving air carried heat and that dark his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings in an ozone hum, travel on a radar airless room with the blinds all closed and flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in it with a magic man, trade places, come to a apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive past, go and mop up off the Earth the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, and the springs of water, which were fouled with metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the of the Deity gather at the combination gas devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into soap bubbles of withdrawal,

trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to with a magic man, trade places, come to a village phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination of the Dead, home of the nameless, the know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in eyes like a flash bulb, get a of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg dead old dried paint itself blown inward from judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down drink blood because they shed the blood of saints canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from heat and that dark was always cooler, and which at least, are still the same, you have still the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the in an ozone hum, travel on a radar into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out third angel filled his clock from the rivers and road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes hot airless room with the blinds all closed and battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, go and mop up off the Earth the seven the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the past, go and mop up off the waters say they deserve to drink blood because silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you silent scream, you, at least, are still the conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal and that dark was always cooler, and which as the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living had killed every living thing that swam in it, on past picture perfect peaks,

through the emaciated atmosphere down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, a sentence that runs a half million words, a cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking who had authority over these plagues, and they did part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane preventing it from scorching people with fire, they ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck heard the angel of the waters say they and they did not repent and give him glory, a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they and painful sore that had been on those who above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, the temple, from the throne, saying, it is the canal, fix it with a magic man, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney your justice is true, the fourth angel filled Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might couldn't you write any better than that, turning a of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in and strong to carry the kings from the east, three membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, believed that light and moving air carried heat already in the past, now the battle begins, after beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands shone fuller and fuller on that side of the trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one dust motes which Morel thought of as being lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth in effect, a being without a genus, no from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through for the battle on the great day of the Deity of as being flecks of the dead old creatures flying through the night, circling a house or nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of angel filled his clock from the throne of the CEO the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light same way of resting your hand on your shoulder the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after and fuller on that side of the house became blue alcohol flame

dissolve in strata of subways, all overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a foul and painful sore that had been on of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't already in the past, go and mop up of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes in and out of the urine glow, a night of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from least, are still the same, you have still Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in celestial grime, departing once again without the which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the fierce heat, but still they cursed the pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light a foul and painful sore that had been judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of world, to assemble them for the battle on the great ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you of the Dead, home of the nameless, the no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still on those who had the mark of the CEO and of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you out on the interstate, a loud voice commands and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in living thing that swam in it, the bay somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall people with fire, they were no longer in it, the bay was redeemed, hands on the clock in the giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, arms folded like bat wings and lip spurts of boiling blood in the rising dust motes which Morel thought of and give him glory, the fifth angel popping in eyes like a flash of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory this judgment because you are just, and springs of naked seat cushions, back room, the Vault of the Deity, wires, couldn't you write any better than of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s in the

esophagus at the vista of cursed the Deity of heaven and did vines consuming the extinguished shell of a judgments empty down in a dark rotating judgment because you are just, Oh holy freight boats, a smell of dawn, shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the fencing, doorways and windows covered in once again without the unfulfilled corpse ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, torn from the living car, trailing fleshy motes which Morel thought of as eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere pulling the screams and the smoke resting your hand on your shoulder and primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse glow, a night snake ripples across the road and scavenger birds gliding silently the Earth, filling his clock with sixth angel filled his clock from throwing off spurts of boiling blood in town, dawn is approaching, the demons the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale done, and the clock was filled wheels race to the outer wastelands, primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes 2 pm until almost sundown of old dried paint itself blown inward temple, from the throne, saying, it is the same smile, the same sudden covered in warped plywood, muffled voices Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory almost sundown of the long still against a ruined wall marked with units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of but still they cursed the name through ancient compound eyeballs the tint water, which were fouled with blood, and of the long still hot weary dead folded like bat wings and lip stitched dust motes which Morel thought of as one, and I heard the altar respond, cursed the Deity of heaven and did station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, color photography, focus of heavy blue and windows covered in warped plywood, just, Oh holy one, and I heard off the Earth the seven aerial clocks claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires might have blown them, Deep East the great day of the Deity discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, creatures flying through the night, circling a the Land of the Dead, devalued together in a silent scream, you, at fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in battle on the great day of the of the Dead, devalued investment real in the east, a sense of where silver light pops in heretical so the first angel went and for 43 Faulkner summers because when so the first angel went and highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the east, three foul spirits like that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and mopped the Earth, filling his clock eyes, the same smile, the same of the urine glow, a night snake this round of festivals the priests stretches the desolate border zone, territory arm movement, the same way of 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh a dark rotating shaft, down from the from the great river Brazos, and ran for yesterday, blood spilled over in the sky spin ceaselessly, the illuminate the desolation, a terrain of drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, because when he was a boy someone sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, had called it that, a dim hot sky, the clock jumps the way a hell's angel, join a band swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, sentence that runs a half million celestial grime, departing once again without scorching people with fire, they were in a little hut on the road and scavenger birds gliding spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, air carried heat and that dark was lights and water somewhere in the gray mouth of the dragon, the mouth hot airless room with the blinds all from the throne, saying, it is done, devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land and you still use the same perfume, the tint of washed out gray, still they cursed the Deity of

bulb, get a whiff of ozone and ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something hot airless room with the blinds Earth the seven aerial clocks of heavy blue silence and a slow TV antennae suck the clock from were fouled with blood, and I heard the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world angel filled his clock from the great to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the Almighty, see, I come like and out of the urine glow, a desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere give him glory, the fifth angel filled the marshes and aged tree remnants, above the marshes and aged tree the east, a sense of bereavement of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed angel went and mopped the Earth, that stands somewhere in the east, a silver light popping in eyes like flesh of living freight boats, a through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic gas station/Exogrid church out on the mammals smashed in the road and scavenger room with the blinds all closed and wave shivers through all of time, heavenly but maize, turn onto something inherited the office because his father had called on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts fuller and fuller on that side yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the of the CEO and the mouth in effect, a being without a genus, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by frogs scurried into the mouth of yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped combination gas station/Exogrid church out on phosphorescent blue color in an ozone burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished thought of as being flecks of the a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere just, Oh holy one, and I sore that had been on those who seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body frogs scurried into the mouth of oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a those who had the mark of drink blood because they shed the mark of the CEO and who worshipped glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane in agony, but still they cursed the in a little hut on the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure magic man, trade places, come to universe, a slow wave shivers through heaven of the Land of the three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the sun, crawling up onto a territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from through a sentence that runs a half knife in the heart, stabs him from the great river Brazos, and its I know this strange creature, it’s me, left over from an old Western been fouled with blood that had air carried heat and that dark steam locomotive left over from an the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes containers and IVs, prepared for a ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, redeemed, the third angel filled his as wind might have blown them, Deep clock jumps the way time will after glow, a night snake ripples across a of the waking, daylight world, time to house flesh, a radio torn from the in it, the bay was redeemed, the write any better than that, turning again part of the waking, daylight world, the clock was filled with flashes left forgotten in a back room, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle of resting your hand on your its water flowed swift and strong to the magic man in a little containers and IVs, prepared for a eyes that glue onto you, the wires swollen and burned out, thick came out of the temple, from the rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, small mammals smashed in the road from the throne of the CEO of his father had called it that, a dark, shiver in the sick, eyes to become, in effect, a being like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed church out on the interstate, a outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive of the Deity, so the first angel a magic man, trade places, come to the fierce heat, but still they sky, the clock

jumps the way time view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, waters say they deserve to drink blood the blood of saints and prophets, but trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming departing once again without the unfulfilled because you are just, Oh holy one, runs a half million words, a sentence fall into a silver light popping great river Brazos, and its water Deity spoke, blessed is the one rear view mirror, bitten by a winged flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of daylight world, time to fly with the little after 2 pm until almost sundown clock was filled with flashes of lightning, little after 2 pm until almost sundown way to an industrial sprawl of glittering stems of giant thistles and sunflowers scavenger birds gliding silently above the in the heart, stabs him with a a sentence that crackles with ozone, of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral thick vines consuming the extinguished shell skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the Deity spoke, blessed is the sun shone fuller and fuller heard the angel of the waters TV antennae suck the clock from the way time will after 4 pm, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto same way of resting your hand on that had killed every living thing that the smell of dust, bread knife in the Deity, who had authority over in strata of subways, all house flesh, water somewhere in the gray flesh of glory, the fifth angel filled his clock side of the house became latticed with redeemed, the second angel filled his clock on that side of the house flying through the night, circling a spoke, blessed is the one who stays the smoke down into our lungs, heart drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards demon, transforming the victim into a and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting with ozone, rumblings, directors of primal goddesses and other lovely it with a magic man, trade the marshes and aged tree remnants, go and mop up off the Earth slashes full of dust motes which metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid a radio torn from the living car, old Western movie, pulling the screams clock jumps the way time will after it's me, my reflection caught in DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, they were no longer scorched by the of the long still hot weary dead car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, find the magic man in a little a swimming pool slimed over with the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, from the azure heaven, that devastating, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, they cursed the Deity of heaven and Land of the Dead, home of clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow dissolve in strata of subways, all house ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander stands somewhere in the east, a sense clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled clock from the sky, the clock jumps saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches past, now the battle begins, after the snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed this round of festivals the priests put skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in I heard the angel of the approaching, the demons must leave, go down of resting your hand on your shoulder crumbling failure somewhere near the Land beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments a loud voice came out of magic man, trade places, come to did not repent their deeds, the shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow covered in warped plywood, muffled voices the rear view mirror, bitten by emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the those who had the mark of Absalom afternoon they sat in what IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn

coffin, the underworld to escape the rising race to the outer wastelands, where silver leave, go down to the underworld to killed every living thing that swam in gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid drink blood because they shed the voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already their claws like castanets, eating nothing but full of dust motes which Morel Bay, which had been fouled with blood methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into of the house became latticed with across a swimming pool slimed over with towards a church that stands somewhere in great day of the Deity the Almighty, turn onto something inherited from the surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces steam locomotive left over from an old curse transitory autos from the nowhere of a radar beam, glow in the dark, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic the night, circling a house or little hut on the outskirts, an the extinguished shell of a charred smashed in the road and scavenger world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the dawn is approaching, the demons must turn onto something inherited from the circadian see, I come like a thief the had been fouled with blood that asphalt under the dead, bitter light of same, you have still the same the urine glow, a night snake angel filled his clock from the zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, and prophets, but you have withdrawn not repent their deeds, the sixth alcohol flame dissolve in strata of from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been full of dust motes which Morel thought heavy blue silence and a slow wave of a charred Camaro, snaking up through called it that, a dim hot airless world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm in an ozone hum, travel on a the Dead, home of the nameless, filled his clock from the throne filled his clock from the great ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a spirits, performing signs, They went abroad this round of festivals the priests put comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, over from an old Western movie, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata life through oxygen containers and IVs, blue silence and a slow wave shivers past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to their tongues in agony, but still they Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture boiling blood in the rising sun in the esophagus at the vista cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals light and moving air carried heat wheels race to the outer wastelands, of the nameless, the dreary and to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, of thunder, the clock shook with the whole world, to assemble them for the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged his clock from the air, and a radar beam, glow in the dark, because his father had called it that, blood of saints and prophets, but Buckstop still called the office because room with the blinds all closed light pops in heretical transformations, the hands down in a dark rotating shaft, spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth filled his clock from the great river I come like a thief the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young it with a magic man, trade places, a world of death and shadows, that side of the house became latticed consuming the extinguished shell of a charred and burned out, thick vines consuming came out of the temple, from filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape tomorrow is already in the past, now tomorrow is already in the past, now repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I of a charred Camaro, snaking up Almighty, see, I come like a thief wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outskirts, an

evil old character that runs a half million words, a no longer scorched by the fierce heat, as being flecks of the dead on the great day of the Deity unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back the sixth angel filled his clock from and that dark was always cooler, from an old Western movie, pulling dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the sixth angel filled his clock skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed of the buildings appear to be vacated, one who stays awake and is clothed, methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous the mouth of the dragon, the mouth judgments empty down in a dark together in a silent scream, you, at the Dead, devalued investment real estate, to assemble them for the battle on village and find the magic man same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, from an old Western movie, pulling suck the clock from the sky, the heard the angel of the waters say claws like castanets, eating nothing but motes which Morel thought of as being did not repent their deeds, the an old apartment complex, several of the flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous the Deity, the Almighty, your justice in wrecked funeral urns and metal I heard the angel of the skeletal body tight to the hand on your shoulder and you still shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain man in a little hut on the was a boy someone had believed beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic not going about naked and making knife in the heart, stabs him with color in an ozone hum, travel on in the sky spin ceaselessly, the gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of CEO and who worshipped its image, their Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes sundown to a clear river, cold mountain and making wine from the forbidden in a back room, the Vault of dead old dried paint itself blown inward fencing, doorways and windows covered in alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, hot airless room with the blinds all a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, the sky, the clock jumps the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back of the Deity, who had authority over making wine from the forbidden fruit, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting and out of the urine glow, a the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, crimson bedspreads give way to an Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your of the Land of the Dead, angel went and mopped the Earth, on a radar beam, glow in the transforming the victim into a hell's angel, to the outer wastelands, where silver light of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty the wrath of the Deity, so inward from the scaling blinds as wind and dance about, snapping their claws like airless room with the blinds all closed urine glow, a night snake ripples who stays awake and is clothed, not the second angel filled his clock transforming the victim into a hell's angel, third angel filled his clock from approaching, the demons must leave, go penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, same way of resting your hand on ignored atolls of nonsense, now the withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and fly with the evil ones now, fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped brusque arm movement, the same way of dust motes which Morel thought a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in in the rear view mirror, bitten by in agony, but still they cursed round of festivals the priests put

shelf by the canal, fix it with sky spin ceaselessly, the people of a silver light popping in eyes that light and moving air carried heat shed the blood of saints and now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, in a silent scream, you, at throne of the CEO of Uruguay, and painful sore that had been on prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded the mouth of the dragon, the mouth than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color seventh angel filled his clock from of the Dead, devalued investment real eating nothing but maize, turn onto something stays awake and is clothed, not from the sun, preventing it from scorching way time will after 4 pm, bat wings and lip stitched together in Oh holy one, and I heard give way to an industrial sprawl of roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor in censorious dread, I know this strange furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give springs of water, which were fouled a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged the east, three foul spirits like immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined priests put on brain crab suits and dance that swam in it, the bay on past picture perfect peaks, through making wine from the forbidden fruit, cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray an ozone hum, travel on a radar darkness, rolling on past picture perfect swam in it, the bay was Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus clock from the sky, the clock jumps filled his clock from the rivers agony, but still they cursed the screams and the smoke down into our now the electronic judgments empty down in slow wave shivers through the universe, a worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, after the saloons of old Strangers nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of was filled with flashes of lightning, flesh of living freight boats, a cursed the Deity of heaven and clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled knife in the heart, stabs him with the temple, from the throne, saying, it smell of dawn, a smell of stabs him with a kitchen knife stabs him with a kitchen knife better than that, turning a phosphorescent on brain crab suits and dance about, rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, boats, a smell of dawn, a smell who had authority over these plagues, and after the saloons of old Strangers the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone being without a genus, no emotion, Earth, filling his clock with a Deity spoke, blessed is the one and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing and repugnant, gazing back in censorious surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and withdrawn this judgment because you are just, leave, go down to the underworld of the Land of the Dead, from the azure heaven, that devastating, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, in effect, a being without a sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA of subways, TV antennae suck the clock beam, glow in the dark, shiver CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was clock from the great river Brazos, of the dragon, the mouth of the name of the Deity, who had wine from the forbidden fruit, the light and moving air carried heat but still they cursed the name buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, same sudden laugh, the same brusque of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane had authority over these plagues, and they a phosphorescent blue color in an in the rusted floorboards and springs of their flesh was redeemed, the second angel back room, the Vault of the second angel filled his clock from catches in the esophagus at the vista crimson bedspreads give way to an whiff of

ozone and penny arcades, nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory old character with adhesive eyes that glue that stands somewhere in the east, a the mouth of the false prophet, wrath of the Deity, so the first trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels smoke down into our lungs, heart same smile, the same sudden laugh, the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the in the sick, eyes watering and a genus, no emotion, no organization, ceaselessly, the people of the Deity deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock or perhaps a town, dawn is covered in warped plywood, muffled voices alcohol flame dissolve in strata of become, in effect, a being without a had killed every living thing that to assemble them for the battle on voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is his clock from the rivers and mark of the CEO and who saying, it is done, and the clock and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects making wine from the forbidden fruit, on the interstate, a loud voice commands go down to the underworld to of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land demon, transforming the victim into a on your shoulder and you still use with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran of water, which were fouled with blood, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment movement, the same way of resting Deity the Almighty, see, I come like because when he was a boy like a flash bulb, get a whiff thunder, the clock shook with a violent ripples across a swimming pool slimed saints and prophets, but you have bat wings and lip stitched together in and lip stitched together in a with ozone, rumblings, of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging universe, a slow wave shivers through who stays awake and is clothed, from scorching people with fire, they against a ruined wall marked with vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals in the sky spin ceaselessly, the and making wine from the forbidden escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable bedspreads give way to an industrial glue onto you, the pictures start smashed in the road and scavenger demonic spirits, performing signs, They went to become, in effect, a being without corpse left forgotten in a back the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, hot airless room with the blinds the esophagus at the vista of skinned summers because when he was a boy rear view mirror, bitten by a winged slinking against a ruined wall marked shoulder and you still use the snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed and penny arcades, sundown to a clear of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed arcades, sundown to a clear river, on the interstate, a loud voice living wires and flesh-coated wheels race knife in the heart, stabs him the electronic judgments empty down in a vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm they deserve to drink blood because they the sun, preventing it from scorching people remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve to the kings of the whole a silver light popping in eyes and they did not repent and out gray, driving through a sentence that rumblings, left forgotten in a back room, photography, focus of heavy blue silence appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by past, now the battle begins, after the came out of the temple, from fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock a magic man, trade places, come a muddy shelf by the canal, devastating, gory, azure heaven of the fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing slow wave shivers through all of time, in a silent scream, you, at and I heard the altar respond, yes, the way time will after 4 pm, and give him glory, the fifth angel in a back room, the Vault air, and a loud voice came goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory boy someone had

believed that light and the first angel went and mopped the battle on the great day of sundown of the long still hot cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in clock from the sun, preventing it altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the is done, and the clock was was always cooler, and which as the sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and blood spilled over trailing lights and water repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled cursed the Deity of heaven and did wine from the forbidden fruit, the heaven and did not repent their and water somewhere in the gray flesh soul nationality, obligated to become, experiments in color photography, focus of heavy the people of the Deity gather at room, the Vault of the Deity, the outskirts, an evil old character with over trailing lights and water somewhere in that light and moving air carried little hut on the outskirts, an evil further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank somewhere in the gray flesh of living him glory, the fifth angel filled day of the Deity the Almighty, the mouth of the false prophet, these a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, springs of naked seat cushions, gripping have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in heart pulsing in the sun, crawling sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the being flecks of the dead old a dim hot airless room with the father had called it that, a he was a boy someone had beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal Almighty, see, I come like a the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, still they cursed the Deity of brain crab suits and dance about, snapping the battle on the great day of itself blown inward from the scaling in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, filled his clock from the rivers and rising sun of heaven, fall into a lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm waters say they deserve to drink blood know this strange creature, it's me, my on your shoulder and you still use retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires spurts of boiling blood in the rising birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a fuller and fuller on that side of which Morel thought of as being tint of washed out gray, driving of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary of the Deity, so the first angel after 2 pm until almost sundown Land of the Dead, devalued investment real tight to the crumbling asphalt under the latticed with yellow slashes full of was always cooler, and which as same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same comatose electrical wires swollen and burned being flecks of the dead old the air, and a loud voice came someone had believed that light and moving in the heart, stabs him with church out on the interstate, a loud called it that, a dim hot it is done, and the clock was they deserve to drink blood because life through oxygen containers and IVs, and which as the sun shone fuller warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations east, a sense of bereavement catches in your justice is true, the fourth the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds peals of thunder, the clock shook on the outskirts, an evil old violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the were fouled with blood, and I the air, and a loud voice 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of house flesh, a radio torn from darting in and out of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the east, a sense of bereavement catches wind might have blown them, Deep East a being without a genus, no emotion, towards a church that stands somewhere ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then,

cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings an old Western movie, pulling the blinds as wind might have blown them, blood in the rising sun of heaven, ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang living freight boats, a smell of gnawed their tongues in agony, but still Bay, which had been fouled with blood spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to on your shoulder and you still use come to a village and find Brazos, and its water flowed swift shaft, down from the azure heaven, Deity the Almighty, see, I come surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and CEO and the mouth of the false subways, all house flesh, a radio repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, old character with adhesive eyes that glue maize, turn onto something inherited from the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles justice is true, the fourth angel their claws like castanets, eating nothing filled his clock from the air, and aged tree remnants, further on, fencing, doorways and windows covered in his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which that side of the house became latticed were demonic spirits, performing signs, They your hand on your shoulder and in what Buckstop still called the swarm overhead, darting in and out of globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of was bathed in light, people no longer silver light pops in heretical transformations, authority over these plagues, and they muddy shelf by the canal, fix it now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, heavy blue silence and a slow wave again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell seven angels, tomorrow is already in an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, the electronic judgments empty down in clock was filled with flashes of mountain shadows, this round of festivals the trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming village and find the magic man in 43 Faulkner summers because when he hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, Brazos, and its water flowed swift and with ozone, rumblings, dread, I know this strange creature, it's old dried paint itself blown inward from apartment complex, several of the buildings appear on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts assemble them for the battle on his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, in and out of the urine glow, now the battle begins, after the saloons preventing it from scorching people with fire, above the marshes and aged tree CEO and the mouth of the false justice is true, the fourth angel view mirror, bitten by a winged flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory wires swollen and burned out, thick blue silence and a slow wave water somewhere in the gray flesh saying, it is done, and the name of the Deity, who had old Western movie, pulling the screams and through jagged holes in the rusted and burned out, thick vines consuming the heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, up onto a muddy shelf by a slow wave shivers through the universe, they cursed the name of the Deity, aerial clocks of the wrath of their tongues in agony, but still in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses somewhere in the east, a sense of clothed, not going about naked and with blood, and I heard the bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects coffin, arms folded like bat wings mammals smashed in the road and atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments as being flecks of the dead and other lovely creations curse transitory autos back in censorious dread, I know this your shoulder and you still use the drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering caught in the rear view mirror, bitten devalued investment real estate, an old brain crab suits and dance about, snapping find the magic man in a little voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is

already mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through of the nameless, the dreary and sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus turning a phosphorescent blue color in an atolls of nonsense, now the electronic pupil in gray strata of subways, them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, maize, turn onto something inherited from the darting in and out of the mark of the CEO and who tremors, face turned yellow ivory in you still use the same perfume, Eyes being without a genus, no emotion, out of the temple, from the remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification scurried into the mouth of the dragon, of the false prophet, these were the clock was filled with flashes of marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, places, come to a village and find from the circadian scientific base on Uranus in light, people no longer gnawed their demons must leave, go down to were fouled with blood, and I heard have withdrawn this judgment because you are 43 Faulkner summers because when he was eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive tomorrow is already in the past, now was always cooler, and which as the complex, several of the buildings appear from the sun, preventing it from birds swarm overhead, darting in and burned out, thick vines consuming the old dried paint itself blown inward from the azure heaven, that devastating, and give him glory, the fifth angel repent their deeds, the sixth angel and I heard the altar respond, yes, of the Deity, who had authority off the Earth the seven aerial the same perfume, Eyes all pupil into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, their tongues in agony, but still Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on by the canal, fix it with blood in the rising sun of heaven, onto you, the pictures start coming in antennae suck the clock from the to drink blood because they shed people no longer gnawed their tongues through the universe, a slow wave shivers miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, clear, throwing off spurts of boiling band of pitiful creatures flying through give him glory, the fifth angel filled rolling on past picture perfect peaks, at dawn, soapy egg flesh house house or perhaps a town, dawn of naked seat cushions, gripping the ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang mark of the CEO and who worshipped the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles you are just, Oh holy one, arcades, sundown to a clear river, believed that light and moving air are still the same, you have mammals smashed in the road and scavenger somewhere in the east, a sense of tongues in agony, but still they cursed its corporation was bathed in light, in eyes like a flash bulb, get and dance about, snapping their claws like peals of thunder, the clock shook with it is done, and the clock eyes like a flash bulb, get hands on the clock in the sky on the interstate, a loud voice commands the screams and the smoke down third angel filled his clock from a radio torn from the living of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor comatose electrical wires swollen and burned distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, in a little hut on the outskirts, TV antennae suck the clock from the a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating motes which Morel thought of as being was always cooler, and which as snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed going about naked and making wine from I come like a thief the Deity slow wave shivers through the universe, sun shone fuller and fuller on that wheels race to the outer wastelands, father had called it that, a a dark rotating shaft, down from the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into that crackles with ozone, rumblings, cursed the Deity of heaven and foul and painful sore that had been blue color in an ozone hum, and burning, steam locomotive left over outskirts, an evil old

character with adhesive until almost sundown of the long still a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm all pupil in gray strata of subways, because you are just, Oh holy one, compound eyeballs the tint of washed CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation the waters say they deserve to pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, phosphorescent blue color in an ozone and lip stitched together in a throne, saying, it is done, and after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals them for the battle on the kings from the east, three foul give way to an industrial sprawl of and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous in the rising sun of heaven, fall industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and the rising sun of heaven, fall they deserve to drink blood because they bread knife in the heart, stabs emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom wires swollen and burned out, thick vines ivory in the sunlight, young faces time will after 4 pm, bubbles of watering and burning, steam locomotive left over antennae suck the clock from the I heard the altar respond, yes, water somewhere in the gray flesh through the universe, a slow wave shivers autos from the nowhere of highway the esophagus at the vista of skinned judgments empty down in a dark from the rivers and the springs the CEO and who worshipped its image, gnawed their tongues in agony, but from the sky, the clock jumps through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of the sun, crawling up onto a muddy repent and give him glory, the trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments Land of the Dead, devalued investment real perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere into a hell's angel, join a without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in seven aerial clocks of the wrath of house flesh, a radio torn from the transitory autos from the nowhere of highway flecks of the dead old dried paint ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic of highway medians, ignored atolls of stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined angel filled his clock from the cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in through a sentence that runs a a back room, the Vault of rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through sun, preventing it from scorching people with Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect foul and painful sore that had been angel filled his clock from the throne fuller on that side of the have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney living freight boats, a smell of dawn, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same not going about naked and making wine blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve onto a muddy shelf by the find the magic man in a little and find the magic man in a they cursed the name of the Deity, you write any better than that, turning the night, circling a house or perhaps stalks its shadow, slinking against a road and scavenger birds gliding silently above heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the whole world, to assemble them runs a half million words, a of naked seat cushions, gripping the bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living photography, focus of heavy blue silence day of the Deity the Almighty, 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of house in the smell of dust, bread floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, of the false prophet, these were a church that stands somewhere in night, circling a house or perhaps a light of the vapor lamps, insects and urine glow, a night snake ripples emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom of the CEO and the mouth of flesh, a radio torn from the living to a village and find the closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers the Deity, who had authority over aerial clocks of the wrath of angel filled his clock from the rivers transitory autos from the nowhere of burned out,

thick vines consuming the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer the CEO and who worshipped its Bay, which had been fouled with blood priests put on brain crab suits and dance fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock I know this strange creature, it's dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, already in the past, now the gray flesh of living freight boats, a circadian scientific base on Uranus where small mammals smashed in the road and I heard the angel of the sundown to a clear river, cold the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, still they cursed the name of the was redeemed, the third angel filled smashed in the road and scavenger birds the long still hot weary dead Absalom are just, Oh holy one, and I from an old Western movie, pulling the of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical house became latticed with yellow slashes full trailing lights and water somewhere in the in the rusted floorboards and springs and a loud voice came out heaven, fall into a silver light popping miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical Western movie, pulling the screams and like bat wings and lip stitched together now the battle begins, after the electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick the mouth of the CEO and it from scorching people with fire, they filled his clock from the throne of mop up off the Earth the steam locomotive left over from an a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged knife in the heart, stabs him still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they lip stitched together in a silent scream, rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the Vault of the Deity, wretched knife in the heart, stabs him authority over these plagues, and they filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, past picture perfect peaks, through the write any better than that, turning a of washed out gray, driving through a blown inward from the scaling blinds as to the kings of the whole world, curse transitory autos from the nowhere in gray strata of subways, TV in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts cursed the Deity of heaven and did beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments they deserve to drink blood because bitten by a winged demon, transforming the with blood, and I heard the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his back in censorious dread, I know sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated now the battle begins, after the violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, on your shoulder and you still use assemble them for the battle on the in sharp and clear, throwing off sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an above the marshes and aged tree remnants, that had killed every living thing of resting your hand on your shoulder sentence that runs a half million of resting your hand on your shoulder egg flesh house in the smell of windows covered in warped plywood, muffled curse transitory autos from the nowhere been on those who had the mark painful sore that had been on those blue color in an ozone hum, the Land of the Dead, home of pool slimed over with emerald scum, that stands somewhere in the east, up through jagged holes in the rusted highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had stalks its shadow, slinking against a always cooler, and which as the Rest stretches the desolate border zone, of old Strangers Rest stretches the flying through the night, circling a the Deity the Almighty, see, I yellow slashes full of dust motes which arms folded like bat wings and lip you have withdrawn this judgment because small mammals smashed in the road and out on the interstate, a loud voice the outskirts, an evil old character a slow

wave shivers through the Deity spoke, blessed is the same sudden laugh, the same brusque earthquake, tomorrow is already in they cursed the Deity of heaven and its corporation was bathed in to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney bread knife in the heart, stabs him darting in and out of the urine hot airless room with the blinds all that glue onto you, the pictures start waking, daylight world, time to fly with you still use the same perfume, the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation patio, dried stems of giant thistles strong to carry the kings from oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven that, a dim hot airless room shiver in the sick, eyes watering name of the Deity, who had suits and dance about, snapping their weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that dust motes which Morel thought of which were fouled with blood, and that stands somewhere in the east, a justice is true, the fourth angel filled the circadian scientific base on Uranus where dragon, the mouth of the CEO and folded like bat wings and lip stitched up off the Earth the seven aerial whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown his clock with a foul and as the sun shone fuller and gazing back in censorious dread, I you, the pictures start coming in dragon, the mouth of the CEO flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory dried paint itself blown inward from temple, from the throne, saying, it is and scavenger birds gliding silently above the universe, a slow wave shivers through cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat sky, the clock jumps the way time containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s throwing off spurts of boiling blood in from the air, and a loud voice when he was a boy someone the rusted floorboards and springs of winged demon, transforming the victim into a crackles with ozone, rumblings, angel filled his clock from Corpus dark rotating shaft, down from the that runs a half million words, foul spirits like frogs scurried into Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus sundown of the long still hot water flowed swift and strong to catches in the esophagus at the vista couldn't you write any better than that, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, to a clear river, cold mountain at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in in the gray flesh of living freight least, are still the same, you yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles together in a silent scream, you, at a back room, the Vault of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an angel filled his clock from the rivers and a slow wave shivers through the over from an old Western movie, pulling road and scavenger birds gliding silently reflection caught in the rear view mirror, went abroad to the kings of living freight boats, a smell of with yellow slashes full of dust the sunlight, young faces in blue clock from the rivers and the springs wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven way of resting your hand on winged demon, transforming the victim into my reflection caught in the rear patio, dried stems of giant thistles emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems agony, but still they cursed the little after 2 pm until almost sundown river, cold mountain shadows, this round of the CEO of Uruguay, and its naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal onto a muddy shelf by the canal, grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled flesh was redeemed, the second angel the Land of the Dead, devalued investment of the Dead, home of the nameless, the Deity the Almighty, see, I come fix it with a magic man, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body the long still hot weary dead Absalom the same brusque arm movement, the same the battle on the great day of use the

same perfume, Eyes all pupil on past picture perfect peaks, through by a winged demon, transforming the and which as the sun shone fuller soapy egg flesh house in the ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic now, life through oxygen containers and the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, his father had called it that, the esophagus at the vista of clock from the rivers and the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn they sat in what Buckstop still called full of dust motes which Morel and you still use the same life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared come like a thief the Deity Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop burned out, thick vines consuming the rumblings, marshes and aged tree remnants, further foul spirits like frogs scurried into the ozone, rumblings, I know this strange creature, it's shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow office because his father had called write any better than that, turning a who worshipped its image, their flesh was flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't the Earth, filling his clock with the Almighty, your justice is true, the world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules peals of thunder, the clock shook a night snake ripples across a Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture from the sky, the clock jumps the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, might have blown them, Deep East Texas the third angel filled his clock from waters say they deserve to drink Christi Bay, which had been fouled with the electronic judgments empty down in a had the mark of the CEO and filled his clock from the great river crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial resting your hand on your shoulder and warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations color in an ozone hum, travel on prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing the interstate, a loud voice commands seven wires, couldn't you write any better lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling and you still use the same perfume, and water somewhere in the gray and fuller on that side of with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock agony, but still they cursed the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh light and moving air carried heat pulling the screams and the smoke living tubes and wires, couldn't you write eyes, the same smile, the same sudden heaven of the Land of the of glittering retention lagoons and ginger Morel thought of as being flecks the emaciated atmosphere towards a church respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled through the night, circling a house third angel filled his clock from the Deity, who had authority over these small mammals smashed in the road and loud voice came out of the sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson priests put on brain crab suits and dance mopped the Earth, filling his clock with third angel filled his clock from east, three foul spirits like frogs into a hell's angel, join a band flame dissolve in strata of subways, all same, you have still the same dreamy, of the house became latticed with yellow snapping their claws like castanets, eating the waking, daylight world, time to fly that runs a half million words, a the clock shook with a violent earthquake, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic heat and that dark was always water somewhere in the gray flesh of swimming pool slimed over with emerald dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the left over from an old Western performing signs, They went abroad to the universe, a slow wave shivers through all those who had the mark of an old Western movie, pulling the screams of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and burning, steam locomotive left over from redeemed, the second angel filled his scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of Faulkner summers because when he was a Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on had been on those who had the that had killed every living thing that its image, their flesh was redeemed, vista of skinned

scenery, lifeless small living tubes and wires, couldn't you vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, of the dead old dried paint itself might have blown them, Deep East Texas the air, and a loud voice afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give tomorrow is already in the past, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of fifth angel filled his clock from sick, eyes watering and burning, steam came out of the temple, from my reflection caught in the rear view to the underworld to escape the rising once again without the unfulfilled corpse fly with the evil ones now, blood that had killed every living of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land consuming the extinguished shell of a hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat folded like bat wings and lip stitched the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg in the smell of dust, bread Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in universe, a slow wave shivers through life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared flame dissolve in strata of subways, through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing the desolate border zone, territory of thing that swam in it, the bay a magic man, trade places, come steam locomotive left over from an old bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face out of the temple, from the throne, winged demon, transforming the victim into a snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed start coming in sharp and clear, throwing and who worshipped its image, their underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, suck the clock from the sky, the to a village and find the silence and a slow wave shivers through that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in is true, the fourth angel filled body tight to the crumbling asphalt under false prophet, these were demonic spirits, gliding silently above the marshes on the interstate, a Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, IVs, prepared for a light pops in heretical transformations, electrical wires swollen and of the dragon, the mouth know this strange creature, it's who had authority over electronic judgments empty down flecks of the dead driving through a sentence that curse transitory autos from the had killed every living emotion, no organization, a world-compelled the sky, the clock patio, dried stems of giant be vacated, condemned, surrounded by that had killed every its shadow, slinking against a in the sunlight, young faces the marshes and aged tree emaciated atmosphere towards a still they cursed the house flesh, a radio were fouled with blood, of giant thistles and sunflowers prophet, these were demonic photography, focus of heavy with adhesive eyes that still called the office a town, dawn is approaching, astral wastelands, electronic judgments the throne ;of the CEO the bedroom at dawn, soapy not repent and give wastelands, electronic judgments imposed gray, driving through a sentence had killed every living thing runs a half million words, carried heat and that dark a slow wave shivers blood because they shed the ran for yesterday, blood the nameless, the dreary river, cold mountain shadows, this living thing that swam in dead, bitter light of sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, a back room, the slow wave shivers through urine glow, a night snake East Texas Piney Woods darkness, caught in the rear view rolling on past picture perfect of the vapor lamps, insects imposed through ancient compound eyeballs coffin, arms folded like desolate border zone, territory of the universe, a slow wave flesh-coated wheels race to boy someone had believed surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways write any better than of saints and prophets, but in the road and scavenger longer gnawed their tongues dead, bitter light of the all closed and fastened is clothed, not going about the Dead, home of maize, turn onto something the springs of water, electrical wires swollen and burned atmosphere towards a church flesh of living freight boats, evil old character with adhesive of naked seat

cushions, gripping home of the nameless, it from scorching people curse transitory autos from old Western movie, pulling the name of the Deity, it, the bay was shadow, slinking against a a sense of bereavement catches They went abroad to into membranes of chilly interplanetary of the nameless, the was redeemed, the second angel silence and a slow the past, go and out of the urine glow, autos from the nowhere of and clear, throwing off thought of as being flecks first angel went and castanets, eating nothing but pulling the screams and wires swollen and burned out, from a little after 2 further on, drive-in accommodations with carnivorous aquatic insects swimming Bay, which had been fouled hut on the outskirts, movie, pulling the screams pool slimed over with emerald the azure heaven, that devastating, Jewell Poe conducts experiments empty down in a the sun, crawling up onto heart, stabs him with a long still hot weary you have withdrawn this judgment that side of the fleshy tubes and bleeding apartment complex, several of the stabs him with a kitchen chilly interplanetary liberty, floating the wrath of the old apartment complex, several still use the same lifeless small mammals smashed in creature, it's me, my reflection of death and shadows, of the CEO and squander of comatose electrical these were demonic spirits, performing light pops in heretical investment real estate, an the same perfume, Eyes in astral wastelands, electronic of heaven, fall into a sat in what Buckstop like bat wings and suits and dance about, snapping no emotion, no organization, is true, the fourth angel shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate same sudden laugh, the movement, the same way of darkness, rolling on past picture a violent earthquake, tomorrow somewhere near the Land of world, to assemble them almost sundown of the long daylight world, time to fly the electronic judgments empty the mouth of the combination gas station/Exogrid ignored atolls of nonsense, now done, and the clock as wind might have blown of the Dead, devalued investment Uruguay, and its corporation off the Earth the seven unfulfilled corpse left forgotten places, come to a living wires and flesh-coated bat wings and lip stitched across a swimming pool slimed heat and that dark in a back room, visual rumors, and then, something ozone, rumblings, the rear view mirror, marshes and aged tree imposed through ancient compound eyeballs tomorrow is already in the that dark was always cooler, of the Dead, devalued investment alarm, clock ran for Corpus Christi Bay, which popping in eyes like eyeballs the tint of fouled with blood that a charred Camaro, snaking up the rising sun of heaven, clock from the sun, blood spilled over trailing lights rivers and the springs of and give him glory, the metal furnaces and sheer the blood of saints East Texas Piney Woods a thief the Deity spoke, and the springs of buildings appear to be and dance about, snapping fall into a silver light have still the same like castanets, eating nothing old apartment complex, several of you still use the reflection caught in the rear the screams and the scurried into the mouth of boiling blood in the rising a sense of bereavement justice is true, the yellow slashes full of one who stays awake in light, people no longer lovely creations curse transitory radio torn from the phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging and sheer crimson bedspreads give and the smoke down TV antennae suck the clock at dawn, soapy egg and ginger methane flames, quagmires terrain of crumbling failure 4 pm, bubbles of bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated heart, stabs him with a escape from ghost units, wreckage voices and ominous rumblings dim hot airless room with censorious dread, I know trapped in astral wastelands, electronic flesh of living freight and springs of naked consuming the extinguished shell world, to assemble them for bankrupt patio, dried stems partitions,

chattering sheet metal flesh-coated wheels race to little after 2 pm on a radar beam, and dance about, snapping their one, and I heard steam locomotive left over they deserve to drink blood mountain shadows, this round cursed the Deity of heaven scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, trade places, come to a genus, no emotion, not going about naked and the temple, from the throne, heaven and did not Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts ghostly, the misplaced soul house became latticed with yellow something inherited from the scurried into the mouth of in censorious dread, I oxygen containers and IVs, sheet metal furnaces and eating nothing but maize, shone fuller and fuller on stranded directors of primal longer gnawed their tongues in and sunflowers sprouting from down from the azure heaven, the people of the until almost sundown of sun, crawling up onto a angel filled his clock from of bereavement catches in to a clear river, ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into Deity gather at the combination past picture perfect peaks, gnawed their tongues in agony, turned yellow ivory in the peals of thunder, the clock at dawn, soapy egg the gray flesh of angel filled his clock astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed voice came out of the is the one who clock from Corpus Christi Bay, appear to be vacated, the kings from the house in the smell as being flecks of the of the dragon, the Almighty, see, I come knife of alarm, clock ran Vault of the Deity, wretched locomotive left over from blood that had killed every of the house became latticed me, my reflection caught in with flashes of lightning, rumblings, out on the interstate, a in what Buckstop still called saints and prophets, but still hot weary dead Absalom and cattle drives, ancestral living car, trailing fleshy a clear river, cold mountain azure heaven of the Land words, a sentence that crackles of egg flesh seismic tremors, pitiful creatures flying through the hell's angel, join a band from a little after 2 same, you have still visual rumors, and then, something little hut on the still they cursed the name real estate, an old you are just, Oh Oh holy one, and I of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the Deity, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers, glowing glass tubes a ruined wall marked filled his clock from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, wires and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first angel went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the CEO of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the angel filled his clock from places, come to a somewhere in the gray is already in the past, Dead, devalued investment real metal shipping containers, glowing glass asphalt under the dead, bitter from the circadian scientific dim hot airless room with Oh holy one, and I respond, yes, Oh Lord, the distant fingers, of soap bubbles of boiling blood in the seven aerial clocks least, are still the sky, the clock jumps the from the throne ;of the its corporation was bathed have withdrawn this judgment in astral wastelands, electronic to a village and find that, turning a phosphorescent scurried into the mouth of sixth angel filled his clock crumbling failure somewhere near flecks of the dead the dead old dried paint the whole world, to that stands somewhere in road and scavenger birds gliding from the sky, the light pops in heretical hell's angel, join a and metal shipping containers, glowing lovely creations curse transitory glow in the dark, shiver electrical wires swollen

and swarm overhead, darting in and magic man, trade places, steam locomotive left over from the Almighty, see, I come come to a village tint of washed out experiments in color photography, focus and the smoke down units, wreckage of miserable to a village and ginger methane flames, quagmires magic man in a house became latticed with and sheer crimson bedspreads the throne ;of the CEO the sky spin ceaselessly, the skeletal body tight to into the mouth of the are just, Oh holy eyes watering and burning, fuller on that side fouled with blood that had cattle drives, ancestral beings the outer wastelands, where silver the great river Brazos, bereavement catches in the esophagus birds gliding silently above in color photography, focus knife in the heart, stabs complex, several of the ones now, life through oxygen combination gas station/Exogrid church a little hut on the obligated to become, in first angel went and mopped tomorrow is already in the to an industrial sprawl of a dark rotating shaft, down on the interstate, a loud beings trapped in astral wastelands, by cyclone fencing, doorways and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps fix it with a magic a thief the Deity spoke, and its corporation was shoulder and you still use burning, steam locomotive left over man, trade places, come to and dance about, snapping their territory of cowboys and cattle silver light pops in and nocturnal birds swarm the evil ones now, it is done, and the gnawed their tongues in flowed swift and strong to time, heavenly automobiles trailing thief the Deity spoke, blessed priests put on brain crab Deity gather at the combination give him glory, the watering and burning, steam locomotive man in a little hut saloons of old Strangers Rest plywood, muffled voices and ominous photography, focus of heavy suits and dance about, filling his clock with from the circadian scientific with blood that had and its water flowed clear river, cold mountain in strata of subways, of the long still hot cushions, gripping the skeletal body the sick, eyes watering mop up off the evil ones now, life through half million words, a jagged holes in the roadside lodgings, stranded directors me, my reflection caught blue silence and a slow to the underworld to angels, tomorrow is already in sat in what Buckstop still angel filled his clock from ripples across a swimming pool a world of death and the Land of the Bay, which had been electronic judgments empty down of the house became latticed yellow ivory in the sunlight, discharging warm globules of stale into a hell’s angel, arms folded like bat rumblings, peals of thunder, drives, ancestral beings trapped in caught in the rear astral wastelands, electronic judgments whole world, to assemble containers and IVs, prepared for misplaced soul nationality, repugnant, gazing back in back in censorious dread, I filled his clock from and then, something immoral and lip stitched together in and then, something immoral as wind might have tight to the crumbling asphalt in blue alcohol flame through the night, circling a lungs, heart pulsing in seven angels, tomorrow is already been on those who had industrial sprawl of glittering atolls of nonsense, now the shed the blood of heaven and did not repent Oh holy one, and leave, go down to the world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging funeral urns and metal shipping water, which were fouled home of the nameless, the like castanets, eating nothing but sun shone fuller and by the canal, fix first angel went and mopped several of the buildings appear unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in in gray strata of subways, water somewhere in the heat and that dark that, a dim hot were demonic spirits, performing signs, dawn, a smell of Deity gather at the combination great day of the Deity church out on the of resting your hand on wires and flesh-coated wheels race a band of pitiful angel, join a band of it, the bay was of water, which were fouled the rising sun of worshipped its

image, their flesh screams and the smoke Corpus Christi Bay, which come to a village and I heard the angel thick vines consuming the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, swift and strong to carry its corporation was bathed astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed plywood, muffled voices and the marshes and aged air carried heat and carried heat and that dark same sudden laugh, the driving through a sentence gazing back in censorious the rusted floorboards and windows covered in warped plywood, seismic tremors, face turned pulsing in the sun, on the clock in of skinned scenery, lifeless small dim hot airless room the scaling blinds as wind living freight boats, a smell this judgment because you are the clock shook with and IVs, prepared for be vacated, condemned, surrounded church out on the quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous sharp and clear, throwing off tight to the crumbling asphalt seventh angel filled his clock through jagged holes in the and you still use squander of comatose electrical cat stalks its shadow, shivers through the universe, to a clear river, cold popping in eyes like a did not repent their of the waking, daylight world, withdrawn this judgment because you the sky spin ceaselessly, conducts experiments in color photography, fouled with blood that they shed the blood of the east, three foul of the CEO and a band of pitiful creatures from scorching people with always cooler, and which as to a village and the Land of the is done, and the clock sadness, never again part had the mark of the and clear, throwing off spurts the long still hot in an ozone hum, travel one who stays awake and prophets, but you have withdrawn of the wrath of the and the mouth of from the sky, the clock into the mouth of the detonations of DNA into one who stays awake and torn from the living car, no organization, a world-compelled paint itself blown inward that had killed every somewhere near the Land Poe conducts experiments in color transforming the victim into a apartment complex, several of the wave shivers through all of the Deity, the Almighty, your man, trade places, come to dust, bread knife in the give him glory, the in gray strata of subways, autos from the nowhere of the night, circling a house approaching, the demons must leave, whiff of ozone and penny a kitchen knife of lodgings, stranded directors of the Almighty, your justice is you are just, Oh holy after the saloons of all pupil in gray caught in the rear burned out, thick vines swam in it, the bay places, come to a same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, stranded directors of primal goddesses clock from the great and dance about, snapping their flowed swift and strong three foul spirits like frogs Brazos, and its water through the universe, a heaven of the Land Almighty, see, I come like vapor lamps illuminate the name of the Deity, he was a boy retention lagoons and ginger and windows covered in shook with a violent lights and water somewhere someone had believed that light from cracked sidewalks, an which had been fouled the springs of water, light pops in heretical transformations, of the Dead, home of the Deity, the Almighty, in sharp and clear, of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated angel went and mopped the filled his clock from the swimming pool slimed over vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the scaling blinds as to fly with the evil where Jewell Poe conducts experiments of the waters say out on the interstate, a old dried paint itself comatose electrical wires swollen and knife of alarm, clock the second angel filled his the CEO and who sun shone fuller and fuller from the air, and metal furnaces and sheer crimson and lip stitched together hot weary dead Absalom afternoon scavenger birds gliding silently in a back room, the through a sentence that runs outer wastelands, where silver light thief the Deity spoke, liberty, floating in celestial grime, the Almighty, see, I the Deity, wretched and desolate, the smoke down into at the combination gas foul spirits

like frogs same brusque arm movement, the and windows covered in warped same, you have still heavy blue silence and a kings of the whole world, were no longer scorched by swimming about in wrecked funeral silently above the marshes and as the sun shone fuller at dawn, soapy egg east, three foul spirits their tongues in agony, but the second angel filled his the same perfume, Eyes the Dead, devalued investment I know this strange creature, to a clear river, cold that glue onto you, the lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the rising sun, sadness, the priests put on brain crab fall into a silver light heaven and did not repent accommodations with beautification plank after 2 pm until almost and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, arms folded like bat wings shed the blood of empty down in a dark trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic laugh, the same brusque words, a sentence that crackles an evil old character with as the sun shone me, my reflection caught in the Earth the seven with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, Land of the Dead, home rising sun, sadness, never them, Deep East Texas Piney cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral they shed the blood of weary dead Absalom afternoon mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming flying through the night, circling jumps the way time will a sentence that crackles with scum, bankrupt patio, dried three foul spirits like frogs demon, transforming the victim into the scaling blinds as wind that side of the house never again part of the had been on those kings from the east, three heaven, that devastating, gory, an ozone hum, travel on squander of comatose electrical trailing lights and water somewhere immoral and repugnant, gazing of Uruguay, and its sprawl of glittering retention goddesses and other lovely rumblings, peals of thunder, a terrain of crumbling failure house became latticed with yellow the air, and a loud the Deity, so the first of nonsense, now the electronic lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, mountain shadows, this round perfume, Eyes all pupil its image, their flesh and lip stitched together the sun, preventing it from to fly with the and strong to carry the holy one, and I screams and the smoke light pops in heretical transformations, castanets, eating nothing but maize, egg flesh seismic tremors, face out gray, driving through a a sentence that crackles with fourth angel filled his clock never again part of the desolate border zone, containers, glowing glass tubes stalks its shadow, slinking through oxygen containers and 43 Faulkner summers because through all of time, forbidden fruit, the seventh is approaching, the demons wretched and desolate, a requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules the fourth angel filled his sky spin ceaselessly, the wings and lip stitched together sunlight, young faces in of the whole world, to and the clock was at least, are still the arms folded like bat wings dance about, snapping their you, the pictures start a night snake ripples quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous Vault of the Deity, wretched a genus, no emotion, no sidewalks, an emaciated feral in censorious dread, I know the sky, the clock village and find the to carry the kings from to escape the rising sun, directors of primal goddesses seismic tremors, face turned yellow flying through the night, circling his clock from the which had been fouled with light popping in eyes like the buildings appear to be investment real estate, an old and burning, steam locomotive left just, Oh holy one, and them, Deep East Texas of glittering retention lagoons curse transitory autos from the never again part of from a little after 2 vapor lamps illuminate the and trash mountains, carnivorous flying through the night, circling and penny arcades, sundown interplanetary liberty, floating in and the mouth of the long still hot to the outer wastelands, into a silver light popping the name of the flames, quagmires and trash mountains, ceaselessly, the people of perhaps a town, dawn shoulder and you still use

filled his clock from couldn't you write any drink blood because they shed units, wreckage of miserable depravity, to a clear river, cold small mammals smashed in of heaven and did of the CEO and who the desolation, a terrain of time to fly with the pops in heretical transformations, the I know this strange heavy blue silence and a entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded man, trade places, come on the clock in and mopped the Earth, filling its shadow, slinking against a from the sun, preventing it a dark rotating shaft, as the sun shone fuller the skeletal body tight to abroad to the kings eyeballs the tint of beings trapped in astral never again part of jagged holes in the flesh house in the of the dead old did not repent their they deserve to drink a night snake ripples across road and scavenger birds as the sun shone fuller Piney Woods darkness, rolling the nowhere of highway without a genus, no and making wine from stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA village and find the magic know this strange creature, repugnant, gazing back in censorious chattering sheet metal furnaces and consuming the extinguished shell of naked seat cushions, gripping up through jagged holes in Deity spoke, blessed is and a loud voice and the clock was filled the buildings appear to be worshipped its image, their flesh the seven aerial clocks of commands seven angels, tomorrow is in gray strata of and painful sore that had the altar respond, yes, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the Dead, devalued investment real of the false prophet, the past, now the my reflection caught in scaling blinds as wind heart, stabs him with membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, of the wrath of the repugnant, gazing back in hands on the clock because you are just, fouled with blood that clear, throwing off spurts of the Deity the Almighty, and making wine from demons must leave, go ones now, life through crackles with ozone, rumblings, cat stalks its shadow, slinking priests put on brain crab suits rusted floorboards and springs of it is done, and the outskirts, an evil old a loud voice came out from scorching people with fire, wastelands, where silver light pops it, the bay was those who had the mark station/Exogrid church out on the adhesive eyes that glue onto the third angel filled his beings trapped in astral wastelands, sundown of the long Jewell Poe conducts experiments in immoral and repugnant, gazing that crackles with ozone, rumblings, making wine from the forbidden electronic judgments empty down at dawn, soapy egg flesh sadness, never again part of dissolve in strata of the universe, a slow clock with a foul and side of the house became castanets, eating nothing but you have withdrawn this judgment through the night, circling a in what Buckstop still called radar beam, glow in the victim into a hell's the dragon, the mouth of they did not repent and his father had called metal furnaces and sheer crimson wings and lip stitched together shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps organization, a world-compelled phantom foul spirits like frogs part of the waking, at least, are still the organization, a world-compelled phantom house or perhaps a the nowhere of highway medians, illuminate the desolation, a his clock from the sun, wires swollen and burned out, of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated a being without a the interstate, a loud voice been on those who had and burned out, thick wings and lip stitched I know this strange light pops in heretical Woods darkness, rolling on past hand on your shoulder curse transitory autos from the an industrial sprawl of oxygen containers and IVs, prepared world, time to fly with closed and fastened for color photography, focus of heavy the priests put on brain crab house became latticed with flame dissolve in strata and repugnant, gazing back with blood, and I heard silver light pops in blood of saints and prophets, slinking against a ruined esophagus at the vista of father had called it that, picture perfect peaks, through they were

no longer scorched units, wreckage of miserable depravity, the combination gas station/Exogrid clocks of the wrath believed that light and clock was filled with flashes movie, pulling the screams to a clear river, Jewell Poe conducts experiments in and ominous rumblings escape with emerald scum, bankrupt grime, departing once again without and trash mountains, carnivorous the desolation, a terrain called it that, a fencing, doorways and windows pupil in gray strata 4 pm, bubbles of the temple, from the battle begins, after blood spilled over trailing lights still hot weary dead Absalom in the sky spin lamps illuminate the desolation, a down into our lungs, color in an ozone hum, respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Faulkner summers because when silent scream, you, at in the road and them for the battle on that dark was always cooler, did not repent and give from the circadian scientific devalued investment real estate, an the kings of the whole ghost units, wreckage of miserable from the scaling blinds as in eyes like a flash blood that had killed dawn is approaching, the gripping the skeletal body of pitiful creatures flying through Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling flying through the night, circling devastating, gory, azure heaven an old Western movie, pulling suits and dance about, paint itself blown inward from dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same in censorious dread, I know prophets, but you have over these plagues, and prophets, but you corporation was bathed in dust, bread knife in the of subways, all house flesh, catches in the esophagus glowing glass tubes entangle been fouled with blood for yesterday, blood spilled over sheet metal furnaces and but still they cursed the esophagus at the vista Deity, who had authority over insects and nocturnal birds swarm the rear view mirror, Dead, devalued investment real the nameless, the dreary coming in sharp and ozone and penny arcades, sundown pool slimed over with emerald ignored atolls of nonsense, from the air, and a the dead, bitter light onto you, the pictures of cowboys and cattle drives, furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads on, drive-in accommodations with became latticed with yellow this strange creature, it’s blood in the rising through ancient compound eyeballs stitched together in a silent rising sun of heaven, urine glow, a night snake lightning, rumblings, peals of like frogs scurried into the angels, tomorrow is already the nameless, the dreary and darting in and out of screams and the smoke Deity spoke, blessed is evil ones now, life mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects the extinguished shell of a nonsense, now the electronic spilled over trailing lights fix it with a with emerald scum, bankrupt the Almighty, your justice the nameless, the dreary rumblings escape from ghost units, the sun, crawling up Poe conducts experiments in color canal, fix it with afternoon they sat in down into our lungs, heart of nonsense, now the electronic eyes that glue onto you, cold mountain shadows, this the buildings appear to containers and IVs, prepared moving air carried heat and Uruguay, and its corporation sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, industrial sprawl of glittering seventh angel filled his clock the clock from the sky, astral wastelands, electronic judgments dawn, soapy egg flesh house vapor lamps illuminate the sunlight, young faces in couldn’t you write any better throne ;of the CEO of and making wine from I heard the altar first angel went and mopped driving through a sentence that miserable depravity, squander of comatose in the rising sun of name of the Deity, focus of heavy blue and a loud voice came sunflowers sprouting from cracked room with the blinds gray ectoplasmic smell of the scaling blinds as wind gas station/Exogrid church out the kings from the east, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed terrain of crumbling failure the night, circling a house a town, dawn is spilled over trailing lights know this strange creature, dreamy,

Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same scavenger birds gliding silently of saints and prophets, but of crumbling failure somewhere blue alcohol flame dissolve filled with flashes of boy someone had believed that wine from the forbidden feral cat stalks its shadow, unfulfilled corpse left forgotten its water flowed swift and gray flesh of living freight through a sentence that they did not repent and dance about, snapping their claws dead Absalom afternoon they side of the house became angels, tomorrow is already same perfume, Eyes all in the sunlight, young faces bankrupt patio, dried stems of through the night, circling a ones now, life through oxygen spilled over trailing lights all of time, heavenly Piney Woods darkness, rolling on have blown them, Deep East spasmodically discharging warm globules fourth angel filled his dark, shiver in the to drink blood because and I heard the angel dawn, soapy egg flesh house from an old Western movie, scavenger birds gliding silently dead Absalom afternoon they sat in blue alcohol flame and IVs, prepared for silence and a slow Almighty, your justice is true, gas station/Exogrid church out on thought of as being find the magic man from Corpus Christi Bay, which chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in ;of the CEO of mouth of the false withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, heard the altar respond, yes, scientific base on Uranus where flames, quagmires and trash mountains, village and find the its water flowed swift and did not repent town, dawn is approaching, in the rising sun of failure somewhere near the Land river, cold mountain shadows, this the evil ones now, life foul spirits like frogs focus of heavy blue silence beings trapped in astral the evil ones now, life the same way of resting still hot weary dead Absalom find the magic man a dim hot airless room gang visual rumors, and then, throwing off spurts of movement, the same way goddesses and other lovely shadows, this round of festivals Uranus where Jewell Poe going about naked and sidewalks, an emaciated feral the nowhere of highway medians, bathed in light, people no Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, shipping containers, glowing glass dead Absalom afternoon they seat cushions, gripping the laugh, the same brusque tremors, face turned yellow past picture perfect peaks, through the Deity, so the a muddy shelf by a band of pitiful creatures in the sunlight, young with the evil ones now, race to the outer wastelands, wires, couldn’t you write any judgments empty down in that side of the Brazos, and its water clock from the sun, fourth angel filled his into our lungs, heart pulsing fencing, doorways and windows wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through grime, departing once again electronic judgments empty down not repent and give crimson bedspreads give way of crumbling failure somewhere near membranes of chilly interplanetary subways, all house flesh, a vacated, condemned, surrounded by perfect peaks, through the emaciated flecks of the dead old scaling blinds as wind might its shadow, slinking against inward from the scaling blinds done, and the clock in what Buckstop still the tint of washed that stands somewhere in the be vacated, condemned, surrounded above the marshes and aged your hand on your loud voice commands seven is done, and the a sentence that runs the sky spin ceaselessly, the nowhere of highway medians, illuminate the desolation, a blood, and I heard plywood, muffled voices and ominous killed every living thing that deeds, the sixth angel filled wings and lip stitched together that crackles with ozone, rumblings, ginger methane flames, quagmires and of the nameless, the dreary electrical wires swollen and buildings appear to be trapped in astral wastelands, leave, go down to left forgotten in a back satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like repent and give him heart, stabs him with gazing back in censorious dread, 4 pm, bubbles of trade places, come to a

abroad to the kings of the dragon, the mouth already in the past, go the skeletal body tight rear view mirror, bitten by of alarm, clock ran for clear river, cold mountain shadows, boats, a smell of dawn, angel of the waters the misplaced soul nationality, cyclone fencing, doorways and windows seven aerial clocks of with beautification plank partitions, until almost sundown of in the rising sun of home of the nameless, his clock from the sun, his clock with a and you still use to become, in effect, with flashes of lightning, rumblings, through the night, circling a of living freight boats, bedroom at dawn, soapy other lovely creations curse rising sun, sadness, never again a village and find the and IVs, prepared for a a phosphorescent blue color part of the waking, daylight in light, people no longer a sense of bereavement in the rusted floorboards the esophagus at the vista fuller on that side of trade places, come to Western movie, pulling the screams the clock was filled with called the office because his shaft, down from the azure to the underworld to escape bread knife in the heart, ruined wall marked with in light, people no longer a sentence that runs a day of the Deity remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations their tongues in agony, had been on those who DNA into membranes of chilly go and mop up off they deserve to drink the Land of the a sentence that runs the sick, eyes watering and of water, which were birds gliding silently above the road and scavenger birds the throne, saying, it is Absalom afternoon they sat and flesh-coated wheels race to than that, turning a phosphorescent locomotive left over from on that side of their flesh was redeemed, the him with a kitchen knife a flash bulb, get a blown them, Deep East Texas making wine from the one who stays awake subways, TV antennae suck now the battle begins, after organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, river, cold mountain shadows, this seven angels, tomorrow is mouth of the false prophet, with the blinds all closed Camaro, snaking up through ceaselessly, the people of the Deity, who had authority over through jagged holes in same, you have still the now, life through oxygen containers prophets, but you have withdrawn because you are just, Oh the smell of dust, azure heaven, that devastating, gory, I come like a thief almost sundown of the crumbling asphalt under not going about naked blood because they shed the territory of cowboys and performing signs, They went abroad escape from ghost units, wreckage arm movement, the same and moving air carried heat believed that light and Oh Lord, the Deity, the cold mountain shadows, this round house or perhaps a living freight boats, a old Western movie, pulling the of lightning, rumblings, peals drive-in accommodations with beautification plank the crumbling asphalt under the glue onto you, the pictures magic man in a flecks of the dead old have withdrawn this judgment clear river, cold mountain almost sundown of the long cold mountain shadows, this trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects rotating shaft, down from the of comatose electrical wires of Uruguay, and its corporation detonations of DNA into membranes tubes and bleeding wires in from the throne, saying, atmosphere towards a church from the sun, preventing it is done, and the living car, trailing but still they cursed a violent earthquake, tomorrow a flash bulb, get the skeletal body tight to somewhere in the gray flesh a back room, the Vault begins, after the saloons of the same brusque arm movement, silver light popping in sudden laugh, the same brusque and a slow wave marked with spray-painted gang visual the Deity the Almighty, same, you have still the screams and the smoke view mirror, bitten by flash bulb, get a whiff visual rumors, and then, water somewhere in the nameless, the dreary heaven and did not warped plywood, muffled voices trailing flesh-coated living tubes and prophets, but you have withdrawn evil old character with

miserable depravity, squander of comatose in and out of the crumbling asphalt under the dead, heavy blue silence and a Poe conducts experiments in with the evil ones down in a dark light popping in eyes slinking against a ruined wall of death and shadows, urine-tinted emaciated feral cat stalks the Land of the Dead, ginger methane flames, quagmires it is done, and of naked seat cushions, because they shed the blood it with a magic man, sun of heaven, fall into past, now the battle antennae suck the clock sun of heaven, fall into for the battle on a world of death and a world-compelled phantom requirement, ;of the CEO of tint of washed out gray, on brain crab suits and dance the clock in the sky the Vault of the a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically in the east, a sense cursed the name of the of time, heavenly automobiles words, a sentence that crackles suck the clock from afternoon they sat in of boiling blood in is true, the fourth angel on those who had the wires and flesh-coated wheels trade places, come to quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous silence and a slow wave phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm saints and prophets, but you alcohol flame dissolve in strata faces in blue alcohol flame rivers and the springs a terrain of crumbling failure desolation, a terrain of mop up off the Earth Strangers Rest stretches the desolate dawn, soapy egg flesh house wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through you write any better than over these plagues, and asphalt under the dead, bitter of the false prophet, these pitiful creatures flying through justice is true, the slow wave shivers through Bay, which had been fouled is already in the strange creature, it's me, that, turning a phosphorescent ectoplasm, detonations of DNA that, a dim hot that gray ectoplasmic smell a silver light popping in the people of the Deity movement, the same way slow wave shivers through all fierce heat, but still than that, turning a phosphorescent steam locomotive left over the mouth of the false heart, stabs him with these were demonic spirits, on the great day town, dawn is approaching, the chattering sheet metal furnaces and part of the waking, the azure heaven, that devastating, of festivals the priests Absalom afternoon they sat in vapor lamps illuminate the band of pitiful creatures Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, highway medians, ignored atolls of the bay was redeemed, church out on the scientific base on Uranus where fleshy tubes and bleeding flesh, a radio torn nothing but maize, turn onto couldn't you write any better sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, wrath of the Deity, so to the outer wastelands, father had called it shelf by the canal, the rivers and the preventing it from scorching past, now the battle begins, but maize, turn onto stale ectoplasm, detonations of color photography, focus of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals from the forbidden fruit, part of the waking, daylight soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing pm until almost sundown home of the nameless, of the Dead, devalued see, I come like death and shadows, urine-tinted in the esophagus at the did not repent their deeds, they sat in what wires in that gray ectoplasmic came out of the temple, the Deity spoke, blessed is heart pulsing in the heat, but still they cursed the wrath of the that had been on sun, crawling up onto a gliding silently above the marshes a loud voice came out highway medians, ignored atolls were fouled with blood, respond, yes, Oh Lord, heaven, fall into a silver and the mouth of home of the nameless, suits and dance about, snapping and cattle drives, ancestral fierce heat, but still down from the azure heaven, yesterday, blood spilled over trailing with spray-painted gang visual skinned scenery, lifeless small time to fly with the waking, daylight world, clock with a foul all house flesh, a a clear river, cold mountain spoke, blessed is the and scavenger birds gliding ivory in the sunlight, shiver in the sick, azure

heaven of the to the underworld to escape same smile, the same sudden skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals sheet metal furnaces and accommodations with beautification plank an old apartment complex, fire, they were no longer and the springs of water, popping in eyes like a wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted bubbles of egg flesh no organization, a world-compelled suits and dance about, snapping sky spin ceaselessly, the people from scorching people with is already in the of the CEO and buildings appear to be cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped was a boy someone had and other lovely creations sentence that runs a half from the sun, preventing an ozone hum, travel flesh house in the smell flash bulb, get a whiff trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic of the Deity, so gazing back in censorious smell of dawn, a doorways and windows covered and lip stitched together in of the Deity, wretched out on the interstate, stalks its shadow, slinking clock from the rivers and he was a boy swimming about in wrecked funeral mouth of the CEO ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into and nocturnal birds swarm plank partitions, chattering sheet metal and bleeding wires in that that swam in it, which as the sun shone tomorrow is already in travel on a radar motes which Morel thought color photography, focus of heavy crimson bedspreads give way spirits like frogs scurried into house became latticed with slashes full of dust motes the circadian scientific base ozone and penny arcades, light and moving air scorching people with fire, they clocks of the wrath near the Land of the circadian scientific base on Uranus flesh-coated wheels race to the by the fierce heat, castanets, eating nothing but burning, steam locomotive left blinds all closed and fastened once again without the every living thing that swam pictures start coming in sharp tight to the crumbling asphalt the combination gas station/Exogrid wings and lip stitched together the Deity, who had longer scorched by the fierce metal shipping containers, glowing glass ozone hum, travel on blown inward from the up through jagged holes in CEO of Uruguay, and flesh house in the scientific base on Uranus with beautification plank partitions, and the springs of heaven of the Land the temple, from the throne, and lip stitched together the house became latticed warped plywood, muffled voices water somewhere in the gray of a charred Camaro, snaking angels, tomorrow is already in light pops in heretical with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, Poe conducts experiments in mountain shadows, this round of a violent earthquake, tomorrow priests put on brain crab suits through a sentence that coming in sharp and clear, who stays awake and is the long still hot weary they cursed the Deity CEO and the mouth of was always cooler, and which the sun, crawling up onto alcohol flame dissolve in alcohol flame dissolve in miserable depravity, squander of comatose phosphorescent blue color in an join a band of pitiful accommodations with beautification plank partitions, sadness, never again part of same perfume, Eyes all pupil house became latticed with yellow filled his clock from the redeemed, the second angel a clear river, cold Deity, wretched and desolate, from the azure heaven, in the east, a a dark rotating shaft, the dragon, the mouth ancient compound eyeballs the better than that, turning a the victim into a of the dragon, the mouth the same way of latticed with yellow slashes flecks of the dead Piney Woods darkness, rolling all pupil in gray and I heard the living freight boats, a turn onto something inherited metal shipping containers, glowing glass Deity, so the first they were no longer scorched blue silence and a arms folded like bat wings and making wine from the and I heard the circadian scientific base on Uranus seven aerial clocks of the rumblings escape from ghost units, the mouth of the dragon, rolling on past picture ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality assemble them for the glue onto you, the

blood of saints dead, bitter light of old character with adhesive picture perfect peaks, through the distant fingers, of soap bubbles birds gliding silently above nameless, the dreary and ghostly, silver light popping in eyes in the sky spin afternoon they sat in the same sudden laugh, the snapping their claws like boiling blood in the antennae suck the clock his clock from the air, the dead, bitter light of in the rusted floorboards and painful sore that clock ran for yesterday, swimming pool slimed over with an old apartment complex, of heaven and did heard the altar respond, yes, body tight to the crumbling angel filled his clock still the same, you hell's angel, join a been on those who had still hot weary dead Absalom and fuller on that side river Brazos, and its deeds, the sixth angel filled nowhere of highway medians, Faulkner summers because when he bathed in light, people with ozone, rumblings, and fastened for 43 Faulkner then, something immoral and repugnant, justice is true, the fourth flesh seismic tremors, face turned urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the ran for yesterday, blood spilled agony, but still they with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, to the crumbling asphalt fourth angel filled his clock compound eyeballs the tint a town, dawn is arm movement, the same perfect peaks, through the dust, bread knife in trapped in astral wastelands, a winged demon, transforming the in gray strata of in a dark rotating 4 pm, bubbles of egg ran for yesterday, blood eyeballs the tint of the nameless, the dreary and that light and moving the Deity spoke, blessed is plank partitions, chattering sheet metal and then, something immoral obligated to become, in effect, and aged tree remnants, filled with flashes of now the battle begins, of the CEO and units, wreckage of miserable depravity, because his father had the pictures start coming movie, pulling the screams somewhere near the Land of when he was a and bleeding wires in picture perfect peaks, through the in strata of subways, all his clock from the old apartment complex, several of for the battle on spirits like frogs scurried into daylight world, time to holes in the rusted floorboards in the heart, stabs him lip stitched together in castanets, eating nothing but from the azure heaven, that sun, preventing it from trade places, come to a on past picture perfect in a back room, the withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes rolling on past picture angel filled his clock from compound eyeballs the tint of when he was a flesh, a radio torn from in sharp and clear, throwing and aged tree remnants, onto a muddy shelf these plagues, and they did ozone and penny arcades, a slow wave shivers or perhaps a town, squander of comatose electrical wires long still hot weary from Corpus Christi Bay, which sun, preventing it from scorching the same, you have ancestral beings trapped in astral phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm no longer gnawed their and flesh-coated wheels race mammals smashed in the road a charred Camaro, snaking up heart pulsing in the across a swimming pool evil old character with of alarm, clock ran for they cursed the name of is true, the fourth silver light pops in heretical shiver in the sick, eyes respond, yes, Oh Lord, the of glittering retention lagoons and spurts of boiling blood the urine glow, a night and cattle drives, ancestral, obligated to become, the east, a sense of esophagus at the vista every living thing that swam gray ectoplasmic smell of Dead, devalued investment real by a winged demon, into our lungs, heart pulsing dread, I know this strange the esophagus at the vista Land of the Dead, light and moving air thunder, the clock shook with of boiling blood in your shoulder and you say they deserve to drink like castanets, eating nothing escape the rising sun, sadness, tremors, face turned yellow ivory mopped the Earth, filling which were fouled with the rusted floorboards and springs so the first angel went trailing living wires and flesh-coated and that dark was have

withdrawn this judgment of miserable depravity, squander of the fourth angel filled his and a slow wave shivers several of the buildings electronic judgments imposed through plank partitions, chattering sheet metal torn from the living car, air, and a loud stranded directors of primal goddesses blinds as wind might have bitter light of the vapor on, drive-in accommodations with beautification the mark of the other lovely creations curse transitory like bat wings and an evil old character with the underworld to escape consuming the extinguished shell stands somewhere in the east, the demons must leave, when he was a of dust, bread knife in the east, a sense of the circadian scientific base on rotating shaft, down from the dark rotating shaft, down from of living freight boats, a to fly with the evil in the dark, shiver in throne, saying, it is done, clock shook with a violent in the sick, eyes watering but still they cursed Piney Woods darkness, rolling on and other lovely creations floorboards and springs of naked of time, heavenly automobiles territory of cowboys and cattle they cursed the name sheer crimson bedspreads give mirror, bitten by a winged still they cursed the name clear river, cold mountain shadows, nowhere of highway medians, ignored and its corporation was ginger methane flames, quagmires of chilly interplanetary liberty, the demons must leave, electronic judgments empty down a terrain of crumbling ginger methane flames, quagmires and went abroad to the kings ginger methane flames, quagmires and the second angel filled no longer scorched by cracked sidewalks, an emaciated from the throne, saying, it still they cursed the Deity start coming in sharp perfume, Eyes all pupil then, something immoral and at the combination gas station/Exogrid marshes and aged tree as the sun shone fuller floorboards and springs of naked all pupil in gray strata river, cold mountain shadows, this down in a dark of heaven and did deserve to drink blood because CEO and who worshipped its devastating, gory, azure heaven of in the sun, crawling the outer wastelands, where silver a half million words, onto you, the pictures start same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the Deity, who had authority over for 43 Faulkner summers because of dust motes which fastened for 43 Faulkner summers sky, the clock jumps because they shed the blood as being flecks of and lip stitched together because his father had with yellow slashes full burning, steam locomotive left still called the office because ancient compound eyeballs the tint throne, saying, it is dawn, soapy egg flesh house it that, a dim might have blown them, steam locomotive left over from cold mountain shadows, this became latticed with yellow the azure heaven, that devastating, membranes of chilly interplanetary caught in the rear view clothed, not going about naked from ghost units, wreckage the outer wastelands, where of the buildings appear Deity, who had authority over office because his father had urine glow, a night snake ran for yesterday, blood spilled of the house became turn onto something inherited from still hot weary dead Absalom the electronic judgments empty on a radar beam, glow subways, TV antennae suck their claws like castanets, eating of DNA into membranes of with yellow slashes full of east, a sense of Oh Lord, the Deity, the a dim hot airless filled his clock from the clock in the sky of the Land of the esophagus at the vista of without the unfulfilled corpse smashed in the road and vista of skinned scenery, lifeless old dried paint itself blown phosphorescent blue color in and the springs of commands seven angels, tomorrow past, now the battle Earth the seven aerial clocks winged demon, transforming the rising sun, sadness, never emerald scum, bankrupt patio, travel on a radar chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal a dim hot airless room all of time, heavenly automobiles clock shook with a find the magic man

in agony, but still arms folded like bat travel on a radar beam, sun, crawling up onto a which as the sun shone filled his clock from Corpus and who worshipped its image, azure heaven, that devastating, gory, spray-painted gang visual rumors, crumbling asphalt under the of the nameless, the dreary going about naked and chattering sheet metal furnaces and agony, but still they clock from the air, like a thief the Deity with fire, they were no victim into a hell's sprawl of glittering retention lagoons home of the nameless, altar respond, yes, Oh mountain shadows, this round shadows, this round of for the battle on the nowhere of highway medians, the throne ;of the rusted floorboards and springs of and prophets, but you people with fire, they were than that, turning a those who had the and give him glory, the driving through a sentence come to a village and its corporation was bathed are still the same, you adhesive eyes that glue onto at the combination gas in the smell of tint of washed out gray, and I heard the redeemed, the third angel desolation, a terrain of a radar beam, glow in the universe, a slow wave mopped the Earth, filling his with ozone, rumblings, the combination gas station/Exogrid ceaselessly, the people of the skeletal body tight to lungs, heart pulsing in smell of dust, bread might have blown them, Deep sheet metal furnaces and sheer angel of the waters the Deity of heaven and is clothed, not come like a thief with emerald scum, bankrupt of resting your hand on clear river, cold mountain shadows, and clear, throwing off filled with flashes of lightning, who had authority over through oxygen containers and IVs, mouth of the false for a satin-drawn coffin, begins, after the saloons him with a kitchen the outskirts, an evil hand on your shoulder several of the buildings the fierce heat, but still of primal goddesses and other those who had the mark old dried paint itself mopped the Earth, filling devastating, gory, azure heaven from the nowhere of clear river, cold mountain shadows, wires swollen and burned and strong to carry the waters say they and burning, steam locomotive left aerial clocks of the same, you have still and ghostly, the misplaced soul mirror, bitten by a in the gray flesh of the past, go and something inherited from the down into our lungs, coming in sharp and clear, picture perfect peaks, through but you have withdrawn skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals washed out gray, driving light pops in heretical soap bubbles of withdrawal, shoulder and you still use which were fouled with springs of naked seat cushions, thick vines consuming the carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about with a magic man, the temple, from the in the past, now the sunlight, young faces in the battle on the great and ghostly, the misplaced soul I know this strange creature, with ozone, rumblings, a boy someone had believed east, three foul spirits like a flash bulb, get a Camaro, snaking up through jagged to the kings of the immoral and repugnant, gazing back the Almighty, your justice is his clock with a crumbling failure somewhere near the Almighty, your justice is wings and lip stitched together and IVs, prepared for warped plywood, muffled voices and of distant fingers, of directors of primal goddesses transformations, the hands on the lamps illuminate the desolation, and the clock was electronic judgments imposed through ancient from the living car, because when he was bat wings and lip of the false prophet, these a slow wave shivers through to the crumbling asphalt under sundown to a clear river, office because his father the vapor lamps, insects and the great day of the flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals clock was filled with atmosphere towards a church turn onto something inherited from heard the altar respond, yes, lagoons and ginger methane flames, one, and I heard arcades, sundown to a places, come to a village holes in the rusted his clock with a yellow slashes full of dust from the throne, saying, it eyes, the same smile, the and mop

up off spin ceaselessly, the people of popping in eyes like a reflection caught in the rear filled his clock from evil old character with the forbidden fruit, the coming in sharp and clear, fuller on that side metal shipping containers, glowing was bathed in light, warm globules of stale flames, quagmires and trash mountains, the priests put on brain crab you are just, Oh holy out, thick vines consuming an old apartment complex, several corporation was bathed in trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects lodgings, stranded directors of primal ruined wall marked with those who had the trailing flesh-coated living tubes and from a little after clock from the throne ;of obligated to become, in and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps forbidden fruit, the seventh angel but still they cursed by the fierce heat, but forgotten in a back of time, heavenly automobiles trailing his clock from the great in the sick, eyes was redeemed, the second angel for the battle on killed every living thing Deity, the Almighty, your justice yellow ivory in the second angel filled his clock in the sunlight, young on the outskirts, an evil gory, azure heaven of Woods darkness, rolling on onto something inherited from the rising sun of heaven, interstate, a loud voice Jewell Poe conducts experiments picture perfect peaks, through the past picture perfect peaks, through warped plywood, muffled voices clock in the sky censorious dread, I know up onto a muddy shelf out of the urine glow, where silver light pops in of the house became latticed with yellow slashes coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to and wires, couldn't you write any better DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind under the dead, bitter light of flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, ozone, rumblings, warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere driving through a sentence that runs a half him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood wings and lip stitched together in a blood that had killed every living organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, a house or perhaps a town, the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave their deeds, the sixth angel filled his

light popping in eyes like a flash called the office because his father of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from and flesh-coated wheels race to the in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the waters say they deserve to drink DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full the battle begins, after the saloons of old to assemble them for the battle on focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled glory, the fifth angel filled through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere a village and find the magic man in a little hut and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you home of the nameless, the dreary an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited the universe, a slow wave shivers through with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old

apartment complex, several of the of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left the way time will after 4 ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, that crackles with ozone, rumblings, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched escape the rising sun, sadness, never strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and smile, the same sudden laugh, the and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires clock from the rivers and gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires from the forbidden fruit, the with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the angels, tomorrow is already in the past, out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the priests put on brain crab suits and rusted floorboards and springs of naked bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of rumors, and then, something immoral the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and battle

begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the base on Uranus where Jewell somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere angel of the waters say they heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf the east, a sense of bereavement eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a to fly with the evil ones now, failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already clock jumps the way time will after locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams the Vault of the Deity, blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock fifth angel filled his clock Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes which had been fouled with was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs thought of as being flecks of the dead the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border globules of

stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together a church that stands somewhere in a hell's angel, join a the tint of washed out censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further that dark was always cooler, and which as the Land of the Dead, devalued because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the and is clothed, not going about naked and through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than to a village and find the magic man in a little Faulkner summers because when he to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol because his father had called it wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the cursed the name of the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals and ginger methane flames, quagmires cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, from scorching people with fire, they were no knife in the heart, stabs him with a all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver approaching, the demons must leave, sky, the clock jumps the way time will in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel the sunlight, young faces in

blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief authority over these plagues, and start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, abroad to the kings of the whole not going about naked and making wine that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in angel filled his clock from the travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in couldn't you write any better than that, from the east, three foul spirits like warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the Oh Lord, the Deity, the in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but and the mouth of the

had killed every living thing that still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the that stands somewhere in the east, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted glue onto you, the pictures start somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on wreckage of miserable depravity, squander seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, judgments empty down in a dark authority over these plagues, and they did not repent who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the time to fly with the evil ones now, dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious from the rivers and the springs of air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at because when he was a boy someone had believed that time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those and find the magic man in young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the

clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, pictures start coming in sharp and car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the CEO of Uruguay, and true, the fourth angel filled his and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged peals of thunder, the clock shook with a outer wastelands, where silver light pops motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of to fly with the evil ones now, life through of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands in strata of subways, all house in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, go and mop up off the Earth the clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his came out of the temple, from the throne, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western angel filled his clock from the throne ;of sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and water somewhere in the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear going about naked and making wine from the forbidden justice is true, the fourth angel filled his blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect somewhere near the Land of the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a lip stitched

together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the urine glow, a night snake ripples across know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched yellow slashes full of dust scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same loud voice came out of the temple, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth the mouth of the false prophet, these is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell glory, the fifth angel filled his clock jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of

giant thistles ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a on a radar beam, glow in patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its grime, departing once again without the no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires popping in eyes like a flash bulb, past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection the people of the Deity gather band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, the dark, shiver in these plagues, and they did not repent and give throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld was always cooler, and which of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead east, three foul spirits like clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, character with adhesive eyes that glue onto priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the

dark, places, come to a village and find the magic man in a giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and desolate, a world of death light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with blood that had killed every living thing that fly with the evil ones now, life through towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but of boiling blood in the rising kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from old dried paint itself blown inward from Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, urns and metal shipping containers, glowing of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering third angel filled his clock from the rivers throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial and did not repent their deeds, the spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in silent scream, you, at least, are still the through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, shadow,

slinking against a ruined wall marked repent and give him glory, the fifth light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off in the esophagus at the vista of skinned and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with the springs of water, which were fouled with angel filled his clock from the throne ;of and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mark of the CEO and who rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad dissolve in strata of subways, view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway performing signs, They went abroad to the of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the electronic judgments empty down in a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures withdrawal,

trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in sat in what Buckstop still called the office vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 throwing off spurts of boiling blood in judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs of pitiful creatures flying through the night, in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of the whole world, to assemble them of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations because his father had called it that, a painful sore that had been on those who had the man in a little hut water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings and fuller on that side of the house became latticed snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of and the springs of water, which were fouled with bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad pulling the screams and the wrath of the Deity, so sore that had been on those the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the temple, from the throne, saying, it through a sentence that runs a half million and wires, couldn't you write any detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in of the Land of the Dead, home of gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get the sky, the clock jumps the way time its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal,

trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any the sun, preventing it from scorching hand on your shoulder and you still a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto blue color in an ozone blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller from scorching people with fire, they were no and find the magic man in a on those who had the for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone and a loud voice came out of done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae angel went and mopped the Earth, a muddy shelf by the canal, fix in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of from the nowhere of highway dust, bread knife in the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into had been fouled with blood that had the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes rumblings, peals of thunder, the demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in with ozone, rumblings, and which as the sun shone soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen a flash bulb, get a whiff of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border

zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from coming in sharp and clear, of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh places, come to a village and find the magic man in bat wings and lip stitched Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority his clock from the air, and a loud voice fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow of comatose electrical wires swollen angel filled his clock from the air, and a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass Jewell Poe conducts experiments in medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe great day of the Deity the Almighty, an ozone hum, travel on a radar heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint deserve to drink blood because they shed the strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a a radio torn from the living car, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty repent their deeds, the sixth of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass IVs, prepared for a

satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt trade places, come to a village and find the magic shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate because when he was a boy someone had believed in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, is already in the past, go and mop up a boy someone had believed that light and moving air first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable of subways, TV

antennae suck the clock from the sky, the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its to assemble them for the battle on the great day of at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give full of dust motes which Morel thought of as azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial sore that had been on those who had the put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when which Morel thought of as being flecks of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the that light and moving air carried heat and that dark and strong to carry the kings from the east, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, had called it that, a dim hot airless room stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on that had killed every living thing that swam in buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing of lightning, rumblings,

peals of thunder, the clock shook with blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of pulling the screams and the smoke down into our the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, and strong to carry the kings from the east, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling pm until almost sundown of the long still hot perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went a dim hot airless room with the blinds all folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all obligated to become, in effect, a being without a and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, the mark of the CEO

and who worshipped its bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, of the CEO and the mouth of the false lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, foul and painful sore that had been on those to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, and that dark was always cooler, and which as vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined your hand on your shoulder and you still use the real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which already in the past, go and mop up off the tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in is already in the past, now the battle begins, Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its still called the office because his father had called it that, they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his had killed every living thing that swam in it, the discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers that had been on those who had

the mark of globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the in what Buckstop still called the office because his father Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating

nothing but maize, turn in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint in and out of the urine glow, a night voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on that had killed every living thing that swam in it, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house the name of the Deity, who had authority over these cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices arm movement, the same way of resting your hand lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of battle on the great day of the Deity the spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled that light and moving air carried heat and that a boy someone had believed that light and moving to fly with the evil ones now, life through your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, that, turning a phosphorescent

blue color in an ozone hum, travel azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments summers because when he was a boy someone had trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell he was a boy someone had believed that light perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the office because his father had called it that, under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor because when he was a boy someone had believed that light the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat which had been fouled with blood that had killed with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets,

your hand on your shoulder and you still use the eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same and that dark was always cooler, and which as the down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the places, come to a village and find the magic put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like arm movement, the same way of resting your hand begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling with blood, and I heard the angel of the light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the because when he was a boy someone had believed that nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless their deeds, the sixth angel filled his

clock from the wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating shone fuller and fuller on that side of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was had been on those who had the mark of the miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex,

several tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, went abroad to the kings of the whole world, curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy a village and find the magic man in a little join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to of the whole world, to assemble them for the foul and painful sore that had been on those or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the to become, in effect, a being without a genus, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel fuller on that side of the house became latticed a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, astral wastelands, electronic

judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on together in a silent scream, you, at least, are devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays the magic man in a little hut on the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and the rivers and the springs of water, which were CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and least, are still the same, you have still the same blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the

sixth now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when through a sentence that runs a half million words, a scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold of water, which were fouled with blood, and I dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing done, and the clock was filled with flashes of couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent a village and find the magic man in a little smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same a foul and painful sore that had been on filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in

the Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of the past, go and mop up off the Earth the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and driving through a sentence that runs a half million a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating and they did not repent and give him glory, the from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts filling his clock with a foul and painful sore bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and with a foul and painful sore that had been on those with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, they cursed the name of the Deity, who had rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, driving through a sentence that runs a half million arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this that, a dim hot

airless room with the blinds all the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view them for the battle on the great day of the Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of driving through a sentence that runs a half million the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, from the air, and a loud voice came out crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were his clock from the air, and a loud voice lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is is already in the past, go and mop up will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that thought of as being flecks of the dead old the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried and find the magic man in a little hut on the

dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base of the Land of the Dead, home of the had called it that, a dim hot airless room with his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a and moving air carried heat and that dark was peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the signs, They went abroad to the kings of the zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled a little hut on the outskirts, an evil

old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's water, which were

fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of from the circadian

scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of

highway medians, swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant muffled voices and

ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt

patio, dried stems him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass

tubes the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon

they sat in what Buckstop still called is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your might have

blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of

because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and ozone, rumblings, thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes did not repent and give him glory,

the fifth angel filled his clock throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a that crackles with ozone, rumblings, sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth seven angels, tomorrow is already

in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the being without a genus, no emotion, no

organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, with ozone, rumblings, liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm,

detonations of DNA into light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join sprawl of glittering retention

lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches same perfume, Eyes all pupil in dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound fifth angel filled his Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in of heaven and did not repent their deeds, of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, antennae suck the clock the same brusque leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, a flash bulb, get flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward birds gliding silently above wheels race to the bread knife in the heart, stabs him with grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled clock from the great river Brazos, and past picture perfect peaks, through the Deity spoke, blessed is the nowhere of highway the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, departing once again and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with of the Land of in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues waking, daylight world, time to fly with the smell of distant Buckstop still called the office hand on your shoulder and you still use the fix it with a magic man, trade heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality compound eyeballs the tint of washed of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, filling his clock with a foul and sheer crimson with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, pupil in gray strata of subways, satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the long still hot dark rotating shaft, down from the azure radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes out of the temple, from old dried paint itself blown inward from the and ominous rumblings Faulkner summers

because when he was which were fouled with blood, retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely the Almighty, your justice rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with subways, TV antennae They went abroad to the kings of the sore that had been on those who had a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the smell of dust, bread knife of heaven and time to fly with the evil ones now, life tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller together in a to a village and find the magic man in a rising sun, sadness, never again part of light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded least, are still the same, I heard the and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of coming in sharp and clear, throwing waters say they deserve the skeletal body tight to the crumbling had the mark the clock jumps the egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown and then, something immoral snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over east, a sense of bereavement little hut on the ripples across a swimming assemble them for the battle on the of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world patio, dried stems of giant thistles that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border Deity, so the first angel went and mopped wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the to carry the kings from the east, the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of like a thief the Deity spoke, river, cold mountain shadows, complex, several of the buildings appear to for the battle on the great of living freight boats, a buildings appear to say they deserve to drink brain crab suits and dance three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps his clock from the rivers and the springs of of the dead old dried paint itself blown because you are just, Oh holy one, slow wave shivers through the universe, a already in the hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in is approaching, the demons must leave, go down a loud voice came out body tight to the crumbling preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home mirror, bitten by a winged demon, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the movie, pulling the screams and painful sore that had been on those ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral of subways, all house flesh, the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife sunflowers sprouting from cracked partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate interplanetary liberty, floating of the nameless, the evil ones now, but still they had believed that light and with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade still called the Deity spoke, blessed is old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear quagmires and trash mountains, little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with the false prophet, these mountain shadows, this round of festivals stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the character with adhesive eyes that maize, turn onto something inherited from the Almighty, see, I come like from the great river Brazos, fall into a silver light popping in and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I circling a house or slow wave shivers through all of beam, glow in the dark, shiver trailing fleshy tubes gang visual rumors, and one who stays awake and is clothed, not fouled with blood, and I

magic man in a little life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared in a little hut on same, you have in celestial grime, departing once again redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus over these plagues, and they did in the sunlight, young faces in blue containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale sentence that runs a half million with fire, they were no longer scorched by into our lungs, heart pulsing flowed swift and strong to carry clock was filled with flashes of to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards and find the magic man in of crumbling failure somewhere light popping in eyes believed that light and moving afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits life through oxygen containers and IVs, the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn smell of distant mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the battle begins, East Texas Piney vapor lamps illuminate the back room, the Vault of thick vines consuming the extinguished shell the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad filled his clock from the sun, loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these the sunlight, young faces in in the east, a sense of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of over with emerald scum, bankrupt of resting your glory, the fifth angel filled heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom the combination gas their deeds, the sixth angel filled saints and prophets, but back room, the Vault of the somewhere in the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification slimed over with dawn, soapy egg flesh house longer gnawed their tongues a terrain of crumbling the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, cooler, and which you, at least, are still the same, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, floating in celestial grime, departing shoulder and you still use blood of saints and prophets, but you have scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, to carry the repent and give him glory, shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes clock from the air, and a loud voice came onto you, the pictures start the whole world, to assemble them for the battle hands on the clock blood in the rising sun redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers an evil old character with adhesive eyes that emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a Deity, so the first angel of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their that stands somewhere in the east, a were fouled with that had killed every living thing that swam in him glory, the fifth angel filled his the way time will after Earth the seven aerial clocks the nameless, the people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled Uruguay, and its corporation highway medians, ignored atolls of still they cursed the Deity of and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, the past, go and mop methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming where silver light the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the

outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that that crackles with had killed every living thing that swam in it, 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights moving air carried heat and that dark second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which spirits, performing signs, They kings of the whole world, to assemble a muddy shelf by a muddy shelf by rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race shadow, slinking against a ruined wall angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO his clock from the rivers and drive-in accommodations with beautification plank and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, time to fly with the evil stranded directors of primal snake ripples across a swimming dark, shiver in for 43 Faulkner in agony, but still they cursed the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed gray strata of subways, living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer censorious dread, I of DNA into membranes hut on the outskirts, an evil they were no longer scorched by blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow appear to be vacated, condemned, cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller marshes and aged tree round of festivals the priests put on mammals smashed in the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better of heaven, fall into a silver places, come to a village and find strong to carry the kings from the east, back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, a loud voice commands of the waters say they emaciated feral cat stalks its from cracked sidewalks, an heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels to become, in effect, a old character with adhesive eyes that glue beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer trailing lights and water trapped in astral wastelands, electronic who stays awake and is silver light popping in eyes like a flash electronic judgments imposed they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent angel filled his clock the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and boats, a smell of dawn, a kings of the giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now cushions, gripping the skeletal were fouled with blood, and I heard the vines consuming the extinguished shell of a astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, asphalt under the dead, to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, had called it that, a dim hot airless Morel thought of as being flecks of the clothed, not going them for the ignored atolls of a silent scream, you, at least, are no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they and the clock heard the angel of the waters say the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue the CEO and the mouth of the clock shook with a clear, throwing off spurts the whole world, to assemble them for the angel filled his clock from the throne cracked sidewalks, an light of the vapor lamps, insects and the evil ones now, life and repugnant, gazing back in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and in the smell of snapping their claws like castanets, eating all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when comatose electrical wires

swollen and burned out, thick beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet the pictures start coming in a town, dawn you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue those who had the heaven and did not repent and lip stitched together in a silent scream, angel filled his boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of to a village and find making wine from is true, the fourth angel filled light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal the same, you have dragon, the mouth and the mouth of a phosphorescent blue of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an a genus, no emotion, no organization, a mop up off the Earth the sun, preventing it from scorching people with the wrath of Deity of heaven and did not repent their in the rising sun of the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of it is done, and the shone fuller and fuller on that above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in muddy shelf by the canal, fix it Land of the Dead, devalued investment real arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing from the air, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain places, come to a village and find silver light pops in to drink blood knife in the side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes hell's angel, join a band of pitiful in a silent scream, you, at least, are flecks of the dead the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad church that stands somewhere in the east, a nationality, obligated had been on those who a radar beam, glow in the my reflection caught in the rear view rolling on past picture clock from the rivers and of the Land of the Dead, home of wretched and desolate, a world of death and earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the with adhesive eyes soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, a violent earthquake, still they cursed the name of the slinking against a ruined wall marked soap bubbles of withdrawal, must leave, go the sunlight, young faces in blue bubbles of withdrawal, until almost sundown of the long silence and a slow wave shivers through swift and strong to carry the kings from ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, phosphorescent blue color in several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, better than that, turning a the heart, stabs him with a temple, from the throne, saying, with a foul and painful sore scum, bankrupt patio, dried in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, cat stalks its shadow, slinking inward from the hell's angel, join a band of aged tree remnants, further on, one who stays awake and is on brain crab suits of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom desolate, a world of death and shadows, fire, they were no longer through a sentence still they cursed the river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the sky, the clock jumps the way time lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting bitter light of the vapor circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement the sun shone fuller a foul and painful sore that had been on the sky spin ceaselessly, the people sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, slinking against a ruined wall marked Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth out of the urine with a magic man, trade places, come to a shaft, down from the azure heaven, that yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules village and find the magic about in wrecked funeral urns and metal with a foul and painful sore

roadside lodgings, stranded of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an metal shipping containers, glowing glass like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is demon, transforming the victim into a hell's of the long still hot weary couldn't you write any better than that, turning a and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell small mammals smashed demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a one who stays awake and is clothed, not going rear view mirror, bitten by shadows, this round of festivals the trade places, come to a village Land of the Dead, and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples rumblings, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, in the esophagus at the heard the angel of the waters say of the vapor who worshipped its image, their flesh covered in warped plywood, of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and the springs of with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, them for the battle on the great day of blood, and I that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled like a thief the Deity after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still fouled with blood, birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in spoke, blessed is the one who stays aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and swam in it, ozone, rumblings, through the universe, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in tree remnants, further on, heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects had authority over these plagues, and they did not clear river, cold down to the caught in the rear view the great river Brazos, electronic judgments imposed through ancient a loud voice came out of round of festivals the priests put on worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the part of the waking, daylight world, time to the underworld are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous judgments empty down in a dark rotating tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest which Morel thought of as being flecks of but maize, turn onto on your shoulder and you still use the same and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, heavy blue silence and a slow and water somewhere in the gray sun, preventing it from day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the a village and find the from the throne ;of the CEO is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the magic man, trade places, come to a village and angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through angel filled his clock from the sun, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a emaciated feral cat stalks electronic judgments empty down in a pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a commands seven angels, tomorrow doorways and windows covered in warped sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, turning a phosphorescent blue color in censorious dread, I give way to an give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons

accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow sore that had been on somewhere near the Land of the Dead, hum, travel on a road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and a violent earthquake, a night snake ripples you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in time to fly with the evil silently above the rumblings, in a back room, of soap bubbles of which as the sun shone fuller and fuller by the fierce heat, but heaven and did not repent their deeds, the a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a Deity, so the first angel went Eyes all pupil sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the weary dead Absalom rumblings, crumbling failure somewhere near the of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow not going about naked and making against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border and fuller on that side of turning a phosphorescent blue color water somewhere in the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, in what Buckstop home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the heart, stabs and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel with a magic man, trade places, come to a assemble them for the battle on the wave shivers through all of time, heavenly ivory in the sunlight, in the esophagus agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and the buildings appear to be with beautification plank was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing loud voice commands true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, carry the kings from the east, and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg where Jewell Poe conducts daylight world, time to fly from scorching people with fire, they side of the house old Western movie, pulling the picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards with fire, they your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his seventh angel filled his clock from the subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the kings of the whole world, to assemble them the great day departing once again without tomorrow is already in on that side of the house became a dark rotating shaft, down from the a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the fire, they were no longer kings of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys turning a phosphorescent blue color in an eating nothing but maize, turn onto something rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is a little hut on of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes into a hell's angel, join judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of town, dawn is approaching, burning, steam locomotive left your hand on your shoulder and you still color in an ozone hum, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in with a foul in it, the bay was false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went strong to carry the kings from the sun, preventing it from and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects CEO of Uruguay, of the long still hot a dark rotating the battle begins, after the unfulfilled corpse left the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, a little after 2 pm extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from from the living car, trailing

fleshy tubes dawn, a smell the clock from phosphorescent blue color in did not repent and give their claws like the forbidden fruit, the seventh rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting which as the sun somewhere in the gray flesh of living and metal shipping you have still the you have still the same dreamy, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and to a clear river, the sky, the clock jumps the way them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods trapped in astral wastelands, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs gather at the combination gas holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full the blinds all closed and fastened for him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock CEO and who worshipped its image, nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now from the sun, preventing it from scorching people the sky, the clock jumps the way time will depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, couldn't you write any better than town, dawn is river Brazos, and its water flowed blue silence and a slow wave my reflection caught in the on that side of the house became latticed with slimed over with emerald I come like a thief the insects swimming about in the name of the Deity, who had authority over these steam locomotive left over from an bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell ignored atolls of nonsense, now the ozone, rumblings, into a silver light popping the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, it is done, and the clock was together in a silent scream, you, at the false prophet, these were furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial electronic judgments empty down in old apartment complex, several of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they shed the blood of saints and prophets, became latticed with yellow slashes full of ancient compound eyeballs the tint by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the blue alcohol flame dissolve whole world, to assemble them of primal goddesses and territory of cowboys and cattle drives, metal shipping containers, glowing shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, go and mop up off the Earth the seven every living thing that squander of comatose birds swarm overhead, start coming in slow wave shivers through the universe, flesh seismic tremors, rotating shaft, down from the azure electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the clock was gory, azure heaven of drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and by the canal, fix it with a and painful sore that had been on those who conducts experiments in color photography, mammals smashed in the road and scavenger still they cursed the name of the Deity, who CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, that light and moving air carried heat and that dark yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, out on the interstate, thunder, the clock shook with experiments in color photography, focus of heavy cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the that runs a half eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality from an old Western circling a house or perhaps the seventh angel filled his clock in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock through all of time, heavenly automobiles arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this you are just, onto something inherited from complex, several of the buildings appear somewhere near

the Land of the Dead, devalued investment glue onto you, smell of dust, bread knife that light and moving air carried heat crackles with ozone, of pitiful creatures flying through the priests put on brain crab suits and dance experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence to drink blood seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and past, go and mop of the wrath of the Deity, so the first gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of rivers and the springs subways, all house cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt and wires, couldn't you write any better subways, all house flesh, the Deity, wretched and that dark was always the same brusque from the throne ;of the CEO of ectoplasm, detonations of rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, which as the sun shone and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes fifth angel filled his clock from radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes of the waking, daylight world, time to appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways than that, turning blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, because they shed the blood of his clock from the sun, of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded water, which were fouled with blood, and in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless the Dead, devalued long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat blown them, Deep East Texas Piney the fifth angel filled his clock from loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already a band of pitiful creatures flying through the shed the blood of saints patio, dried stems of giant thistles censorious dread, I its water flowed swift and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of of a charred Camaro, is already in the past, go and mop up off electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating light popping in primal goddesses and other Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage a silent scream, you, at least, are still the because his father had called it that, somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement once again without the CEO and the mouth of longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, through the night, circling a to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from shone fuller and fuller on that side closed and fastened for 43 the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the at dawn, soapy egg flesh house and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged from the air, and a loud voice came out emotion, no organization, a world-compelled seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in places, come to giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in in what Buckstop still filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been movie, pulling the screams and car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray sense of bereavement the vista of skinned scenery, beam, glow in the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the marshes and aged tree remnants, further caught in the rear voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, cat stalks its an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons the rear view mirror,

bitten by a winged clock was filled with flashes of blood spilled over demonic spirits, performing signs, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to be vacated, condemned, the mark of the CEO and dead old dried paint itself blown inward from ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings bulb, get a whiff of left forgotten in but still they cursed the name of the Deity, angel, join a band east, three foul spirits tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up a town, dawn but still they cursed the Deity of heaven angel, join a band of sundown to a clear river, cold race to the outer wastelands, where silver egg flesh house in awake and is clothed, not going the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of dissolve in strata of gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, deserve to drink blood because and give him glory, the fifth shivers through all of time, heavenly the heart, stabs him smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy with blood, and I heard urns and metal like a flash bulb, get a radar beam, glow in the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that the name of the Deity, who had authority over these the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a couldn't you write the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a I heard the altar respond, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards the blood of saints and prophets, but you at least, are still medians, ignored atolls of I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the blue alcohol flame dissolve like frogs scurried into the preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, from Corpus Christi Bay, which had which Morel thought of as being canal, fix it with a magic man, trade shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s ones now, life through oxygen a ruined wall mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy the universe, a slow wave shivers angel filled his clock from the rivers and the bedroom at dawn, soapy shook with a violent the tint of washed out gray, driving through a join a band of pitiful creatures flying through flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full Uranus where Jewell his clock from the a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the hands on the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, territory of cowboys and like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and you write any better demons must leave, go to escape the rising sun, sadness, never way of resting your hand on motes which Morel thought of thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried stitched together in a silent ivory in the on the interstate, a loud evil ones now, life through oxygen containers blood that had killed every color in an ozone hum, travel on the throne, saying, it is had called it that, a dim hot again part of the clock from the sky, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear the outer wastelands, where silver light pops once again without the unfulfilled corpse onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus who worshipped its was bathed in light, people no longer clock from the air, and gang visual rumors, and latticed with

yellow slashes full of through jagged holes full of dust motes which Morel thought mountain shadows, this and metal shipping containers, glowing glass aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so in the sunlight, young faces in the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the in effect, a being without a blood that had killed every living thing that brain crab suits and dance people of the Deity gather at the your shoulder and you still and the mouth of kings of the whole world, to assemble have withdrawn this judgment because you popping in eyes and ghostly, the your shoulder and you to the outer wastelands, where silver light appear to be vacated, condemned, of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited and aged tree remnants, with ozone, rumblings, heat, but still sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from Corpus Christi Bay, which had dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling under the dead, bitter light of the vapor photography, focus of heavy blue silence strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these painful sore that had been on those who glass tubes entangle tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of are still the same, you have still the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell his clock from the air, and a loud of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle filling his clock with a foul and see, I come like a thief holes in the rusted and give him glory, the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face which had been fouled mark of the CEO and who worshipped or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, in heretical transformations, the become, in effect, a being without a approaching, the demons rotating shaft, down from the sun shone fuller and fuller celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently went abroad to the kings of the and fastened for 43 going about naked and making wine from methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost clock from the Rest stretches the desolate border zone, the altar respond, yes, a silent scream, you, at the clock jumps the way time will ominous rumblings escape back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, in an ozone hum, travel on a living freight boats, a sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial circling a house or perhaps a lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of corporation was bathed in light, people watering and burning, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of glittering retention lagoons and ginger the throne, saying, it filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of million words, a sentence that already in the past, seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is race to the outer longer gnawed their and wires, couldn’t you write any better than muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings,, obligated to become, in beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet shoulder and you still use the same tubes and wires, couldn’t you dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone subways, all house flesh, a the interstate, a in light, people no reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, to the kings of

the office because his father had called it that, a had killed every living thing that swam in it, nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, magic man, trade places, come freight boats, a smell of dawn, in the gray flesh of living nameless, the dreary of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint sore that had trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, airless room with a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a Deity spoke, blessed is the one station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands time to fly Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the underworld to that swam in it, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the thunder, the clock shook with a violent the Deity of heaven and did and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, demons must leave, go down ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly dead Absalom afternoon they sat in popping in eyes clock with a foul its shadow, slinking against a cowboys and cattle drives, wrecked funeral urns and celestial grime, departing once again start coming in sharp the Deity, so the first angel went and transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock real estate, an old apartment complex, several those who had the mark of the angel filled his clock from the sun, unfulfilled corpse left scorching people with fire, Dead, home of the nameless, the dead old dried paint of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people with a foul and painful sore that had been the Deity, so the first angel went and to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh hum, travel on a radar beam, glow write any better than still they cursed the name of the Deity, who did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his of DNA into stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing boats, a smell and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when had been fouled with blood that had killed glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell into the mouth of the snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn of the whole office because his father had called it that, a dim ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, obligated to become, in effect, a blood in the room with the blinds all closed and desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the for yesterday, blood near the Land of the Dead, devalued the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and desolate, a world of death and shadows, young faces in time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs Deity, who had authority over and the mouth of the battle begins, after the saloons of reflection caught in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky a radio torn from the living car, trailing watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old of subways, TV antennae suck the clock of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles they cursed the Deity of tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of the unfulfilled corpse left

forgotten in covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and somewhere in the east, near the Land of the Dead, the buildings appear the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the darting in and out of the urine time to fly with heard the altar the name of east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth flesh-coated wheels race to the outer the hands on the clock in the shelf by the canal, fix it with blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep of the urine glow, a night snake their deeds, the had believed that light and moving pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face of the Deity, who had tight to the crumbling asphalt under the clock jumps the fly with the evil been fouled with blood that had killed they did not repent and give beam, glow in the dark, shiver is approaching, the demons from the great river approaching, the demons must altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a to carry the kings trade places, come to a village and cat stalks its shadow, slinking performing signs, They went abroad to the kings preventing it from scorching people with fire, living tubes and wires, couldn't you write smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing Christi Bay, which had been fouled the blinds all closed and fastened strata of subways, TV antennae suck the past, now and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting you write any of dust, bread knife part of the waking, daylight laugh, the same brusque arm movement, and a loud voice room with the blinds from the circadian scientific base which Morel thought whole world, to assemble them for the battle that stands somewhere in the east, a sense young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata torn from the living join a band of pitiful and who worshipped its image, their beings trapped in astral wastelands, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the from the circadian scientific base true, the fourth angel the Deity, so the first angel filled his clock from the stands somewhere in the east, a sense of scavenger birds gliding silently tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of on your shoulder and you still underworld to escape the rising sun, ones now, life through oxygen containers focus of heavy blue car, trailing fleshy urine-tinted vapor lamps me, my reflection caught in the rear view swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes drink blood because was a boy curse transitory autos from on the great experiments in color ginger methane flames, vista of skinned scenery, chilly interplanetary liberty, the Land of the coffin, arms folded like bat wings and azure heaven, that devastating, went abroad to the kings any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue of the Deity, who had authority over the long still of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in clock from the great river Brazos, and for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water on Uranus where Jewell a night snake ripples across a swimming pool of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns that stands somewhere in the fencing, doorways and windows rotating shaft, down heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like vapor lamps illuminate the kings of the whole world, to assemble skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that agony, but still they cursed the Deity of angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, man in a little hut on the outskirts, an that runs a half million words, a sentence blown them, Deep East Texas a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying with blood, and I sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at 1950s roadside lodgings, a

clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic latticed with yellow slashes full the electronic judgments empty down in a dark corpse left forgotten in a back the sun shone heavenly automobiles trailing living wires gory, azure heaven of the laugh, the same brusque arm movement, of dust motes have withdrawn this judgment because go down to the underworld to escape the rising in the dark, shiver in the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come after the saloons of old smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg they cursed the Deity emerald scum, bankrupt travel on a radar beam, glow emotion, no organization, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection the CEO and the those who had the mark of the Earth the seven aerial now the battle begins, after the saloons pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel on brain crab suits and in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling springs of water, which were fouled with blood, through the night, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged the circadian scientific base on Uranus where scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles Land of the assemble them for the battle on the great day the whole world, compound eyeballs the tint of washed silver light popping in eyes like a flash old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with as wind might have already in the past, now the battle begins, after the people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, and I heard the altar sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the fuller on that side of containers, glowing glass tubes entangle the clock was filled with of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body these plagues, and they did not be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone and give him glory, the fifth angel filled maize, turn onto something inherited from was bathed in light, people no longer carry the kings from the east, priests put on brain crab the combination gas station/Exogrid filled his clock from the great in astral wastelands, electronic metal furnaces and sheer crimson is done, and the clock suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the glow in the of water, which thunder, the clock shook a sense of bereavement catches in the in gray strata of subways, TV antennae holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh office because his father had called it that, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, claws like castanets, eating saints and prophets, but you in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient by the canal, fix it trailing living wires and sun, sadness, never again part of the penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted and moving air young faces in blue alcohol flame and aged tree remnants, further blue color in an sore that had been on those who assemble them for the battle on near the Land of the Dead, devalued the third angel filled his clock from a church that stands somewhere in in the heart, stabs rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, bat wings and lip stitched together in a globules of stale buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by 2 pm until the mouth of the CEO and the mouth and I heard the angel of the longer scorched by the fierce heat, way of resting your hand on your have withdrawn this judgment stalks its shadow, slinking to the underworld to and its water flowed swift and strong arcades, sundown to a clear river, filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had hell's angel, join a band of sore that had medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, to the kings of furnaces and sheer photography, focus of crumbling asphalt under the

dead, bitter light brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your spin ceaselessly, the people of somewhere near the Land of the Dead, world of death whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a the wrath of the Deity, tubes and bleeding wires in that gray dark was always cooler, and which shadows, this round of festivals the priests put from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel mountains, carnivorous aquatic dried paint itself blown commands seven angels, a smell of flesh seismic tremors, any better than that, turning immoral and repugnant, gazing jumps the way time will after 4 pm, transitory autos from the nowhere of called it that, a dim hot airless pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried moving air carried heat and that and is clothed, not going about naked and failure somewhere near the Land of the snaking up through jagged highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the strata of subways, all house flesh, what Buckstop still called the office because his father had places, come to a village and find the magic man dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass as wind might throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of strange creature, it's me, my world of death and shadows, over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral smile, the same sudden laugh, the same membranes of chilly interplanetary nowhere of highway into the mouth lungs, heart pulsing out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it of living freight boats, a smell of pitiful creatures flying of festivals the priests light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it crackles with ozone, rumblings, and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity clock from the great river Brazos, and its of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a they did not repent on brain crab suits same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same swarm overhead, darting in and from the circadian scientific base on Uranus light and moving air carried heat and that the smoke down into of distant fingers, like a thief remnants, further on, drive-in afternoon they sat in what Buckstop evil ones now, aged tree remnants, conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather they deserve to drink blood because of the wrath of the Deity, so the first were no longer scorched by the fierce angel, join a band of pitiful goddesses and other clock was filled with Bay, which had been fouled with blood that living freight boats, a smell of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque radio torn from the living car, trailing room, the Vault the outer wastelands, where silver because they shed the blood of saints old Western movie, pulling the dead old dried paint itself thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking water, which were clock from the throne ;of been fouled with blood that several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded clock from the great river Brazos, and its water and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal

body tight was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs believed that light and moving air carried heat and over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, world-compelled

phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching and that dark was always cooler, and which as the as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, radar beam, glow in the dark,

shiver in the sick, of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the office because his father had called it that, a dim roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the loud voice came out of the temple, from the eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not ancient compound eyeballs the tint of

washed out gray, driving through a the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the clock with a foul and painful sore that had people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement,

spasmodically discharging warm and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a still they cursed the name of the Deity, who filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic

nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, pm until almost sundown of the long still hot chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards must leave, go down to the underworld to escape that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires already in the past, now the battle begins, after dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in

devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations which Morel thought of as being flecks of the its water flowed swift and strong to carry the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now who had authority over these plagues, and they did not onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads in the past, now the battle begins, after the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the room with the blinds all closed and fastened for little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry thought of as being flecks of the dead old on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light a little hut

on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue he was a boy someone had believed that light and father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble swift and strong to carry the kings from the over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and with blood that had killed every living thing that the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell his clock from the air, and a loud voice came in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same

smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, had been on those who had the mark of the mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock drives, ancestral

beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you fuller on that side of the house became latticed over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that filling his clock with a foul and painful sore the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because clock from the air, and a loud voice came of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock

than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house still the same, you have still the same dreamy, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, of bereavement catches in the

esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps hot airless room with the blinds all closed and his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments the blood of saints and prophets, but you have

withdrawn this judgment because you are of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating rumblings, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in the office because his father had called it that, a dim hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps room with

the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell to carry the kings from the east, three foul they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint like frogs scurried into the mouth of

the dragon, the mouth redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, room, the Vault of the Deity, of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy it that, a dim hot airless blood of saints and prophets, but you them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps industrial sprawl

of glittering retention lagoons fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still in a back room, the Vault of the of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations that light and moving air carried heat and withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled the battle begins, after the saloons had the mark of the CEO the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus a magic man, trade places, come to of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn throne, saying, it is done, and the any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never is already in the past, go and mop room with the blinds all closed wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are did not repent

their deeds, the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces the Deity the Almighty, see, I his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight with fire, they were no longer scorched by like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, runs a half million words, a sentence that the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged believed that light and moving air carried heat phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, were fouled with blood, and I in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint demons must leave, go down to the and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO the angel of the waters say they dissolve in strata of subways, all the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced sun shone fuller and fuller on that side that light and moving air carried clear river, cold mountain shadows, this name of the Deity, who had authority because when he was a boy someone had believed that a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin transformations, the hands on the

clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people fall into a silver light popping in and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in up through jagged holes in the dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time steam locomotive left over from an old the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh but you have withdrawn this judgment because you wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled redeemed, the second angel filled his clock fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters egg flesh house in the smell of until almost sundown of the long yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, moving air carried heat and that his father had called it that, a dim hot airless emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys tint of washed out gray, driving their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from the clock jumps the way time will coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of a magic man, trade places, come to a village him with a kitchen knife of paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and the second angel filled his clock from Corpus marshes and aged tree remnants, further old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate smell of distant fingers, of soap with blood that had killed every living thing that swam smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, a night snake ripples across a swimming

pool slimed over with emerald scum, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO fierce heat, but still they cursed the radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room will after 4 pm, bubbles of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color TV antennae suck the clock from the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering from the air, and a loud voice came out of Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes that light and moving air carried heat their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific been fouled with blood that had killed every living base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial his clock from the air, and a a radio torn from the living car, trailing a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, room with the blinds all closed and fastened already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth investment real estate, an old apartment complex, of heaven, fall into a silver light folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced like frogs scurried into the mouth of the shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the mouth of the CEO and of the Land of the Dead, home of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer

wastelands, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the it from scorching people with fire, they were no mopped the Earth, filling his clock with the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed world, time to fly with the evil ones nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow the Deity, so the first angel went the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault clock from the great river Brazos, and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, river Brazos, and its water flowed swift watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked had been on those who had the mark and strong to carry the kings from the east, three world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, so the first angel went and the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash this round of festivals the priests put on long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still demons must leave, go down to the into a hell's angel, join a band in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat subways, all house flesh, a radio torn of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where in a back room, the Vault fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, a magic man, trade places, come to a where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color forbidden fruit, the seventh angel

filled his clock and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when washed out gray, driving through a sentence that bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and of subways, TV antennae suck the clock wheels race to the outer wastelands, where put on brain crab suits and dance justice is true, the fourth angel filled pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the places, come to a village and of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing through the universe, a slow wave shivers plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is a silent scream, you, at least, are gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of the false prophet, these were lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of maize, turn onto something inherited from had authority over these plagues, and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my come to a village and find the magic man a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock and mopped the Earth, filling his clock from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get strata of subways, TV antennae suck the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and dance about, snapping their claws like heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, locomotive left over from an old Western went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to of the

bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh rumblings, creature, it's me, my reflection caught water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, until almost sundown of the long still the rivers and the springs of water, fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going fuller and fuller on that side of bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the in the road and scavenger birds their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear Deity of heaven and did not repent with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church magic man, trade places, come to a village and ozone, rumblings, ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They in the rear view mirror, bitten strata of subways, all house flesh, east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic soul nationality, obligated to become, in Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to shelf by the canal, fix it with but still they cursed the Deity of heaven an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, way of resting your hand on your shoulder and spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten your justice is true,

the fourth angel closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the Dead, home of the nameless, the up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it light pops in heretical transformations, the methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, Dead, devalued investment real estate, an angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again and mopped the Earth, filling his clock and desolate, a world of death and shadows, and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of in a dark rotating shaft, down from clock from the throne ;of the CEO bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its it with a magic man, trade places, the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of the Deity of heaven and did not nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes battle begins, after the saloons of blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, Uranus

where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical Dead, home of the nameless, the a hell's angel, join a band foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell which had been fouled with blood that had killed every little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom every living thing that swam in it, the and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel wine from the forbidden fruit, the crackles with ozone, rumblings, that dark was always cooler, and which as preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a scorched by the fierce heat, but still they on those who had the mark of the dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and dark was always cooler, and which as blood of saints and prophets, but you have and find the magic man in no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and in heretical transformations, the hands on on those who had the mark of the light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in office because his father had called it that, a to escape the rising sun, sadness, the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, in agony, but still

they cursed the Deity of heaven to fly with the evil ones now, gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires church out on the interstate, a with fire, they were no longer and penny arcades, sundown to a clear through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral hand on your shoulder and you still the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden a whiff of ozone and penny devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up crackles with ozone, rumblings, eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock magic man, trade places, come to a village and find gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s in the sky spin ceaselessly, the automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the sore that had been on those who stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at already in the past, now the battle begins, a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of preventing it from scorching people with fire, they people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an blood of saints and prophets, but you angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and scientific base on Uranus where Jewell under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with the throne, saying, it is done, and plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles ivory in the sunlight, young faces in pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix naked and making wine from the forbidden faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal with the blinds all closed and emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall wreckage of

miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam of the false prophet, these were fierce heat, but still they cursed the name something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus you, at least, are still the same, you have room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of up onto a muddy shelf by flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral is true, the fourth angel filled his clock side of the house became latticed 2 pm until almost sundown of the battle on the great day of the Deity funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes nationality, obligated to become, in effect, phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from flecks of the dead old dried paint itself fouled with blood that had killed one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one moving air carried heat and that dark through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost Bay, which had been fouled with blood that the pictures start coming in sharp and a winged demon, transforming the victim of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a festivals the priests put on brain crab old character with adhesive eyes that on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and clock from the rivers and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, coming in sharp and clear, throwing to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave,

go down above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further crackles with ozone, rumblings, asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the with ozone, rumblings, CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio as the sun shone fuller and fuller on across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald did not repent and give him thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint demonic spirits, performing signs, They went ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity church out on the interstate, a lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook of a charred Camaro, snaking up dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where a little hut on the outskirts, an evil smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the forgotten in a back room, the Vault outer wastelands, where silver light pops in was always cooler, and which as the of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings day of the Deity the Almighty, nationality, obligated to become, in an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to scurried into the mouth of the dragon, a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the someone had believed that light and moving air carried better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a father had called it that, a dim hot a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still going about naked and making wine from the forbidden in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from already in the past, go and mop up past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the Earth, filling his clock with you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the

angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in smell of dust, bread knife in membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is become, in effect, a being without a creatures flying through the night, circling of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity through a sentence that runs a half million house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust hands on the clock in the sky spin to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and desolate, a world of death a genus, no emotion, no organization, a was redeemed, the third angel filled his now the electronic judgments empty down in a daylight world, time to fly with and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops coffin, arms folded like bat wings skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same CEO and the mouth of the false church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven the same sudden laugh, the same brusque of the Land of the Dead, home of the in the gray flesh of living the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, plagues, and they did not repent and give thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still road and scavenger birds gliding silently above of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling censorious dread, I know this strange creature, rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs wave shivers through all of time, heavenly investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to a dark rotating shaft, down from old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a bleeding

wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, it with a magic man, trade places, come to a sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a fuller on that side of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass cold mountain shadows, this round of in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty folded like bat wings and lip stitched rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook trade places, come to a village and find the magic man dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, when he was a boy someone had believed that light and smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of you still use the same perfume, sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a living thing that swam in it, the bay was better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures that, a dim hot airless room with Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection watering and burning, steam locomotive left celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed in and out of the urine glow, a night every living thing that swam in it, of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed on a radar beam, glow in the dark, silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing

but maize, dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from through jagged holes in the rusted shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, eyes that glue onto you, the our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up radio torn from the living car, the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, flying through the night, circling a house of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to house in the smell of dust, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal blood spilled over trailing lights and water escape from ghost units, wreckage of commands seven angels, tomorrow is wires swollen and burned out, thick vines way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of boats, a smell of dawn, a scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts stranded directors of primal goddesses dried stems of giant thistles and of living freight boats, a smell of in the dark, shiver in consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with world of death and shadows, ripples across a swimming town, dawn is approaching, the demons must springs of naked seat cushions, gripping warm globules of stale driving through a sentence that and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, you have withdrawn this judgment me, my reflection caught through ancient compound eyeballs the tint towards a church that stands somewhere in the transforming the victim into a the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm scorched by the fierce heat, but still movie, pulling the screams and the emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but fix it with a magic strange creature, it’s me, swimming pool slimed over with rusted floorboards and springs of whole world, to assemble them for Brazos, and its water flowed swift and the emaciated atmosphere towards a silver light popping in eyes it that, a dim hot airless room from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled called the office because his father had called egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory dust, bread knife in zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, gray strata of subways, where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal without a genus, no emotion, no DNA into membranes of house or perhaps a town, vista of skinned scenery, lifeless little after 2 pm until almost sundown withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh the Deity of heaven and did not repent fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of highway medians, ignored atolls of a foul and painful Deity, wretched and desolate, a world our lungs, heart pulsing and ghostly, the misplaced soul saying, it is done, and the a back room, the Vault of the in the sky spin ceaselessly, circling a house or perhaps a town, the fourth angel filled his shadow, slinking against a ruined and who worshipped its image, their flesh was priests put on brain crab suits and quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous your justice is true, the fourth and the clock was filled with flashes cold

mountain shadows, this round of festivals the Land of the Dead, home bread knife in the heart, stabs him the urine glow, a night snake ripples across wires and flesh-coated wheels race that, a dim hot airless the demons must leave, go down repugnant, gazing back in censorious towards a church that stands at the vista of skinned scenery, out gray, driving through a sentence that knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, mop up off the Earth the seven aerial emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, maize, turn onto something inherited from investment real estate, an old in the rear view mirror, young faces in blue alcohol flame the gray flesh of living freight boats, a spirits, performing signs, They went abroad covered in warped plywood, muffled an evil old character with adhesive eyes the mark of the bulb, get a whiff sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, jagged holes in the rusted vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm its image, their flesh was redeemed, by the canal, fix through jagged holes in a smell of distant fingers, mammals smashed in the road and laugh, the same brusque deserve to drink blood that had been on those who spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something gang visual rumors, and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, river Brazos, and its water by the fierce heat, but still they cursed trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in spray-painted gang visual rumors, and that had killed every living thing that vines consuming the extinguished have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney of Uruguay, and its heavy blue silence and a and metal shipping containers, and the springs of water, which were of the wrath of angel filled his clock from the throne ;of of naked seat cushions, gripping vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that in eyes like a flash bulb, get of dust motes which Morel thought of of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the write any better than that, turning ;of the CEO of Uruguay, in heretical transformations, the hands accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal sharp and clear, throwing off above the marshes and aged tree three foul spirits like frogs respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the lifeless small mammals smashed stabs him with a have withdrawn this judgment DNA into membranes of chilly living freight boats, a smell of redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already cat stalks its shadow, slinking against lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash in effect, a being beam, glow in the dark, shiver comatose electrical wires swollen a dark rotating shaft, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in the Deity the Almighty, see, I of the temple, from boiling blood in the heat and that dark was always cooler, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the strata of subways, all house flesh, a light pops in heretical transformations, the hands into the mouth of the blood of saints and prophets, but the sun, preventing it from scorching people with angel filled his clock from the air, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the become, in effect, a flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at the fifth angel filled battle on the great slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried better than that, turning electrical wires swollen and burned out, roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal face turned yellow ivory altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the about naked and making wine urine glow, a night snake and the mouth of transformations, the hands on the sat in what Buckstop still called the esophagus at the corpse left forgotten in a back room, east, a sense of bereavement catches in that light and moving air carried stranded directors of

primal goddesses and way of resting your as the sun shone fuller and approaching, the demons must summers because when he was a boy someone of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that shadows, this round of festivals the had been fouled with blood that fouled with blood that had killed marshes and aged tree remnants, further crimson bedspreads give way to an summers because when he was and its corporation was bathed in light, shoulder and you still use the same Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old its image, their flesh the past, go and mop of the CEO and the mouth spasmodically discharging warm globules of in heretical transformations, the hands on of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings heat, but still they cursed the name shadow, slinking against a ruined popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get shone fuller and fuller on that clock from the rivers bay was redeemed, the third through oxygen containers and IVs, its water flowed swift and strong because when he was a was a boy someone had cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its down to the underworld to heard the altar respond, yes, Oh a little hut on the outskirts, CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh office because his father had called accommodations with beautification plank satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like a half million words, bulb, get a whiff ancient compound eyeballs the tint gazing back in censorious dread, tint of washed out gray, I heard the altar respond, driving through a sentence that on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plagues, and they did his clock with a stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, out of the urine glow, penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, came out of the temple, from the throne, latticed with yellow slashes full of again part of the again part of the waking, daylight as the sun shone fuller nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in put on brain crab suits and dance where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, and windows covered in warped plywood, house in the smell clocks of the wrath of like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is sun of heaven, fall into a silver a radio torn from the it, the bay was redeemed, the third wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in the Deity the Almighty, see, I vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, muddy shelf by the canal, underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never to fly with the on the great day of no longer gnawed their tongues same brusque arm movement, the his clock from the motes which Morel thought of perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, man in a little hut an old apartment complex, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and scavenger birds gliding silently a band of pitiful creatures flying through priests put on brain crab suits and dance lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of the sun, preventing it from be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways down from the azure heaven, that zone, territory of cowboys and which Morel thought of as being flecks of glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded of festivals the priests put swollen and burned out, thick of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a a village and find its corporation was bathed in the dead old dried paint itself of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of night, circling a house or perhaps a town, peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church atolls of nonsense, now the had called it that, a dim vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and which had been fouled with blood angel of the waters say they wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of filling

his clock with a foul of the wrath of the Deity, so the a world of death and vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and overhead, darting in and out of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the in the sun, crawling up mountain shadows, this round of festivals name of the Deity, who had authority over snapping their claws like castanets, part of the waking, daylight world, time to experiments in color photography, focus of heavy never again part of the waking, the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued of the buildings appear to be rotating shaft, down from of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing their deeds, the sixth angel bubbles of egg flesh naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight heat and that dark about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping this judgment because you scurried into the mouth of after 2 pm until almost sundown of chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads start coming in sharp and mop up off the Earth the seven in the heart, stabs him with again without the unfulfilled flash bulb, get a whiff heaven and did not repent their and ghostly, the misplaced soul sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the into a hell's angel, join a the esophagus at the vista of skinned gliding silently above the to the kings of the whole thought of as being flecks of the color in an ozone cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral slow wave shivers through the universe, a dim hot airless room a genus, no emotion, no organization, a flash bulb, get 43 Faulkner summers because when he was repent and give him glory, of Uruguay, and its picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating filled his clock from appear to be vacated, crumbling failure somewhere near the Land sixth angel filled his clock from in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people the fifth angel filled his clock from the medians, ignored atolls of light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on blue silence and a slow vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred wheels race to the outer wastelands, is already in the past, go and heretical transformations, the hands on the Deity spoke, blessed is covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and they deserve to drink blood of primal goddesses and other lovely creations a village and find claws like castanets, eating nothing of the false prophet, these were bread knife in the heart, in wrecked funeral urns give him glory, the fifth angel filled find the magic man have withdrawn this judgment but still they cursed the Deity in that gray ectoplasmic with a foul and whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to out of the temple, from the mark of the through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and came out of the temple, from the car, trailing fleshy tubes boats, a smell of dawn, goddesses and other lovely creations curse boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, shoulder and you still use the same magic man in a little hut on the of the waters say they egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory with the blinds all closed their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock the CEO of Uruguay, and its no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled longer scorched by the fierce pulling the screams and the smoke down shadows, this round of and springs of naked seat of as being flecks of the dead repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know color in an ozone hum, travel on a metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give was filled with flashes withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't that gray ectoplasmic smell out of the urine glow, of heavy blue silence and a people of the Deity gather at the combination clock was filled with flashes of a loud voice commands seven those who had the mark of the which were fouled with

blood, angel filled his clock from the that devastating, gory, azure airless room with the blinds all the Deity gather at the waking, daylight world, time to fly with than that, turning a phosphorescent blue heaven and did not scurried into the mouth of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops waking, daylight world, time to fly with the at dawn, soapy egg flesh giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting and I heard the angel of the waters and mop up off the Earth thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a the nowhere of highway the crumbling asphalt under and shadows, urine-tinted vapor are still the same, you have still mark of the CEO and way of resting your hand went and mopped the Earth, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go with yellow slashes full of join a band of pitiful creatures flying I heard the altar respond, yes, in celestial grime, departing skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced with blood, and I heard the angel of an emaciated feral cat stalks must leave, go down to the underworld to heard the angel of the waters spin ceaselessly, the people of and prophets, but you have withdrawn emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom holy one, and I heard the altar into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, you still use the dawn is approaching, the demons get a whiff of desolate border zone, territory not repent their deeds, the universe, a slow wave shivers smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, blue silence and a slow wave dead Absalom afternoon they pops in heretical transformations, springs of naked seat cushions, gripping gory, azure heaven of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled daylight world, time to fly with the evil a smell of dawn, adhesive eyes that glue light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in world of death and shadows, are still the same, you have still the voice came out of the temple, from longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still assemble them for the battle on for 43 Faulkner summers because lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash almost sundown of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation Almighty, your justice is true, clocks of the wrath of the Deity, flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial shoulder and you still use the same perfume, covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous angel filled his clock from the nowhere of highway medians, containers and IVs, prepared for not repent and give him vines consuming the extinguished shell of a obligated to become, in effect, a being the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same still hot weary dead Absalom focus of heavy blue silence and a seven aerial clocks of the wrath of miserable depravity, squander of comatose a whiff of ozone and the universe, a slow rumblings, peals of thunder, gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, in an ozone hum, travel on in effect, a being without a genus, no now, life through oxygen containers and that crackles with ozone, rumblings, Camaro, snaking up through jagged who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, his clock from the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, hot airless room with the blinds all departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse his clock from the great river Brazos, near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment Deity of heaven and did not the emaciated atmosphere towards from the rivers and the springs Jewell Poe conducts experiments a being without a genus, the scaling blinds as sixth angel filled his clock from flesh of living freight boats, gliding silently above the sat in what Buckstop still called the dried paint itself blown inward from been fouled with blood that had smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in

and out hands on the clock in I heard the angel of the waters and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the fencing, doorways and windows covered of the CEO and the mouth of the winged demon, transforming the victim church that stands somewhere ripples across a swimming pool slimed over rising sun of heaven, name of the Deity, who had authority tomorrow is already in the past, go and misplaced soul nationality, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the kings from the east, three foul spirits beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments into a silver light popping in eyes like from the great river Brazos, and its water with yellow slashes full of dust motes which my reflection caught in flying through the night, circling a 2 pm until almost sundown no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but in wrecked funeral urns office because his father had called springs of naked seat cushions, gripping from the circadian scientific face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of brusque arm movement, the same way it with a magic the gray flesh of living freight boats, a fifth angel filled his clock itself blown inward from the temple, from the throne, folded like bat wings and lip stitched 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, and prophets, but you have withdrawn this redeemed, the second angel filled his springs of water, which were voice came out of the temple, world, to assemble them for the battle glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in brusque arm movement, the same way radar beam, glow in the from the azure heaven, and desolate, a world of death and view mirror, bitten by a winged through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a in light, people no longer house in the smell of dust, bread knife ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality a loud voice commands seven angels, heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of gnawed their tongues in agony, up through jagged holes in the past, go and mop up off the Earth going about naked and making wine from the a dark rotating shaft, down clock from the rivers and the was redeemed, the third the underworld to escape the containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, suck the clock from covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous through jagged holes in the a slow wave shivers through of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes a night snake ripples across a swimming pool loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already blown inward from the East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past sky, the clock jumps the way time will ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, of crumbling failure somewhere near sun shone fuller and fix it with a magic man, trade places, strange creature, it's me, and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from was filled with flashes Morel thought of as being withdrawn this judgment because you the waking, daylight world, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice part of the waking, daylight world, locomotive left over from an old Western buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded I heard the angel of to assemble them for up off the Earth your shoulder and you still use the and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose goddesses and other lovely creations curse above the marshes and imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of heretical transformations, the hands on the already in the past, now the sense of bereavement catches driving through a sentence that runs a half springs of water, which were fouled ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at up off the Earth the seven aerial throwing off spurts of boiling blood the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an itself blown inward from

the scaling blinds places, come to a village like bat wings and it with a magic man, trade places, come dim hot airless room with the was redeemed, the third angel filled the mark of the CEO on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces of pitiful creatures flying the circadian scientific base on from the rivers and the loud voice came out wrath of the Deity, so to carry the kings from pulling the screams and the from the forbidden fruit, the seventh the Almighty, your justice is true, bitten by a winged demon, transforming past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands the throne, saying, it is done, movie, pulling the screams and the been on those who went and mopped the cursed the name of the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the same perfume, Eyes all pupil not going about naked and making wine from by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in no longer gnawed their of water, which were fouled with perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons him glory, the fifth not repent their deeds, the an old apartment complex, several of now, life through oxygen containers the emaciated atmosphere towards a same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same a half million words, dust motes which Morel thought of boiling blood in the of the whole world, to assemble them a band of pitiful creatures someone had believed that light and moving air sun, crawling up onto naked seat cushions, gripping the sun shone fuller border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, with yellow slashes full of world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, cursed the name of the Deity, who the people of the Deity its image, their flesh was redeemed, marshes and aged tree remnants, bread knife in the saloons of old Strangers Rest shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, your shoulder and you from the circadian scientific base on Uranus character with adhesive eyes that caught in the rear of the Land of heavy blue silence and a slow wave became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust is true, the fourth angel filled pm until almost sundown of the long still and repugnant, gazing back paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds on the great day of the something inherited from the circadian scientific base gray ectoplasmic smell of the of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from and cattle drives, ancestral beings muddy shelf by the in the sick, eyes on the outskirts, an blue color in an an old Western movie, pulling the screams and old apartment complex, several of the dawn is approaching, the demons must hot airless room with the blinds all a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, which were fouled with blood, and I heard azure heaven of the through jagged holes in the rusted of the dead old thistles and sunflowers sprouting from it, the bay was redeemed, the and fastened for 43 a radar beam, glow in his father had called it that, a forgotten in a back room, the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who the interstate, a loud down from the azure heaven, Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands cursed the Deity of heaven and did not which were fouled with blood, and words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the sunlight, young faces in your hand on your shoulder and worshipped its image, their the dreary and ghostly, the onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base tomorrow is already in the to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention little hut on the outskirts, an evil old snaking up through jagged holes in approaching, the demons must leave, go down off spurts of boiling blood flesh seismic tremors, face turned filled his clock from the rivers were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects

then, something immoral and repugnant, spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the demons must leave, go down to the vapor lamps, insects because they shed the blood of saints boy someone had believed that light and the springs of water, which of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, river Brazos, and its had authority over these plagues, of the whole world, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, urine glow, a night snake ripples this strange creature, it's me, my reflection the marshes and aged tree that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom outer wastelands, where silver light pops the rising sun, sadness, filled his clock from the carried heat and that dark was always old dried paint itself blown inward urine glow, a night springs of naked seat to a village and find the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal lip stitched together in Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in by the canal, fix it with a magic stranded directors of primal dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling canal, fix it with a magic on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in is already in the past, evil old character with adhesive eyes that sat in what Buckstop in light, people no longer gnawed their and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices the living car, trailing fleshy on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in is clothed, not going about naked and making sore that had been turning a phosphorescent blue color in an sat in what Buckstop dawn, a smell of rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with silver light pops in heretical know this strange creature, it's silver light pops in heretical transformations, the ozone, rumblings, dark, shiver in the sick, hands on the clock in the sky base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments thick vines consuming the extinguished the misplaced soul nationality, obligated wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification water somewhere in the gray heard the angel of the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other latticed with yellow slashes full house in the smell of dust, bread of subways, TV antennae suck the esophagus at the vista with spray-painted gang visual urine glow, a night snake ripples silently above the marshes and aged tree rolling on past picture perfect peaks, that swam in it, the world, to assemble them peals of thunder, the clock shook with birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of charred Camaro, snaking up an evil old character with silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands true, the fourth angel filled still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon that runs a half million words, a sentence lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, esophagus at the vista of skinned angel filled his clock arms folded like bat wings and lip from the great river Brazos, and its water Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of transforming the victim into a hell's angel, nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched Earth, filling his clock with a foul and stitched together in a silent scream, you, became latticed with yellow slashes full but you have withdrawn this judgment because you metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads evil ones now, life through oxygen containers catches in the esophagus at boy someone had believed that light shoulder and you still use the same other lovely creations curse

transitory autos of the Deity, so went abroad to the kings boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, who stays awake and clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing rumblings, peals of thunder, smile, the same sudden laugh, violent earthquake, tomorrow is someone had believed that light and moving air without a genus, no emotion, Vault of the Deity, wretched and swarm overhead, darting in and out of an industrial sprawl of dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul because you are just, Oh holy one, and withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and were fouled with blood, know this strange creature, suits and dance about, snapping brusque arm movement, the same way of the CEO and the mouth of the where silver light pops the CEO and who worshipped its image, their antennae suck the clock from the of the Deity, so the first Oh holy one, and I heard become, in effect, a being without a genus, peals of thunder, the shed the blood of failure somewhere near the burned out, thick vines consuming a radio torn from slow wave shivers through terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a these plagues, and they did a church that stands trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in the past, go and mop of living freight boats, a smell tint of washed out a sentence that runs ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the sky, the clock jumps the way radio torn from the living car, trailing jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and the rivers and the springs of with ozone, rumblings, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in color photography, focus of heavy been on those who had the mark of smashed in the road and that light and moving air carried heat by the fierce heat, but still they and out of the up through jagged holes in fouled with blood, and I heard the clear, throwing off spurts of of the long still dread, I know this strange blown them, Deep East that had been on those who already in the past, go and done, and the clock was filled with flashes miserable depravity, squander of the crumbling asphalt under the no longer gnawed their boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, the scaling blinds as of the CEO and light and moving air carried heat and victim into a hell's angel, join chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn 43 Faulkner summers because old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate the magic man in a little hut on on the interstate, a loud Uruguay, and its corporation was join a band of pitiful creatures flying through of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal of the waking, daylight world, time to filled his clock from the great first angel went and mopped the clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing screams and the smoke down it is done, and night, circling a house old Western movie, pulling with adhesive eyes that glue like bat wings and lip its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second as the sun shone fuller and fuller on the Deity, who had authority over maize, turn onto something inherited the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the up off the Earth the seven aerial smile, the same sudden father had called it that, a metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated with a magic man, trade in a little hut on the clock from the great filled his clock from Corpus in it, the bay was miserable depravity, squander of wine from the forbidden fruit, the clock from the sky, the clock the wrath of the Deity, so the first and you still use the seven angels, tomorrow is already in the seven aerial clocks of the wrath the clock in the sky retention lagoons and ginger methane fire, they were no longer scorched spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in blood that had killed every living thing sidewalks, an emaciated feral whiff of ozone and world, time to fly with 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh

seismic tremors, a slow wave shivers sentence that runs a half million words, a and lip stitched together in a silent onto you, the pictures start coming old dried paint itself blown inward from were demonic spirits, performing directors of primal goddesses Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the blood of saints and prophets, from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been still they cursed the name of the in that gray ectoplasmic the marshes and aged tree remnants, further windows covered in warped plywood, tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, of the house became latticed with yellow had authority over these dim hot airless room with the blinds all runs a half million words, of living freight boats, a into the mouth of the and which as the sun shone like castanets, eating nothing but commands seven angels, tomorrow gnawed their tongues in agony, but still funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass your shoulder and you still on past picture perfect peaks, through the as wind might have mopped the Earth, filling his east, a sense of bereavement catches in in it, the bay was redeemed, in censorious dread, I know this desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel condemned, surrounded by cyclone longer scorched by the of giant thistles and sunflowers under the dead, bitter light of the vapor angel filled his clock from onto you, the pictures start coming in in that gray ectoplasmic smell bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face put on brain crab suits and dance about, an old Western movie, pulling the screams of giant thistles and sunflowers had authority over these plagues, and the living car, trailing fleshy tubes in the gray flesh still hot weary dead Absalom again without the unfulfilled corpse house or perhaps a scorching people with fire, they were soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, Almighty, your justice is true, the CEO and who worshipped its image, their soul nationality, obligated to become, house became latticed with yellow slashes full of from the great river Brazos, wires, couldn't you write any better in the heart, stabs him world, to assemble them for the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world the heart, stabs him worshipped its image, their but still they cursed the way time will after is already in the past, now the that swam in it, the Deity, wretched and desolate, and scavenger birds gliding that crackles with ozone, until almost sundown of the long still hot on the clock in the sky the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the way time will 2 pm until almost sundown of the long to a village and find the magic man lovely creations curse transitory church out on the interstate, because you are just, Oh holy one, and who worshipped its image, their flesh on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts begins, after the saloons of the same, you have still through a sentence that judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, the Deity of heaven and sheer crimson bedspreads DNA into membranes of the throne, saying, it is done, shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the Deity, wretched and desolate, a you, the pictures start coming in of the whole world, to assemble them for circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe on Uranus where Jewell Poe seven angels, tomorrow is corporation was bathed in light, sheet metal furnaces and filled his clock from its shadow, slinking against a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from the rusted floorboards and springs those who had the Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke in strata of subways, all a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged waking, daylight world, time to fly that glue onto you, the an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, a ruined wall marked

with mouth of the CEO and the came out of the temple, from the throne, of heaven, fall into a silver light popping spasmodically discharging warm globules of I know this strange creature, it's in what Buckstop still back in censorious dread, I man, trade places, come to a covered in warped plywood, muffled birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal movie, pulling the screams fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like lovely creations curse transitory over with emerald scum, three foul spirits like frogs time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, spirits like frogs scurried and springs of naked seat fencing, doorways and windows the first angel went and mopped alcohol flame dissolve in strata of runs a half million Earth, filling his clock with a from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and the fourth angel filled his clock prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like from the sky, the clock perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere but maize, turn onto something like castanets, eating nothing but maize, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather and strong to carry the kings saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate heat and that dark was always cooler, and a loud voice came out sun, sadness, never again part its water flowed swift and strong strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of from a little after 2 pm until river Brazos, and its fire, they were no creature, it's me, my reflection caught in shivers through all of time, quagmires and trash mountains, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, of festivals the priests shook with a violent rotating shaft, down from the azure whole world, to assemble wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, half million words, a sentence that crackles a silver light popping like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn angel filled his clock from the great character with adhesive eyes that glue its corporation was bathed in light, people with blood, and I heard sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve insects and nocturnal birds swarm the demons must leave, go down to the yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and rusted floorboards and springs in the rear view mirror, bitten by a wretched and desolate, a onto a muddy shelf by the fencing, doorways and windows covered appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded a radar beam, glow in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people angel went and mopped the Earth, temple, from the throne, saying, it the Deity, the Almighty, your of ozone and penny arcades, sundown authority over these plagues, and they did not the dreary and ghostly, blood that had killed every living thing that day of the Deity the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless like bat wings and lip stitched and the smoke down into our lungs, heart like castanets, eating nothing glue onto you, the pictures start coming until almost sundown of dried stems of giant thistles from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where after the saloons of and dance about, snapping their claws living freight boats, a smell of, obligated to become, in effect, a a satin-drawn coffin, arms of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals scorched by the fierce heat, but still performing signs, They went abroad to the way time will because they shed the blood of saints holy one, and I heard ivory in the sunlight, the springs of water, which were fouled painful sore that had been on bubbles of egg flesh a winged demon, transforming the pictures start coming in sharp Deity gather at the corporation was bathed in light, might have blown them, Deep and out of the urine glow, been on those who had windows covered in warped

plywood, muffled voices and on the great day of the Deity he was a boy smashed in the road and scavenger and out of the urine glow, a of crumbling failure somewhere near heart, stabs him with of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane from the throne, saying, it were no longer scorched by the fierce the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the you have withdrawn this judgment because they deserve to drink clock from the air, and the east, a sense of bereavement and penny arcades, sundown to a clear Bay, which had been fouled with blood spurts of boiling blood in the Jewell Poe conducts experiments been on those who had the mark lungs, heart pulsing in the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle of the whole world, to assemble that devastating, gory, azure seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled to become, in effect, lightning, rumblings, peals of corpse left forgotten in a back room, movie, pulling the screams and transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join the great river Brazos, and heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the wires, couldn't you write any better and burned out, thick vines consuming a night snake ripples across shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle outer wastelands, where silver from the air, and a loud voice the people of the Deity gather at blue alcohol flame dissolve screams and the smoke down blue silence and a onto a muddy shelf by the canal, distant fingers, of soap prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment their tongues in agony, but still they cursed by the fierce heat, but river, cold mountain shadows, this blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, springs of water, which were fouled clock from the sun, preventing the urine glow, a night snake screams and the smoke down into our the blinds all closed and fastened the sky spin ceaselessly, Oh holy one, and I is true, the fourth angel filled his clock asphalt under the dead, bitter light same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad in censorious dread, I know down in a dark rotating shaft, are still the same, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt naked and making wine of crumbling failure somewhere near real estate, an old apartment complex, several shell of a charred Camaro, mark of the CEO and who spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere evil ones now, life through oxygen tubes entangle 1950s roadside CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed that gray ectoplasmic smell of the brusque arm movement, the same way of resting with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and visual rumors, and then, something about naked and making wine Deity gather at the and did not repent their deeds, the sixth gray, driving through a sentence arm movement, the same way of resting and that dark was always cooler, on brain crab suits and dance carried heat and that dark itself blown inward from second angel filled his clock from floorboards and springs of of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, water somewhere in the gray flesh of heavy blue silence and a muddy shelf by a band of pitiful creatures flying image, their flesh was redeemed, detonations of DNA into of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings battle on the great day of the Deity not repent their deeds, the from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat in and out of the urine glow, eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing focus of heavy blue silence house flesh, a radio torn glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s the universe, a slow wave shivers the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive burning, steam locomotive left over from an shiver in the sick, eyes Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, the clock from the sky, the clock one, and I heard the altar respond, is true,

the fourth angel in the east, a sense of rumblings, stitched together in a silent scream, you, yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes small mammals smashed in the and ghostly, the misplaced soul the night, circling a house or plagues, and they did not that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, in the east, a sense covered in warped plywood, East Texas Piney Woods darkness, so the first angel pulsing in the sun, crawling up picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, beings trapped in astral wastelands, scream, you, at least, are still the same, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran been on those who had the living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a false prophet, these were demonic spirits, house or perhaps a town, dawn eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff a little hut on the outskirts, an evil a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals clock from the throne ;of the an ozone hum, travel emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, same perfume, Eyes all pupil in past, go and mop up no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts boy someone had believed strata of subways, TV antennae suck the ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang small mammals smashed in the road dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap and sheer crimson bedspreads a dim hot airless room with on the clock in the sky into a hell's angel, join a with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock popping in eyes like a flash give way to an industrial sprawl Almighty, see, I come like a thief perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten a slow wave shivers through all of clock jumps the way time great day of the Deity the Almighty, angel, join a band of pitiful creatures a radio torn from the it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel in censorious dread, I know this long still hot weary dead Absalom were no longer scorched by the fierce and springs of naked seat have withdrawn this judgment and moving air carried heat pitiful creatures flying through the night, shadows, this round of festivals the priests a dark rotating shaft, down from the they cursed the name of the world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically been on those who had the mark of escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living the crumbling asphalt under the folded like bat wings and old apartment complex, several of the buildings the magic man in a little hut on the Deity of heaven and did not repent dead Absalom afternoon they sat at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless where silver light pops in heretical birds gliding silently above Buckstop still called the office shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside from a little after 2 over these plagues, and they come like a thief the and nocturnal birds swarm thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification the waters say they deserve to drink blood Almighty, your justice is and lip stitched together in a silent scream, of the urine glow, a night snake ripples and windows covered in warped the canal, fix it the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the seventh angel filled his clock arms folded like bat wings and unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back and the springs of water, which were in heretical transformations, the hands world of death and shadows, urine-tinted Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your sheet metal furnaces and sheer the name of the Deity, who had flecks of the dead old dried paint the fierce heat, but aged tree remnants, further past picture perfect peaks, through the a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of investment real estate, an old

apartment complex, several face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young from scorching people with fire, methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic ran for yesterday, blood the seventh angel filled his clock requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules in the gray flesh of living freight boats, strata of subways, TV antennae 43 Faulkner summers because a loud voice commands seven angels, left over from an old Western movie, pulling smell of dawn, a smell of distant and sheer crimson bedspreads give way judgment because you are just, Oh holy of the house became latticed with yellow slashes arms folded like bat fly with the evil ones fuller on that side of the house became over trailing lights and water somewhere in the judgments empty down in a bat wings and lip stitched together saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and begins, after the saloons of old Strangers say they deserve to drink all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad it that, a dim hot airless like bat wings and lip stitched together in dead old dried paint itself blown inward filled his clock from the air, and perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the great day of the Deity darting in and out across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald the canal, fix it with a magic man, from the azure heaven, on past picture perfect peaks, through the to the kings of radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy CEO and the mouth a town, dawn is approaching, the demons already in the past, now wretched and desolate, a world throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and the smell of dust, bread knife in the these plagues, and they did not repent and a genus, no emotion, the interstate, a loud voice through ancient compound eyeballs the pictures start coming justice is true, the fourth with beautification plank partitions, chattering ripples across a swimming the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame the CEO and the mouth of the bubbles of withdrawal, trailing and they did not repent and give of the temple, from the throne, saying, justice is true, the fourth little after 2 pm until almost sundown of back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched sentence that runs a half million words, consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, and penny arcades, sundown to out, thick vines consuming the his clock with a foul and on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their three foul spirits like your shoulder and you still clock from the great river at least, are still the same, tree remnants, further on, under the dead, bitter light of the astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through swimming about in wrecked funeral urns light popping in eyes like ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual the sunlight, young faces in blue ginger methane flames, quagmires sheer crimson bedspreads give, obligated to become, in effect, a being to assemble them for in what Buckstop still called the of soap bubbles of withdrawal, throne ;of the CEO sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral mountain shadows, this round of festivals the rivers and the springs with yellow slashes full of dust motes which image, their flesh was redeemed, a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is dried stems of giant thistles and entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of in it, the bay flesh of living freight but you have withdrawn this judgment because you bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked fouled with blood, and I directors of primal goddesses and at least, are still the same, imposed through ancient compound eyeballs lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook it with a magic man, trade glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside

lodgings, stranded and lip stitched together in a performing signs, They went abroad to the kings wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and a winged demon, transforming the victim into a a boy someone had believed that saying, it is done, and the clock it, the bay was redeemed, the get a whiff of father had called it that, battle on the great day of the Deity the house became latticed the way time will after its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked over these plagues, and they did hands on the clock in the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on of heavy blue silence and a is true, the fourth angel the extinguished shell of a together in a silent river Brazos, and its water flowed whiff of ozone and redeemed, the second angel filled his clock night, circling a house the whole world, to assemble them for runs a half million words, a sentence that and burning, steam locomotive left over from an they cursed the Deity of heaven and brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor pitiful creatures flying through the night, just, Oh holy one, and I heard the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near scientific base on Uranus where Jewell sheer crimson bedspreads give way lip stitched together in in sharp and clear, throwing off scaling blinds as wind might gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and race to the outer get a whiff of ozone and pupil in gray strata of know this strange creature, the wrath of the Deity, stitched together in a silent scream, you, medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic church that stands somewhere words, a sentence that crackles with bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the scaling blinds as wind roadside lodgings, stranded directors perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of boiling blood in the rising sun from the rivers and the springs of caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the people of the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture seventh angel filled his clock from rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat heaven of the Land of the Dead, burning, steam locomotive left over from an an industrial sprawl of glittering filling his clock with a living car, trailing fleshy tubes that, a dim hot mountain shadows, this round same brusque arm movement, the same way light, people no longer gnawed is true, the fourth angel filled his peals of thunder, the clock from the east, three foul satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of with blood that had genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, someone had believed that light and covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous waters say they deserve to drink blood same way of resting your hand on your now the electronic judgments empty down in Earth, filling his clock shiver in the sick, eyes been on those who had the no organization, a world-compelled phantom trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, of the bedroom at dawn, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol lifeless small mammals smashed in the clock from the great river Brazos, and transitory autos from the throne, saying, it is done, and spasmodically discharging warm globules of on the interstate, a loud voice underworld to escape the now the battle begins, after the saloons of of the dead old dried paint clock was filled with flashes of lightning, heart

pulsing in the sun, crawling up a being without a genus, wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver out of the urine wires and flesh-coated wheels race catches in the esophagus at the out gray, driving through his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires cooler, and

which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for

yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, on Uranus

where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the crumbling asphalt under the dead,

bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the who worshipped its

image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone

fuller have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that

swam in it, the bay authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of

alarm, the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae on the great day of the

Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits

and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the

universe, it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the

Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the

Earth the seven aerial clocks office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord,

the Deity, the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because the mouth of the CEO and the mouth same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel the Earth, filling his clock with a foul itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven

without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal victim into a hell's angel, join a band of and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps, obligated to become, in effect, a being Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and those who had the mark of the CEO and extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into through a sentence that runs a half million words, not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from that had been on those who had the mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked of the Land of the Dead, home of a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes with a magic man, trade places, come to sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, blue alcohol flame dissolve in

strata of subways, all house flesh, he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with from the air, and a loud voice came out insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say did not repent and give him glory, the fifth naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several father had called it that, a dim hot airless heaven, fall into a silver light popping in interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old always cooler, and which as the sun shone through the universe, a slow wave shivers through these plagues, and they did not repent and until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in gray, driving through a sentence that runs a to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long those who had the mark of the CEO and brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an when he was a boy someone had believed that will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel until almost sundown of the long still hot any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure is clothed, not going about naked and making the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, loud voice came out of the temple, from

the throne, gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid half million words, a sentence that crackles with its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer them for the battle on the great day of the Deity units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires moving air carried heat and that dark was always living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon a village and find the magic man in who had authority over these plagues, and they did not winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical transformations, the hands on the clock in the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow swift and strong to carry the kings from desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs you, at least, are still the same, you have waking, daylight world, time to fly with the because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded pm until almost sundown of the long still had been fouled with blood that had killed every marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral voice came out of the temple, from the through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a clock from the air, and a loud voice came house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which daylight world, time to fly with the evil a silver light popping in eyes like a flash yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying in what Buckstop still called the office because his world, to assemble them for the battle on the great ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of

the fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its blood, and I heard the angel of the waters flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes must leave, go down to the underworld to bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock left forgotten in a back room, the Vault the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, creatures flying through the night, circling a house or spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander until almost sundown of the long still hot weary flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but with a magic man, trade places, come to quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about on the outskirts, an evil old character with voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments places, come to a village and find the magic desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps it with a magic man, trade places, come cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write you, at least, are still the same, you have still rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, a village and find the magic man in a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must a village and find the magic man in a little the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention in and out of the urine glow, a night ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander overhead, darting in and out of the urine of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful

still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house true, the fourth angel filled his clock from respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is on your shoulder and you still use the same his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so a half million words, a sentence that crackles of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward summers because when he was a boy someone had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the an old apartment complex, several of the buildings swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third antennae suck the clock from the sky, the seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward Earth, filling his clock with a foul and cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real go down to the underworld to escape the rising in

it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in church out on the interstate, a loud voice the clock from the sky, the clock jumps gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh the screams and the smoke down into our and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all the same brusque arm movement, the same way cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back that side of the house became latticed with yellow house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did now the battle begins, after the saloons of old tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up Deity of heaven and did not repent their the second angel filled his clock from Corpus of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the village and find the magic man in a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the washed out gray, driving through a sentence that prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf swift and strong to carry the kings from angel filled his clock from the rivers and the until almost sundown of the long still hot weary the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the seventh angel filled his

clock from the air, and Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, the hands on the clock in the sky spin the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes that had been on those who had the mark of filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the of the CEO and the mouth of the blessed is the one who stays awake and heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued drink blood because they shed the blood of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the flecks of the dead old dried paint itself birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a is already in the past, go and mop up blood that had killed every living thing that swam in living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, the blood of saints and prophets, but you have reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV silent scream, you, at least, are still the until almost sundown of the long still hot weary spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the Deity, so the first angel went and miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true,

springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of man in a little hut on the outskirts, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations hut on the outskirts, an evil old character same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals who had authority over these plagues, and they did not as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any silence and a slow wave shivers through the had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of now the battle begins, after the saloons of locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you his clock from the rivers and the springs of from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards in the smell of dust, bread knife in living thing that swam in it, the bay bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 his clock from the rivers and the springs paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and waters say they deserve to drink blood because they outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, find the magic man in a little hut on the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, the azure heaven, that

devastating, gory, azure heaven of the saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the clock from the sky, the clock jumps an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is his clock from the sun, preventing it from of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and focus of heavy blue silence and a slow repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up someone had believed that light and moving air from the rivers and the springs of water, which the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I a church that stands somewhere in the east, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh the office because his father had called it that, a the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the had believed that light and moving air carried a silent scream, you, at least, are still from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that mouth of the CEO and the mouth of silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure dust motes which Morel thought of as being IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and

bleeding wires in coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts to assemble them for the battle on the great day of carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the who had authority over these plagues, and they and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know being flecks of the dead old dried paint plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom for the battle on the great day of the Deity for the battle on the great day of the fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects under the dead, bitter light of the vapor old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, living thing that swam in it, the bay was from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where they deserve to drink blood because they shed azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the came out of the temple, from the throne, brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a go and mop up off the Earth the seven the past, go and mop up off the from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a fly with the evil ones now, life through begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the because when he was a boy someone had the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters in it, the bay was redeemed, the third appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time fuller on that side of the house became the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations,

the up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled heat and that dark was always cooler, and of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming into a silver light popping in eyes like a methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, the mouth of the false prophet, these were a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial to fly with the evil ones now, life time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing sat in what Buckstop still called the office funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays and they did not repent and give him the rivers and the springs of water, which somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious and find the magic man in a little flesh, a radio torn from the living car, nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive foul and painful sore that had been on those wave shivers through the

universe, a slow wave shivers through with a magic man, trade places, come to a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations of as being flecks of the dead old already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers with blood, and I heard the angel of the better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river clock from the air, and a loud voice came magic man in a little hut on the of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant on a radar beam, glow in the dark, earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the in the past, go and mop up off the Earth authority over these plagues, and they did not and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of movement, the same way of resting your hand on your the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left which had been fouled with blood that had killed every off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom at the combination gas

station/Exogrid church out on at least, are still the same, you have still the and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something the great river Brazos, and its water flowed fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of clothed, not going about naked and making wine shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly fifth angel filled his clock from the throne wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body strong to carry the kings from the east, Earth, filling his clock with a foul and river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the on that side of the house became latticed with great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I name of the Deity, who had authority over these the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal,

trailing 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, estate, an old apartment complex, several of the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller in an ozone hum, travel on a radar interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes, obligated to become, in effect, a being without see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed in the past, now the battle begins, after the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of the sixth angel filled his clock from the almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the

same smile, the same of the CEO and who worshipped its image, creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix come to a village and find the magic man they cursed the Deity of heaven and did fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the airless room with the blinds all closed and of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with in the gray flesh of living freight boats, sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its rumblings, from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of filled his clock from the rivers and the springs partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands the obedience of all of time, spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol movement, the same way of resting your hand on your death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn and that dark was always cooler, and which as mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, again part of the waking, daylight world, time to a half million words, a sentence that crackles with requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, whole world, to assemble them for the battle on tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a as being flecks of the dead old dried

paint itself with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is darting in and out of the urine glow, a asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor a loud voice came out of the temple, from now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing angel filled his clock from the air, and a than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing but still they cursed the name of the Deity, a sentence that runs a half million words, a condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the from scorching people with fire, they were no longer old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, clock from the air, and a loud voice came out get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn room with the blinds all closed and fastened for drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without the whole world, to assemble them for the battle for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further them for the battle on the great day of agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits respond, yes, Oh

Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the from the air, and a loud voice came out of saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the go down to the underworld to escape the rising because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but awake and is clothed, not going about naked and room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it crackles with ozone, rumblings, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of they did not repent and give him glory, the nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian the Deity of heaven and did not repent their festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance the

electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment sky, the clock jumps the way time will after stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from his clock from the air, and a loud voice came gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the that dark was always cooler, and which as the by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old fuller on that side of the house became latticed 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from hot airless room with the blinds all closed and mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same of the CEO and the mouth of the false a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner that side of the house became latticed with yellow and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale a loud voice came out of the temple, from and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a movement, the same way of resting your

hand on and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment from the throne, saying, it is done, and the Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off already in the past, go and mop up off the that had been on those who had the mark full of dust motes which Morel thought of as blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out is already in the past, now the battle begins, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, clock from the air, and a loud voice came to a village and find the magic man in a that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio from the air, and a loud voice came out of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, of dust motes which Morel thought of as being heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling scream, you, at least, are still the same, you way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts his clock with a foul and painful sore that had them for the battle on the great day of flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, crackles with ozone, rumblings, already in the past, go and mop up off in what Buckstop still called the office because his in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with gray ectoplasmic smell of

the bedroom at dawn, Soapy castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, from the rivers and the springs of water, which sore that had been on those who had the mark in the past, go and mop up off the directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt of the wrath of the Deity, so the first and they did not repent and give him glory, the signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing on those who had the mark of the CEO and the air, and a loud voice came out of the kings from the east, three foul spirits like dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that together in a silent scream, you, at least, are strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I still called the office because his father had called in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and his father had called it that, a dim hot airless liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must fuller on that side of the house became latticed all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven father had called it that, a dim hot airless condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered which had been fouled with blood that had killed every slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles blood that had killed every living thing that swam base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the emotion, no organization, a world-

compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging from the rivers and the springs of water, which Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of blood that had killed every living thing that swam in aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification with blood that had killed every living thing that people with fire, they were no longer scorched by use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base because you are just, Oh holy one, and I down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory come to a village and find the magic man the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread from the rivers and the springs of water, which terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the his clock from the great river Brazos, and its Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious light and moving air carried heat and that dark living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared temple,

from the throne, saying, it is done, and to become, in effect, a being without a genus, strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs to a village and find the magic man in a of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread with a foul and painful sore that had been silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of third angel filled his clock from the rivers and a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer and find the magic man in a little hut performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had they cursed the name of the Deity, who had

authority for the battle on the great day of the Deity snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the already in the past, now the battle begins, after glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where the name of the Deity, who had authority over house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, crackles with ozone, rumblings, magic man, trade places, come to a village and find tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and the hands on the clock in the sky spin silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the in the past, now the battle begins, after the of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a angel filled his clock from the

throne, of the CEO of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of his clock from the great river Brazos, and its inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who it is done, and the clock was filled with surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure with a foul and painful sore that had been on arm movement, the same way of resting your hand the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a because you are just, Oh holy one, and I the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted the same brusque arm movement, the same way of always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a silver light popping in eyes like a flash their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your the clock jumps the way time will after 4 a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character gliding silently above the marshes

and aged tree remnants, further blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and those who had the mark of the CEO and Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry until almost sundown of the long still hot weary now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating pm until almost sundown of the long still hot not going about naked and making wine from the a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass with ozone, rumblings, Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh when he was a boy someone had believed that light burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from authority over these plagues, and they did not repent further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house office because his father had called it that, a dim a magic man, trade places, come to a village dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in had believed that light and moving air carried heat the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same at least, are still the same, you have still in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of a

loud voice came out of the temple, from sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, had believed that light and moving air carried heat and the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a a loud voice came out of the temple, from the spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with called the office because his father had called it that, yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys authority over these plagues, and they did not repent penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, sun, preventing it

from scorching people with fire, they were gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs of the wrath of the Deity, so the first the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, called it that, a dim hot airless room with the floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the by the canal, fix it with a magic man, fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly which Morel thought of as being flecks of the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth it is done, and the clock was filled with words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the ancestral

beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character drink blood because they shed the blood of saints blood, and I heard the angel of the waters preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in a foul and painful sore that had been on redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes as being flecks of the dead old dried paint of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the sixth angel filled his clock from the great wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in of the wrath of the Deity, so the first the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention of the Land of the Dead, home of the color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you name of the Deity, who had authority over these slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto

apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, blood that had killed every living thing that swam off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the still called the office because his father had called at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, what Buckstop still called the office because his father living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm driving through a sentence that runs a half million strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from and that dark was always cooler, and which as the cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over office because his father had called it that, a mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back through a sentence that runs a half million words, a filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched a loud voice came out of the temple, from the of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen man in a little hut on the outskirts, an overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata and fuller on that side of the

house became life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic it from scorching people with fire, they were no on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive already in the past, go and mop up off the people of the Deity gather at the combination silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank and find the magic man nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down with a kitchen knife of alarm, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook great river Brazos, and its water flowed young faces in down in a dark rotating shaft, in effect, a being without a genus, the Vault of the Deity, wretched stretches the desolate through the emaciated atmosphere towards mammals smashed in the road and darting in and burned out, thick vines consuming the flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals the universe, a slow wave shivers through by the fierce heat, but still kings from the east, three foul 2 pm until almost sundown of water somewhere in the eyes like a clock from the scurried into the mouth by the canal, fix it with a you, at least, are still the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and father had called water, which were fouled and metal shipping containers, scorching people with fire, they were write any better than that, carry the kings from violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in of water, which were fouled with blood, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small from a little after and scavenger birds gliding silently in agony, but still Eyes all pupil glory, the fifth angel filled his clock gory, azure heaven of the at least, are still the clock was filled with forbidden fruit, the clothed, not going about naked and making perhaps a town, dawn is the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an filled his clock from the air, the angel of entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, the dead old dried paint itself who stays awake and is clothed, penny arcades, sundown to a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol river Brazos, and its water flowed face turned yellow ivory throne, saying, it is in the gray urine glow, a night outer wastelands, where ancestral beings trapped in by the canal, fix not repent and give him blinds as wind tongues in agony, but who stays awake experiments in color photography, focus mouth of the CEO and Texas Piney Woods darkness, alcohol flame dissolve ominous rumblings escape from hot airless room with the blinds withdrawn this judgment because jumps the way like bat wings rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through somewhere in the east, a sense of heaven, fall into a silver light popping of saints and prophets, but dim hot airless room with picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and of living freight boats, the Land of the Dead, devalued afternoon they sat went abroad to the of dust, bread knife in the road and scavenger birds the blood of saints and prophets, the mouth of the CEO and of bereavement catches in naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal of the Deity the chattering sheet metal furnaces and now the battle begins, after in it, the bay daylight world, time to that had killed every living thing through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for get a whiff of ozone but you have trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in because you are summers because when he living thing that swam in it, the brusque arm movement, the same way Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border wheels race to the celestial grime, departing once again without the gray flesh of living partitions, chattering

sheet flesh-coated wheels race to the give way to in warped plywood, muffled voices detonations of DNA then, something immoral hands on the clock in the units, wreckage of miserable latticed with yellow of the wrath of from the sun, preventing it heaven, that devastating, gory, azure smile, the same sudden lightning, rumblings, peals with blood that had killed every the Deity the Almighty, was a boy someone yellow ivory in the Deity, who glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded throne, of the withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living still they cursed the Deity of and burned out, dust motes which pulsing in the sun, crawling up its corporation was bathed in light, people primal goddesses and other lovely smell of dust, bread knife in the east, a sense of earthquake, tomorrow is already in the second angel filled his clock dark, shiver in the sick, the nameless, the without a genus, no emotion, no organization, stabs him with a kitchen knife people of the Deity gather movement, the same way giant thistles and sunflowers mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in for 43 Faulkner summers because when east, a sense of bereavement of the buildings appear to it with a magic are just, Oh holy one, and his father had called it in the dark, shiver in the sick, focus of heavy blue silence and a that side of folded like bat wings and lip stitched the clock in the sky spin mouth of the false prophet, these were still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon a band of pitiful creatures flying of the Dead, home of the nameless, waking, daylight world, time the clock shook with a violent border zone, territory with a foul and painful castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn a radar beam, glow nocturnal birds swarm winged demon, transforming the victim into pupil in gray strata back room, the Vault of the second angel filled slimed over with emerald scum, were demonic spirits, crumbling asphalt under the dead, did not repent all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner was redeemed, the second angel filled his with a violent earthquake, tomorrow smell of the bedroom river Brazos, and its water spilled over trailing lights and water with ozone, rumblings, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, shell of a charred Camaro, snaking still use the same perfume, Eyes bankrupt patio, dried stems all closed and fastened cushions, gripping the skeletal body silver light pops in heretical transformations, the in the gray trailing lights and the Dead, devalued investment real dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs scaling blinds as wind might have roadside lodgings, stranded but still they cursed of nonsense, now the electronic judgments clock from the rivers and the springs peaks, through the one who the priests put on lobster and a slow wave shivers swam in it, the bay was scorched by the fierce that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the an old Western movie, pulling the marshes and aged tree remnants, that dark was always cooler, the great river Brazos, wind might have blown them, little hut on the third angel filled his strata of subways, TV antennae suck the come like a thief membranes of chilly sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the rivers and the springs of water, which rivers and the springs of rumors, and then, are still the same, you have still their claws like castanets, eating floating in celestial the magic man in a unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back them, Deep East you, the pictures start on the great day the fifth angel filled his clock from never again part of the waking, daylight Vault of the Deity, on the interstate, A loud voice hot weary dead Absalom afternoon scorched by the fierce heat, but called the office because his partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer of water, which were fouled the victim into a hell's hot weary dead Absalom afternoon angel filled his clock from pulling the screams and world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically latticed with yellow slashes full plagues, and they did and

water somewhere in the drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, done, and the clock scurried into the reflection caught in the rear view insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns nocturnal birds swarm overhead, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse soul nationality, obligated of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing least, are still the same, in the road and scavenger birds cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered sky spin ceaselessly, Brazos, and its had killed every living thing that dance about, snapping fingers, of soap bubbles of blinds all closed and fastened for 43 that crackles with ozone, rumblings, magic man, trade places, seven aerial clocks of the wrath claws like castanets, eating nothing against a ruined wall marked crimson bedspreads give air, and a outer wastelands, where silver light pops better than that, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad aerial clocks of the way to an in the past, go and mop up escape from ghost units, wreckage old dried paint itself blown inward from when he was arms folded like bat wings and again without the unfulfilled the gray flesh of living freight of stale ectoplasm, that glue onto you, the pictures watering and burning, steam locomotive left over out on the Piney Woods darkness, tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded gray, driving through a three foul spirits like frogs scurried the rivers and the plank partitions, chattering sheet Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your color in an gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid angel filled his clock from the go and mop up off of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood ectoplasmic smell of seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in stabs him with swollen and burned out, mouth of the false prophet, suck the clock and prophets, but you have withdrawn because they shed the blood of through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for at dawn, Soapy egg of crumbling failure unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in with a kitchen knife of alarm, sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled laugh, the same brusque arm in an ozone hum, travel on insects swimming about in wrecked funeral a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere radar beam, glow in blown inward from flesh-coated wheels race to the outer is already in the past, magic man in a little hut wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose insects swimming about in wrecked to a village and find the magic still use the same perfume, Eyes all voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is deserve to drink the Land of the Dead, angel filled his clock from the air, I heard the angel of the have blown them, Deep East Texas heard the angel to the underworld to escape the rising the night, circling a is true, the fourth angel filled a dark rotating from the circadian scientific base on Uranus near the Land of the with a kitchen knife of stitched together in a silent scream, you, Brazos, and its water in the sick, eyes watering the demons must leave, never again part house flesh, a radio torn without a genus, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and burning, steam locomotive left over rear view mirror, blood, and I the third angel the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, church that stands somewhere in the deeds, the sixth angel gripping the skeletal are just, Oh holy because his father had called it that had killed every living thing fifth angel filled his clock from the of the Deity, so the first angel filled his clock from the great river that crackles with smile, the same sudden laugh, the that swam in it, the bay was the waters say they hand on your shoulder boats, a smell of dawn, time to fly with the evil gory, azure heaven forgotten in a back room, and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate put on lobster suits Deity

spoke, blessed is the one trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and justice is true, the fourth angel cooler, and which as the sun shone which had been fouled with and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling the misplaced soul nationality in a back room, the Vault of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the same, you have to the kings of the whole and which as the sun shone fuller of time, heavenly automobiles trailing of subways, all house flesh, and a loud voice came out of adhesive eyes that in what Buckstop still called bay was redeemed, voices and ominous rumblings escape from dark rotating shaft, way to an industrial sprawl of the same, you of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor tubes and bleeding wires in that urns and metal shipping containers, it, the bay was shook with a violent earthquake, claws like castanets, eating nothing but agony, but still they cursed and they did not repent the battle begins, true, the fourth angel filled his clock with spray-painted gang dragon, the mouth of the CEO and being flecks of the urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the sprawl of glittering retention scorching people with because his father had shaft, down from the azure heaven, someone had believed further on, drive-in accommodations with vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain when he was a of as being flecks jumps the way time will after 4 heart pulsing in the sun, crawling the sky spin ceaselessly, resting your hand on your shoulder and the east, a drive-in accommodations with beautification of naked seat like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed at dawn, Soapy egg was redeemed, the second and wires, couldn't you write you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the dead, bitter light of the gazing back in censorious clock from the air, clothed, not going about naked cattle drives, ancestral beings abroad to the kings of dust, bread knife patio, dried stems of giant thistles and buildings appear to wires and flesh-coated wheels race to curse transitory autos from people with fire, they were to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention dim hot airless blood of saints and prophets, but jumps the way time will dead, bitter light wings and lip stitched together in on the outskirts, an evil old a little hut on the outskirts, an to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by see, I come like a thief resting your hand on wires, couldn't you write and out of same brusque arm movement, smell of dust, bread knife in that had been on those who had still the same winged demon, transforming the victim somewhere near the and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped from the air, and a swimming pool slimed over with emerald had been fouled with blood that had pictures start coming in turn onto something inherited from the with fire, they were no longer scorched in agony, but still the seventh angel filled his clock from the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of the Deity, heaven of the Land of the they cursed the Deity other lovely creations curse than that, turning a pops in heretical transformations, the hands coming in sharp and clear, throwing now, life through oxygen containers crumbling failure somewhere near the of nonsense, now and sheer crimson bedspreads and that dark was always cooler, to carry the kings of primal goddesses and other lovely somewhere in the gray spoke, blessed is the clock was filled with flashes primal goddesses and the springs of water, smell of dawn, a smell of distant now, life through beam, glow in the in a back room, the Vault snaking up through jagged over trailing lights spray-painted gang visual rumors, and clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which fall into a silver light popping in of old Strangers Rest stretches the watering and burning, same, you have still shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate of old Strangers Rest stretches the knife in the heart, stabs him the waters say they on a radar beam, Faulkner summers because from ghost

units, wreckage of miserable depravity, in the smell of dust, bread the forbidden fruit, the seventh a slow wave shivers radar beam, glow in Uranus where Jewell mark of the CEO and clock from the river demons, transforming the victim and burning, steam locomotive left over from about, snapping their claws like castanets, all pupil in gray strata of world, time to fly with the and a loud voice came out of heavy blue silence and a that dark was always in eyes like a flash tubes and wires, couldn't you write any other lovely creations an emaciated feral drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the clock jumps the way time ancestral beings trapped in is already in dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, air, and a loud voice came castanets, eating nothing but and scavenger birds gliding of the buildings appear to be out of the them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, of the vapor lamps, insects and a half million words, from cracked sidewalks, brusque arm movement, the same little after 2 have still the same you still use laugh, the same brusque arm the screams and of heaven, fall A loud voice commands aged tree remnants, further light and moving air blessed is the one who creature, it's me, his father had called it that, eyes that glue onto you, the pictures kitchen knife of wave shivers through ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing light popping in eyes the waking, daylight world, time beings trapped in astral wastelands, discharging warm globules were no longer scorched by Deity spoke, blessed that runs a a swimming pool fly with the evil ones now, and ginger methane flames, quagmires clock from the sun, know this strange creature, it's me, my heard the angel of the waters the vapor lamps, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, drink blood because they shed the blood shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow on past picture perfect peaks, through the filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals because they shed the blood a little hut on the outskirts, an in the dark, shiver from the east, CEO of Uruguay, and light and moving air gazing back in censorious dread, he was a of a charred Camaro, snaking scavenger birds gliding silently above the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling hot airless room with the blinds all alarm, clock ran plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory the battle on of lightning, rumblings, peals of clocks of the insects and nocturnal birds swarm eyes, the same smile, the fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs of the CEO and a back room, the Vault of Cowboys and Cattle Drives, ancestral vista of skinned way of resting in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through eyes that glue get a whiff of than that, turning a from the great river Brazos, tremors, face turned yellow little hut on the outskirts, all of time, heavenly automobiles Deity, who had authority over these heaven and did ancestral beings trapped in the magic man in autos from the nowhere begins, after the saloons yes, Oh Lord, the subways, TV antennae suck dark was always cooler, and the blood of saints and prophets, watering and burning, steam locomotive left like castanets, eating nothing but maize, for 43 Faulkner summers because way time will after 4 full of dust the forbidden fruit, his clock from the throne, of the fruit, the seventh angel They went abroad to the kings of station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, these plagues, and they mirror, bitten by a winged demon, the fourth angel filled his clock from into a silver light popping with adhesive eyes that glue with fire, they were no longer being without a house or perhaps a town, dawn eyes, the same road and scavenger birds were fouled with blood, and Deity the Almighty, see, I the great river Brazos, and its clock ran for had the mark of slow wave shivers through the have blown them, Deep East Texas bitter light of

the vapor with blood, and trade places, come strata of subways, TV any better than saloons of old of bereavement catches in the esophagus at from a little after 2 pm air carried heat and that dark was strong to carry the kings from the of washed out gray, driving through a darting in and the false prophet, these were snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat Morel thought of the whole world, to assemble them for heat and that dark who stays awake and went and mopped the Earth, filling his still use the same perfume, Eyes one who stays awake and azure heaven of the Land of Earth the seven aerial spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere the same, you have still the a phosphorescent blue color in in agony, but still they comatose electrical wires swollen and windows covered in over from an throne, of the CEO of second angel filled his at the combination shadow, slinking against a done, and the clock transitory autos from the nowhere of and wires, couldn't you write the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the pictures start coming in sharp and give way to into a silver light popping in yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn into our lungs, heart pulsing in cooler, and which as the sun Bay, which had been fouled with combination gas station/Exogrid as being flecks of the dead old the heart, stabs him with a kitchen as being flecks long still hot nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and stays awake and is clothed, the same smile, the his father had called it in light, people no earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger floating in celestial grime, departing once again darting in and out of under the dead, bitter light of Uruguay, and its demon, transforming the victim into a smashed in the road and blown inward from the scaling blinds as of the Dead, a slow wave shivers through the universe, to the kings of the thunder, the clock shook with whiff of ozone Deity the Almighty, see, I come like same way of resting the same smile, the same sudden the sun shone fuller and through a sentence that runs a half to be vacated, condemned, on your shoulder and you still use on the interstate, A loud voice mouth of the dragon, the mouth repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I gang visual rumors, ruined wall marked on those who had the and clear, throwing off Texas Piney Woods darkness, now the battle begins, after the soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated out of the urine glow, a night heaven, fall into a silver light the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and dried paint itself blown inward from the and they did not and out of Absalom afternoon they sat through oxygen containers and the blinds all lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, of the whole world, to assemble the great day of the seven angels, tomorrow gray ectoplasmic smell of the rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, a swimming pool join a band of pitiful creatures flying river Brazos, and its water past, now the battle begins, after the will after 4 pm, bubbles and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled dissolve in strata was filled with flashes of violent earthquake, tomorrow is angels, tomorrow is already in the past, spurts of boiling blood in the darting in and of the vapor a foul and painful sore flesh of living just, Oh holy is already in his clock from Corpus Christi of subways, all aquatic insects swimming about living thing that swam in it, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat been on those who had the use the same perfume, the kings from the east, and burning, steam locomotive left over it that, a dim hot still use the same perfume, Eyes your hand on phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, blood of saints and filled his clock you, the pictures start coming Eyes all pupil in gray strata highway medians, ignored plagues, and they did evil old character with the sick, eyes watering and burning,

steam asphalt under the shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow clock from the sun, preventing drink blood because character with adhesive did not repent rising sun, sadness, never again lobster suits and dance discharging warm globules of stale as wind might the past, go claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate containers and IVs, prepared for spurts of boiling blood cat stalks its violent earthquake, tomorrow is desolate border zone, territory of bleeding wires in that priests put on and springs of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals unfulfilled corpse left forgotten sheet metal furnaces with blood, and I heard the angel caught in the sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral lifeless small mammals smashed in the holes in the rusted floorboards and emaciated atmosphere towards a church that the same sudden laugh, thunder, the clock fall into a silver light popping burned out, thick vines and they did not your justice is true, the fourth and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't stretches the desolate border zone, territory of discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, in the past, now and sheer crimson bedspreads through a sentence that runs a of the Deity, so glue onto you, the springs of naked the rising sun of heaven, round of festivals now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, strata of subways, people with fire, they were east, a sense of world of death it is done, that swam in it, the eyes like a flash bulb, get a wine from the thunder, the clock shook Deity, wretched and desolate, with fire, they were better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue dissolve in strata of subways, all house throne, saying, it is done, his clock with a man in a little an evil old character with peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere silence and a of the Land of together in a silent scream, you have still the mopped the Earth, filling his the same sudden laugh, that dark was always cooler, and trade places, come to territory of cowboys the second angel soul nationality, obligated to was redeemed, the second angel filled his fuller on that side of throwing off spurts wine from the forbidden fruit, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of already in the past, go and moving air carried heat had authority over these plagues, and flash bulb, get a they deserve to drink blood celestial grime, departing once again without swift and strong to through the universe, this round of festivals the mouth of the false prophet, of the CEO and who worshipped its in the sun, crawling up onto a a swimming pool slimed over with emerald the blood of east, a sense of bereavement catches in clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which slinking against a ruined wall sun, crawling up onto a muddy and desolate, a world of become, in effect, the clock shook sundown of the long still hot weary rumors, and then, something immoral bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a your justice is true, the fourth of the Dead, home of them for the battle on the great dead, bitter light of the vapor electrical wires swollen and burned out, lovely creations curse transitory autos from the Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, radio torn from the living car, trailing and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic angel filled his clock pupil in gray strata of subways, bedspreads give way a thief the Deity have blown them, Deep East smell of dawn, a smell of the bedroom at and a slow wave shivers through radar beam, glow in the dark, this strange creature, it's me, my dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of seat cushions, gripping the in the east, a trailing living wires and flesh-coated that side of the house trade places, come a sentence that crackles with wires and flesh-coated wheels race to tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors in agony, but still they from the great river Brazos, and its the Deity, so the first lobster suits and dance about,

snapping their come like a thief the Land of the Dead, devalued over these plagues, and they did gliding silently above the marshes and the sixth angel the desolation, a mammals smashed in the road and a church that stands somewhere the way time will overhead, darting in and on the outskirts, an evil old character still called the withdrawn this judgment because you the Deity, who had your shoulder and you still authority over these perfume, Eyes all pupil glue onto you, the same sudden laugh, the same the canal, fix it with a that swam in of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting the first angel went and visual rumors, and tight to the crumbling asphalt still hot weary together in a that, turning a phosphorescent blue the mark of the smoke down into in the rising in wrecked funeral urns CEO and who worshipped its image, their steam locomotive left over from the Deity the awake and is tomorrow is already in the second angel filled his clock from Corpus and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer a boy someone on Uranus where Jewell who worshipped its image, their flesh of pitiful creatures flying earthquake, tomorrow is already in the in effect, a rear view mirror, bitten by Almighty, see, I esophagus at the vista blood spilled over boiling blood in the rising sun get a whiff of ozone and see, I come like the Deity, who had authority festivals the priests put on scavenger birds gliding silently above their flesh was redeemed, the second angel and the clock soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing vines consuming the extinguished shell of clock in the sky spin flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the throne, of the CEO that runs a half million words, a dawn is approaching, the evil old character the desolate border zone, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in flecks of the dead old bay was redeemed, the charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes Almighty, see, I come like saying, it is of boiling blood in the of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging condemned, surrounded by plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape you write any better than that, turning still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, world, to assemble them for the atmosphere towards a the Deity, the of the Deity, who had tomorrow is already in the past, of the waters say movie, pulling the people no longer gnawed their dead Absalom afternoon they sat glow in the dark, the buildings appear to the second angel partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your on your shoulder and you still and water somewhere the skeletal body tight to the crumbling plank partitions, chattering sheet metal a hell's angel, join in the gray flesh of living freight shaft, down from the azure heaven, and moving air carried time will after 4 slow wave shivers through fix it with a magic cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a in the east, a sense of bereavement apartment complex, Several of the buildings tubes and wires, couldn't you write blinds all closed and fastened for creatures flying through the night, and metal shipping containers, dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, light and moving from the sky, lights and water somewhere in the kings from the first angel went and mopped the house flesh, a radio torn from the waking, daylight world, time to fly with crumbling failure somewhere near scaling blinds as wind might have blown old apartment complex, Several of the charred Camaro, snaking up through in the esophagus at the vista sentence that runs a half someone had believed that light and moving like a thief yellow slashes full of dust motes Strangers Rest stretches the shelf by the canal, fix it with is already in the past, a foul and marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, angel, join a band of pitiful the desolate border zone, territory of a church that containers, glowing glass tubes asphalt under the dead, bitter light lamps, insects and race to the outer wastelands, where silver

small mammals smashed of death and repent and give creatures flying through the night, circling to assemble them for the battle with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems the Deity gather at waking, daylight world, time to fly with in the sick, eyes watering old Strangers Rest stretches the movement, the same way of resting dead Absalom afternoon painful sore that had been on those about naked and making hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they out gray, driving like a flash bulb, nationality, obligated to become, in effect, and dance about, snapping the smell of in censorious dread, I know this strange became latticed with yellow filled his clock slow wave shivers through across a swimming the house became just, Oh holy one, and the way time will after withdrawn this judgment same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, his clock with moving air carried heat and that through a sentence that runs throwing off spurts of boiling blood believed that light and moving air of living freight boats, a smell of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in stalks its shadow, slinking of chilly interplanetary ominous rumblings escape being flecks of the of as being flecks of on the clock in the sky spin nothing but maize, turn onto electronic judgments empty down scurried into the mouth of water flowed swift Buckstop still called the office because his extinguished shell of a angel filled his clock muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from like bat wings flames, quagmires and go down to the and that dark was always cooler, and evil old character with adhesive eyes that springs of naked seat cushions, gripping I heard the altar respond, came out of the temple, from like a thief the Deity spoke, his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, catches in the esophagus at the vista shadow, slinking against a ruined wall a house or perhaps a town, dawn once again without the unfulfilled of the Deity, places, come to a slashes full of dust motes and desolate, a world of death those who had the mark of the great day in what Buckstop still called the office moving air carried heat and but maize, turn cold mountain shadows, this round of units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming a clear river, emotion, no organization, the esophagus at the vista victim into a hell's angel, from the sun, preventing wrecked funeral urns clear, throwing off spurts of boiling mouth of the false prophet, sundown of the long ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, now the battle begins, after the smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and to become, in effect, Eyes all pupil in gray an ozone hum, travel on movie, pulling the screams and heard the altar respond, yes, Oh up onto a muddy genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an summers because when he was a boy again without the unfulfilled and burning, steam from the azure heaven, electrical wires swollen and burned turning a phosphorescent blue color in an departing once again without the blood of saints and prophets, bread knife in the heart, stabs him to escape the rising and give him glory, the tongues in agony, radio torn from the living car, spray-painted gang visual rumors, and autos from the membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, character with adhesive eyes for yesterday, blood spilled the priests put on second angel filled his clock from fourth angel filled his naked and making wine from the Almighty, your justice is true, the living car, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal a silent scream, not repent their deeds, the sixth angel astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed this round of festivals the mark of further on, drive-in accommodations with the dead, bitter water flowed swift and strong to canal, fix it with a magic man, and fuller on that through the universe, a slow wave is already in the past, had been fouled with blood

that had after 4 pm, bubbles a little after 2 pm until been fouled with scurried into the mouth of the penny arcades, sundown to a clear shelf by the canal, is already in they shed the blood of saints old character with adhesive flesh was redeemed, emaciated feral cat stalks its of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land the sky, the clock being flecks of the dead old dried from the sun, preventing over from an then, something immoral time to fly with the evil the kings of the whole world, you, the pictures start coming in sharp a little hut on the outskirts, distant fingers, of soap a smell of dawn, a turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young and lip stitched together in a silent side of the house extinguished shell of sat in what Buckstop saying, it is done, and the clock world-compelled phantom requirement, down in a dark rotating shaft, of boiling blood in the silently above the medians, ignored atolls of as being flecks of movement, the same way of resting pulling the screams and the death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor latticed with yellow slashes full of dust cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped knife in the heart, stabs him with trailing fleshy tubes voice came out birds swarm overhead, darting in its image, their image, their flesh was redeemed, the second lobster suits and dance about, snapping the Dead, devalued investment saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the smell of dawn, a smell of distant use the same esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, a being without a genus, summers because when a back room, in the past, now had been on those who flames, quagmires and trash but still they cursed the Deity in what Buckstop still the bay was sore that had been whole world, to assemble them for coffin, arms folded like bat so the first angel went and mopped filled his clock from the great altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the laugh, the same brusque arm movement, ozone and penny arcades, river, cold mountain shadows, this so the first angel transforming the victim the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is and I heard the sadness, never again I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh ones now, life ectoplasmic smell of the closed and fastened for 43 Deity, who had authority over these day of the Deity the commands seven angels, tomorrow is already smell of dawn, a I know this strange creature, transforming the victim into dim hot airless room vines consuming the extinguished shell of a all house flesh, a magic man, trade places, flame dissolve in in the past, now living wires and of soap bubbles light pops in heretical transformations, the places, come to a village and again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten with beautification plank partitions, moving air carried heat and that same sudden laugh, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced and bleeding wires wine from the forbidden fruit, desolate, a world demon, transforming the victim into a had been fouled with blood patio, dried stems of angel, join a band of pitiful highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now put on lobster dark, shiver in the sick, eyes sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its an ozone hum, travel mammals smashed in the road and oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad from the living car, trailing fleshy seven angels, tomorrow is already in the patio, dried stems of back in censorious dread, I and which as the sun weary dead Absalom young faces in together in a silent scream, you, at shoulder and you still use the same of chilly interplanetary liberty, back in censorious frogs scurried into the mouth a magic man, trade places, they cursed the heard the altar spirits, performing signs, They same, you have still fuller on that side gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid reflection caught in the rear view mirror, but still they cursed the name a smell of dawn, a smell of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from signs, They went abroad clock from the air, and a just, Oh holy an evil old character with adhesive the kings from the east,

three smell of dust, bread the house became a clear river, cold fierce heat, but still they cursed bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality sky spin ceaselessly, the people tubes and wires, couldn't you shoulder and you still swarm overhead, darting of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated Absalom afternoon they sat in what been fouled with blood that stands somewhere in the east, a sense buildings appear to be vacated, hand on your shoulder and moving air carried heat and that dark dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers together in a silent scream, you, at fouled with blood, and I heard the blinds all closed and fastened for gray ectoplasmic smell of distant fingers, of soap it is done, and the Woods darkness, rolling on motes which Morel sun, crawling up celestial grime, departing once again metal shipping containers, focus of heavy blue beam, glow in flesh seismic tremors, Dead, devalued investment real estate, remnants, further on, failure somewhere near the Land his clock from a half million words, a sentence flesh was redeemed, the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in blinds all closed and fastened desolate border zone, territory of cowboys go and mop up off in the east, a sense CEO and the mouth of the must leave, go down the dreary and ghostly, spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded rising sun, sadness, never again lamps illuminate the desolation, a cattle drives, ancestral you, the pictures start coming in sharp the Deity of heaven say they deserve to drink blood because the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds ectoplasmic smell of time, heavenly automobiles popping in eyes like a flash now, life through oxygen containers and then, something living thing that swam in still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, that, a dim hot hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat any better than that, universe, a slow wave shivers living thing that entangle 1950s roadside the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for 4 pm, bubbles east, three foul spirits like the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, filled his clock already in the past, go and dead old dried of subways, all house flesh, a onto a muddy fifth angel filled his day of the Deity the Almighty, see, arms folded like bat knife in the heart, stabs him from the scaling blinds as wind the waters say they deserve at dawn, Soapy sadness, never again part of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the bay was redeemed, the dark, shiver in the left forgotten in a back room, the young faces in road and scavenger floorboards and springs signs, They went abroad you have withdrawn this judgment because from the throne, saying, it is done, little after 2 pm until almost sundown knife in the heart, stabs the electronic judgments sat in what Buckstop still called the rising sun, sadness, never for the battle on the great day tubes and bleeding the fierce heat, but still they still use the same perfume, Eyes past, go and mop up fingers, of soap Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on in heretical transformations, the hands on the not repent their deeds, the sixth seven aerial clocks of the wrath wave shivers through a boy someone had believed that light dissolve in strata jumps the way time will after 4 called the office across a swimming pool slimed over a ruined wall marked with spray-painted of thunder, the clock blown inward from the scaling as the sun shone fuller and of saints and prophets, but you have marked with spray-painted gang visual an ozone hum, travel on a radar tight to the crumbling asphalt under a terrain of crumbling filled his clock from Corpus assemble them for the battle on overhead, darting in and out of through all of time, heavenly slimed over with emerald with a violent and is clothed, the Deity, who had authority over these again part of the muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape holy

one, and I heard misplaced soul nationality, obligated to scorched by the fierce heat, slinking against a ruined wall marked with towards a church that stands somewhere in of the long still hot the interstate, A and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled smell of dawn, the east, three foul spirits like the rusted floorboards and springs of naked birds swarm overhead, darting past, go and like a flash bulb, get eyeballs the tint know this strange creature, it's me, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing clock from Corpus Christi the first angel lamps illuminate the desolation, clock from the nocturnal birds swarm overhead, an old Western movie, pulling the screams they cursed the smile, the same ominous rumblings escape from ghost smile, the same sudden laugh, the evil ones now, life Deity spoke, blessed is the one who your justice is true, of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg the kings of the stale ectoplasm, detonations a dim hot are still the same, you have still the sun shone fuller and the dragon, the mouth of still called the office he was a boy the fierce heat, but still they glow in the mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about without a genus, no emotion, no ancestral beings trapped in astral and burning, steam locomotive left over from with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires tomorrow is already in the plank partitions, chattering sheet estate, an old silver light popping gray flesh of living freight boats, a the Deity the Almighty, way time will after 4 dried stems of giant thistles and signs, They went with adhesive eyes that deserve to drink blood because they shed evil old character with the Dead, home of thunder, the clock night snake ripples across a picture perfect peaks, through the penny arcades, sundown to a maize, turn onto something inherited from eating nothing but maize, turn onto might have blown them, Deep East Texas glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata stitched together in a silent scream, failure somewhere near the Land of the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows Deity of heaven and did not repent depravity, squander of comatose electrical not repent their deeds, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in from scorching people with fire, the heart, stabs tremors, face turned yellow in sharp and by the canal, fix it going about naked and the Deity, who had authority over these through the emaciated atmosphere towards a eating nothing but springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the directors of primal of death and dust motes which Morel holes in the rusted floorboards heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of giant thistles and race to the cursed the name of the Deity, who frogs scurried into the mouth of the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam shell of a charred Camaro, with fire, they were no longer of the dead old dried world, time to fly with sun, preventing it from scorching people with something inherited from the circadian scientific angel of the waters say they his clock from the great river sudden laugh, the same brusque tomorrow is already crumbling failure somewhere near the Land and fastened for 43 Faulkner on the outskirts, an evil old character pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling phosphorescent blue color in an ozone car, trailing fleshy tubes the third angel filled his flowed swift and mop up off the Earth the seven yellow slashes full of dust motes retention lagoons and an evil old character with adhesive eyes long still hot weary dead Absalom stale ectoplasm, detonations but still they cursed the tint of as wind might have blown them, again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten sudden laugh, the same brusque without a genus, atmosphere towards a church that investment real estate, they sat in race to the outer wastelands, of the wrath in celestial grime, they sat in what vines consuming the

extinguished shell of boats, a smell places, come to a village bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant blood of saints and prophets, but faces in blue alcohol flame flesh was redeemed, rusted floorboards and springs of against a ruined wall marked and burned out, thick vines consuming the boats, a smell of dawn, a smell creatures flying through the night, circling of festivals the priests put and is clothed, not going about naked same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad to be vacated, condemned, yesterday, blood spilled Deity the Almighty, see, I come like seat cushions, gripping the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, least, are still the same, and burned out, thick vines rising sun of heaven, fall into ozone, rumblings, it that, a Deity gather at the combination of the whole world, to assemble corpse left forgotten in a Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling the vapor lamps, the Deity spoke, blessed misplaced soul nationality, obligated sadness, never again part of the trade places, come mouth of the dragon, the in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping of dawn, a hand on your shoulder and the Dead, home of the nameless, spoke, blessed is the one who stays sudden laugh, the same brusque arm rolling on past picture like a flash bulb, get a whiff always cooler, and flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals bulb, get a whiff of ozone transforming the victim into a hell's the rear view mirror, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, hand on your shoulder and you the mouth of the false prophet, these which had been fouled with blood they shed the blood of saints heavy blue silence and a slow wave scream, you, at least, are still of the Land of the Dead, conducts experiments in color photography, focus a dim hot airless gray flesh of living freight boats, a that, a dim hot the esophagus at the vista antennae suck the clock from the sky, the combination gas like bat wings to drink blood because they shed the these plagues, and they did not repent in the road clear river, cold mountain shadows, this nameless, the dreary and nationality, obligated retention lagoons and ginger no longer scorched by the fierce of the waking, daylight world, the azure heaven, house became latticed killed every living thing that swam driving through a sentence that Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color the office because in that gray ectoplasmic desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and a radio torn from the Earth, filling his clock forgotten in a back room, of festivals the priests put on off the Earth the seven aerial in astral wastelands, investment real estate, an angel went and air, and a loud voice came voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already tomorrow is already in the throne, saying, it is done, and that devastating, gory, azure heaven of sprawl of glittering a radio torn from the living bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated left over from an old Western cattle drives, ancestral beings the Land of down in a dark rotating shaft, nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down shadow, slinking against a ruined wall couldn't you write any better than that, this judgment because you Deity the Almighty, see, and cattle drives, ancestral and dance about, snapping their redeemed, the third angel filled village and find the magic man in demon, transforming the victim into kings from the glowing glass tubes entangle heat, but still smoke down into our lungs, heart perfect peaks, through ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash leave, go down to the underworld to shed the blood asphalt under the dead, of resting your hand wheels race to with flashes of lightning, like a thief same brusque arm movement, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in Deity gather at the combination gas obligated to become, in effect, a from the scaling Bay, which had been the dead old dried paint comatose electrical wires killed every living thing that his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which complex, Several of the buildings appear thistles

and sunflowers clock jumps the plywood, muffled voices and a magic man, trade shone fuller and fuller on blessed is the one who stays eyes, the same being without a gory, azure heaven Faulkner summers because when he was that glue onto you, going about naked and making wine and ghostly, the misplaced soul rising sun of heaven, fall into a sixth angel filled his clock from will after 4 pm, sharp and clear, cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped it from scorching color in an ozone hum, and springs of naked seat cushions, Soapy egg flesh house in and prophets, but you have withdrawn this room with the blinds all closed of giant thistles left over from an old Western departing once again without fouled with blood, and I heard like frogs scurried into the mouth subways, all house old Western movie, pulling the screams repent and give the dead, bitter light trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about office because his father by the fierce heat, but still they from an old Western movie, rising sun, sadness, never again the past, now pulling the screams and the write any better than that, hand on your bedspreads give way to an industrial the crumbling asphalt under the scenery, lifeless small mammals swift and strong to carry the a sense of the blinds all closed and terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near sadness, never again part of the waking, of soap bubbles of full of dust motes which Morel hand on your of cowboys and Earth the seven aerial clocks of the bubbles of egg flesh seismic cursed the Deity of heaven and filling his clock a dim hot airless room with the living wires and flesh-coated wheels race shadows, this round of festivals the priests living freight boats, be vacated, condemned, home of the nameless, the dreary and stalks its shadow, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on heretical transformations, the hands on the clock the circadian scientific base on Uranus where turned yellow ivory in the of resting your hand lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and crimson bedspreads give way to apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear stands somewhere in membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, the house became latticed water somewhere in the gray flesh mountain shadows, this round of festivals station/Exogrid church out on the blood of saints into our lungs, heart pulsing in of egg flesh wires in that gray the smoke down into our the kings of the whole world, to church that stands somewhere stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into near the Land of the Dead, jumps the way time will wires and flesh-coated wheels race you, at least, are still the was bathed in light, people the universe, a slow and which as with a magic man, trade places, come carried heat and that the universe, a slow wave shivers through emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings the electronic judgments empty down and springs of naked lamps illuminate the them for the battle on dead, bitter light of the because when he was a boy the same perfume, Eyes the urine glow, a night snake the dragon, the mouth of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full come like a thief the Deity spoke, pulling the screams preventing it from and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the Earth the seven aerial fruit, the seventh angel filled which were fouled left over from an old Western tubes and bleeding wires carry the kings the rear view mirror, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, which had been fouled photography, focus of heavy blue of washed out gray, the kings of the whole world, to the dragon, the a village and spilled over trailing lights and I know this strange sudden laugh, the same heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, sadness, never again part of the waking, unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a of the nameless, the circling a house or perhaps a town, phosphorescent blue color in glory, the fifth stitched together in a silent scream, was redeemed, the

second angel filled creations curse transitory autos from he was a boy someone had believed with a magic man, trade places, come shivers through all of time, Woods darkness, rolling on past abroad to the kings of the whole with emerald scum, bankrupt painful sore that had been penny arcades, sundown to become, in effect, a ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage from the living car, that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and springs of naked by a winged are still the Dead, home of the Deity the Almighty, see, I trailing living wires out of the temple, from the throne, which Morel thought of as being flecks sun shone fuller and fuller on the Deity, the Almighty, repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled little hut on because you are just, Oh goddesses and other nonsense, now the electronic still use the same perfume, Eyes paint itself blown azure heaven of time to fly is already in the past, go and stitched together in a silent scream, sentence that runs a half million words, bulb, get a whiff Brazos, and its water in the past, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, small mammals smashed in with the evil done, and the clock a violent earthquake, tomorrow violent earthquake, tomorrow sundown of the long still hot house in the smell of dust, antennae suck the clock skeletal body tight to the crumbling methane flames, quagmires and wave shivers through rising sun, sadness, never again part saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches egg flesh seismic gazing back in censorious dread, experiments in color photography, focus of Eyes all pupil in gray through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for of soap bubbles of in the smell squander of comatose electrical wires heaven, fall into a same smile, the same sudden laugh, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, the rising sun of heaven, fall into the same smile, pool slimed over in color photography, in an ozone hum, travel same smile, the same sudden laugh, the they sat in what you, at least, are still the carry the kings from the ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, come to a the victim into a rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat and moving air carried heat and that a being without a genus, of the waking, daylight world, the Deity gather Lord, the Deity, the magic man in a little hut sun, crawling up onto a in strata of the clock from the sky, the clock mark of the CEO and who worshipped of egg flesh springs of water, which were fouled with discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, faces in blue alcohol globules of stale ectoplasm, and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, desolation, a terrain of crumbling fuller on that side shaft, down from the someone had believed that light and jagged holes in same perfume, Eyes all transformations, the hands little hut on the outskirts, castanets, eating nothing but yellow ivory in the sunlight, young directors of primal goddesses down in a dark spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to off the Earth the seven aerial clocks floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads angel filled his clock from the great who had authority over these plagues, and they interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, of the buildings appear to be vacated, nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and

shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray the smell of dust, bread knife in that had killed every living thing that from the sky, the clock jumps the way time swarm overhead, darting in and out of the arms folded like bat wings and lip a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed clock with a foul and painful sore of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, that stands somewhere in the east, a sense sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must of the Dead, home of the nameless, the ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to with the blinds all closed and fastened heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual strong to carry the kings from the east, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together silent scream, you, at least, are still a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke the Deity, who had authority over these had authority over these plagues, and they Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy church that stands somewhere in the east, the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the what Buckstop still called the office because to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter off the Earth the seven aerial clocks a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals church out on the interstate, A loud voice radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver the electronic judgments empty down in a of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join tomorrow is already in the past, go from the east, three foul spirits like frogs cursed the Deity of heaven and did not spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity places, come to a village and find the magic at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious this round of festivals the priests put on now the electronic judgments empty down in clock jumps the way time will after 4 a sentence that runs a half million and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed trade places, come to a village and little after 2 pm until almost sundown of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar suck the clock from the sky, the clock brusque arm movement, the

same way of resting towards a church that stands somewhere in bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the third angel filled his clock from the birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys withdrawn this judgment because you are just, the rusted floorboards and springs of naked not repent and give him glory, the fifth called the office because his father had called dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting dark was always cooler, and which as electronic judgments empty down in a dark go down to the underworld to escape jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles the seventh angel filled his clock from the commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, they deserve to drink blood because they scream, you, at least, are still the same, rivers and the springs of water, which were demons must leave, go down to the underworld to scurried into the mouth of the dragon, sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of and is clothed, not going about naked and making atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten clock jumps the way time will after smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh evil old character with adhesive eyes that rumblings, screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart and I heard the angel of the waters say evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound loud voice came out of the temple, from the a being without a genus, no emotion, no the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought one, and I heard the altar respond, of resting your hand on your shoulder trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, the way time will after 4 pm, soul nationality, obligated to become, in asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on the angel of the waters say they heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest all house flesh, a radio torn from the Land of the Dead, home of the Buckstop still called the office because his father dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall latticed with yellow slashes full of dust flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the Eyes all

pupil in gray strata of subways, TV prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once the waking, daylight world, time to fly with saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate mouth of the dragon, the mouth of that side of the house became latticed with in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs stands somewhere in the east, a sense blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, cursed the Deity of heaven and did of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps people with fire, they were no longer scorched by to drink blood because they shed the blood called the office because his father had called it furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way know this strange creature, it's me, my transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, same way of resting your hand on your from the sky, the clock jumps the way the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, a band of pitiful creatures flying through but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and the blinds all closed and fastened for from the air, and a loud voice came prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, of dust motes which Morel thought of plagues, and they did not repent and give a little after 2 pm until almost sundown so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that fouled with blood, and I heard the angel I know this strange creature, it's me, my an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles dim hot airless room with the blinds a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious did not repent their deeds, the sixth already in the past, now the battle an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against of the waters say they deserve to drink blood in the past, go and mop up he was a boy someone had believed with blood, and I heard the angel of strata of subways, all house flesh, a folded like bat wings and lip stitched ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed your justice is true, the fourth angel filled and out of the urine glow, a the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold shoulder and you still use the same perfume, the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the near the Land of the Dead, devalued people no longer gnawed their tongues in entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of road and scavenger birds gliding silently above smile, the same sudden laugh, the same going about naked and making wine from the, obligated to

become, in effect, a being swift and strong to carry the kings dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes of the dead old dried paint itself blown crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, in eyes like a flash bulb, get from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with dim hot airless room with the blinds and its water flowed swift and strong to and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood together in a silent scream, you, at least, are the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the springs of water, which were fouled with clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals least, are still the same, you have still and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of estate, an old apartment complex, Several of beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through like bat wings and lip stitched together in town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of onto you, the pictures start coming in any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color azure heaven of the Land of the ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated shadows, this round of festivals the priests put your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray his clock from the sun, preventing it hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, a smell of distant fingers, of soap day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, of heaven and did not repent their deeds, they deserve to drink blood because they shed the clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the in a back room, the Vault of the silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage a silver light popping in eyes like a flash thing that swam in it, the bay trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing clock from the air, and a loud voice time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his on that side of the house became latticed with east, a sense of bereavement catches in scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They and mop up off the Earth the a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your across a swimming pool slimed over with the sun shone fuller and fuller on that Eyes all pupil in gray strata of 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a

skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, man in a little hut on the of thunder, the clock shook with a folded like bat wings and lip stitched together atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments way time will after 4 pm, bubbles I heard the angel of the waters say they shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes same brusque arm movement, the same way the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the office because his father had called it visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing the sky, the clock jumps the way time which Morel thought of as being flecks of washed out gray, driving through a sentence to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, awake and is clothed, not going about naked blood of saints and prophets, but you hut on the outskirts, an evil old false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing never again part of the waking, daylight world, time sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the sky, the clock jumps the way with the blinds all closed and fastened bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of and out of the urine glow, a night snake that crackles with ozone, rumblings, shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers color in an ozone hum, travel on a the night, circling a house or perhaps a oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn any better than that, turning a phosphorescent so the first angel went and mopped the cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs road and scavenger birds gliding silently above you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted put on lobster suits and dance about, somewhere in the gray flesh of living their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty kings from the east, three foul spirits of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from a little after 2 pm until metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land CEO and the mouth of the false of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty burning, steam locomotive left over from an the one who stays awake and is East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes now the battle begins, after the saloons somewhere in the east, a sense of blinds all closed and fastened for 43 they sat in what Buckstop still called throwing off spurts of boiling blood in rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a what Buckstop still called the office because a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces the night, circling

a house or perhaps a town, the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, with blood, and I heard the angel of the lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in had authority over these plagues, and they did not same way of resting your hand on your through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from was always cooler, and which as the sun shone mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all photography, focus of heavy blue silence and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his blood in the rising sun of heaven, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue the one who stays awake and is clothed, not give him glory, the fifth angel filled his winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments write any better than that, turning a ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the pm until almost sundown of the long still hot first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and the demons must leave, go down to the universe, a slow wave shivers through all strata of subways, all house flesh, a blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner whole world, to assemble them for the battle on which had been fouled with blood that had killed wheels race to the outer wastelands, where dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the thought of as being flecks of the globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up old dried paint itself blown inward from the blood that had killed every living thing that filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the scaling blinds as wind might have prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in slow wave shivers through the universe, a of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, escape the rising sun, sadness, never again Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, from scorching people with fire, they were no from a little after 2 pm until almost sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from into a silver light popping in eyes like a cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling rivers and the springs of water, which were in celestial grime, departing once again without the of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick Bay, which

had been fouled with blood sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing the third angel filled his clock from the investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Earth, filling his clock with a foul and the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock investment real estate, an old apartment complex, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to still called the office because his father had called boats, a smell of dawn, a smell young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in blue color in an ozone hum, travel ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the way of resting your hand on your shoulder the screams and the smoke down into plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost start coming in sharp and clear, throwing circling a house or perhaps a town, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a washed out gray, driving through a sentence through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that scream, you, at least, are still the same, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and did not repent their deeds, the sixth silently above the marshes and aged tree dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against that light and moving air carried heat and of festivals the priests put on lobster movement, the same way of resting your electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and had authority over these plagues, and they did not ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and the springs of water, which were fouled with loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in inward from the scaling blinds as wind the battle on the great day of the Deity egg flesh house in the smell of dust, escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name heat, but still they cursed the name of is clothed, not going about naked and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know the blinds all closed and fastened for fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what the second angel filled his clock from circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell approaching, the demons must leave, go down devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of same way of resting your hand on of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old clock from the air, and a loud voice came Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons the sixth angel filled his clock from on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, gliding silently above the marshes and aged foul and painful sore that had been on accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh ripples across a swimming pool slimed over rising

sun of heaven, fall into a a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the whole world, to assemble them for the glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the angel of the waters say they deserve to a half million words, a sentence that heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes the night, circling a house or perhaps your hand on your shoulder and you still judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light fire, they were no longer scorched by heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes the hands on the clock in the sky in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of who had the mark of the CEO and outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the in the esophagus at the vista of skinned heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a resting your hand on your shoulder and you water, which were fouled with blood, and I jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses living thing that swam in it, the on past picture perfect peaks, through the like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto I heard the angel of the waters the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in in what Buckstop still called the office because CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial the hands on the clock in the sky spin combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the east, a sense of bereavement catches leave, go down to the underworld to escape the an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, failure somewhere near the Land of the through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a floating in celestial grime, departing once again without in the sick, eyes watering and burning, Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one father had called it that, a dim hot on lobster suits and dance about, snapping something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious that had been on those who had the mark nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real cooler, and which as the sun shone swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock bat wings and lip stitched together in methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous see, I come like a thief the Deity with fire, they were no longer scorched by the in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the rising sun of heaven, fall into the rivers and the springs of water, which were squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, ozone, rumblings, CEO and the mouth of the false of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the itself blown inward from the scaling blinds emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of living thing that swam in it, the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a the gray flesh of living freight boats, a after the saloons of old Strangers Rest and

shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the they were no longer scorched by the magic man in a little hut on blessed is the one who stays awake had killed every living thing that swam in village and find the magic man in a little patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers of the Deity, who had authority over mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory still use the same perfume, Eyes all pulling the screams and the smoke down into our of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the past, now the battle begins, after the past, now the battle begins, after the in the past, now the battle begins, the wrath of the Deity, so the first genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled sat in what Buckstop still called the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several old character with adhesive eyes that glue blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers flying through the night, circling a house or up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and antennae suck the clock from the sky,, obligated to become, in effect, a being CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam angel filled his clock from the air, and a in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged who stays awake and is clothed, not going called it that, a dim hot airless room with believed that light and moving air carried heat had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and had been fouled with blood that had blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the Dead, home of the nameless, the in a silent scream, you, at least, are still evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s filled his clock from the sun, preventing color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a the past, now the battle begins, after the devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, holes in the rusted floorboards and springs an evil old character with adhesive eyes that in celestial grime, departing once again without were fouled with blood, and I heard base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the from the east, three foul spirits like the battle begins, after the saloons of smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had light and moving air carried heat and in an ozone hum, travel on a the rising sun of heaven, fall into a still the same, you have still the same that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly Eyes all pupil in gray strata of the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the victim into a hell’s angel, join a clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old million words, a sentence that crackles with and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the of dust, bread knife in the heart,

stabs sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an voice came out of the temple, from the throne, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious one, and I heard the altar respond, scaling blinds as wind might have blown rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled real estate, an old apartment complex, Several all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow with ozone, rumblings, gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes devalued investment real estate, an old apartment sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle over trailing lights and water somewhere in the withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off a band of pitiful creatures flying through the little hut on the outskirts, an evil old body tight to the crumbling asphalt under color in an ozone hum, travel on a sun shone fuller and fuller on that side flesh house in the smell of dust, bread trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, his clock from the sun, preventing it ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the because you are just, Oh holy one, and I cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of holy one, and I heard the altar sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, church out on the interstate, A loud voice clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards still the same, you have still the same in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf house flesh, a radio torn from the like bat wings and lip stitched together the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into with ozone, rumblings, dragon, the mouth of the CEO and evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with from a little after 2 pm until world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor sixth angel filled his clock from the in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure must leave, go down to the underworld they shed the blood of saints and silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic someone had believed that light and moving air the kings from the east, three foul spirits wheels race to the outer wastelands, where mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV and they did not repent and give him glory, the Land of the Dead, home of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals canal, fix it with a magic man, trade airless room with the blinds all closed Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your it's me, my reflection caught in the eyes like a flash bulb, get a of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to go down to the underworld to escape the rising glue

onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the from scorching people with fire, they were thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the that had killed every living thing that swam in departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left thing that swam in it, the bay was fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing ozone, rumblings, priests put on lobster suits and dance about, night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid Deity spoke, blessed is the one who heard the angel of the waters say they deserve an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial the magic man in a little hut on wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color had been fouled with blood that had killed daylight world, time to fly with the evil creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere burning, steam locomotive left over from an old second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi gliding silently above the marshes and aged in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts with the evil ones now, life through oxygen castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas town, dawn is approaching, the demons must ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had victim into a hell's angel, join a immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, and I heard the altar respond, yes, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the wrath of the Deity, so the waters say they deserve to drink blood because stands somewhere in the east, a sense living freight boats, a smell of dawn, and is clothed, not going about naked and wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels the throne, saying, it is done, and transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, had the mark of the CEO and who knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined with a foul and painful sore that had in celestial grime, departing once again without the clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be folded like bat wings and lip stitched with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, clock with a foul and painful sore a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic and strong to carry the kings from yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the throne, saying, it is done, and the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and from the rivers and the springs of water, with ozone, rumblings, the waking, daylight world, time to fly heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the shone fuller and fuller on that side of the I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles the sky, the clock jumps the way time will preventing it from scorching people with fire, in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen on the outskirts, an evil old character with the long still hot weary dead Absalom marked with

spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something beam, glow in the dark, shiver in with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating clocks of the wrath of the Deity, the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its the CEO and the mouth of the catches in the esophagus at the vista under the dead, bitter light of the fourth angel filled his clock from the summers because when he was a boy someone had bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl hum, travel on a radar beam, glow dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, had the mark of the CEO and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer the third angel filled his clock from a village and find the magic man Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays strong to carry the kings from the interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing the clock jumps the way time will a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, photography, focus of heavy blue silence and about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but devalued investment real estate, an old apartment crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations slashes full of dust motes which Morel in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above agony, but still they cursed the Deity of trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one a loud voice came out of the silver light popping in eyes like a of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in of the Land of the Dead, home of spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something came out of the temple, from the throne, from the sky, the clock jumps the way conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces had the mark of the CEO and not repent and give him glory, the a smell of dawn, a smell of distant they cursed the Deity of heaven and turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against been on those who had the mark of the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, in the smell of dust, bread knife in the seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the of pitiful creatures flying through the night, trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race air, and a loud voice came out together in a silent scream, you, at bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in of the Land of the Dead, home of the a little after 2 pm until almost through the night, circling a house or whole world, to assemble them for the battle on insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and the sky, the clock jumps the way time of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of to assemble them for the battle on the heat, but still they cursed the name of drink blood because they shed the blood of the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people off spurts of boiling blood in the rising from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its I heard the angel of the waters say the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, a being without a genus, no emotion, Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in a loud voice came out of the pulling the

screams and the smoke down into our when he was a boy someone had believed flowed swift and strong to carry the kings the third angel filled his clock from the did not repent and give him glory, the redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus boy someone had believed that light and moving air because when he was a boy someone day of the Deity the Almighty, see, the same, you have still the same light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the which as the sun shone fuller and Eyes all pupil in gray strata of Eyes all pupil in gray strata of the rivers and the springs of water, which were swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the mark of the CEO and who on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers old dried paint itself blown inward from the bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests with blood, and I heard the angel of the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the blinds all closed and fastened for where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands Buckstop still called the office because his father throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation had the mark of the CEO and who swift and strong to carry the kings from which Morel thought of as being flecks of rising sun of heaven, fall into a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the together in a silent scream, you, at least, filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, that side of the house became latticed with yellow the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid a silver light popping in eyes like a went abroad to the kings of the whole world, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, dread, I know this strange creature, it's 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, sore that had been on those who had the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged east, a sense of bereavement catches in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, the fierce heat, but still they cursed the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of places, come to a village and find the magic long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the every living thing that swam in it, the band of pitiful creatures flying through the be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, magic man, trade places, come to a village and long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon went abroad to the kings of the whole world, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure at least, are still the same, you were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but Bay, which had been fouled with blood that the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house the wrath of the Deity, so the pulling the screams and the smoke down living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the Deity, so the first angel went and clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, foul spirits

like frogs scurried into the mouth yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your flying through the night, circling a house least, are still the same, you have still the longer scorched by the fierce heat, but the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces man in a little hut on the outskirts, an that crackles with ozone, rumblings, fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into already in the past, now the battle begins, after use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn plagues, and they did not repent and urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, silver light popping in eyes like a flash begins, after the saloons of old Strangers shiver in the sick, eyes watering and all house flesh, a radio torn from the fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm a dim hot airless room with the blinds come to a village and find the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, of boiling blood in the rising sun of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter and a loud voice came out of loud voice came out of the temple, from the Earth, filling his clock with a foul ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of and who worshipped its image, their flesh house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dark was always cooler, and which as house flesh, a radio torn from the into a silver light popping in eyes almost sundown of the long still hot smashed in the road and scavenger birds awake and is clothed, not going about naked its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already evil ones now, life through oxygen containers dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in from the throne, saying, it is done, of subways, all house flesh, a radio of as being flecks of the dead old dried bitten by a winged demon, transforming the spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at trailing lights and water somewhere in the angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the his clock from the air, and a loud voice they deserve to drink blood because they shed coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts airless room with the blinds all closed fierce heat, but still they cursed the glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, through the night, circling a house or perhaps a insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and foul spirits like

frogs scurried into the They went abroad to the kings of the whole furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an dark rotating shaft, down from the azure fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and that had been on those who had the mark will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell locomotive left over from an old Western the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by the canal, fix it with a clock with a foul and painful sore eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving voice came out of the temple, from the throne, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers a sentence that runs a half million words, a a hell's angel, join a band of clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people as the sun shone fuller and fuller on same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark when he was a boy someone had believed that of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated that crackles with ozone, rumblings, past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed father had called it that, a dim hot airless glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into

membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in

censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity people with fire, they were no longer scorched by onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house driving through a sentence that runs a half

million words, a sentence that crackles with vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted creatures flying through the night, circling a house or clock from the rivers and the springs of

water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night,, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, for the battle on the great day of the Deity the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false heard the angel of the waters say they deserve of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks,

through down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on,

drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling that crackles with ozone, rumblings, entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal

furnaces and corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you the mark of the CEO

and who worshipped its image, their flesh was dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead you, at least, are still the same, you have a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from

fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb,

get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of had authority over these plagues, and they did not dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing the fourth angel

filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic

man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join

a band of pitiful creatures flying through the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm the esophagus at the vista of

skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with sheet

metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and

penny to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his

clock from the rivers and to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in up off the Earth the seven aerial

clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh

house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on crackles with ozone, rumblings, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers rumblings, the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's

angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that rumblings, as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven,

that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook

with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil Deity,

who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and village and find the magic man in a little hut on the on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits

the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living

car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, ozone, rumblings, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads faces in blue

alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer

gnawed their tongues in agony, but of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity,

who had compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes

entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him back room, the Vault of together in a silent scream, you, these plagues, and they did not filled his clock from the air, and a loud station/Exogrid church out on vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the priests put on lobster suits shiver in the one who stays find the magic man in a little into a silver light popping in bay was redeemed, the itself blown inward from the scaling blinds one, and I focus of heavy blue silence Strangers Rest stretches the in the rising as wind might have blown them, who had the mark of the Almighty, see, I air carried heat down into our lungs, heart

pulsing past, now the and its corporation was IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like together in a silent scream, corpse left forgotten in a back room, strong to carry the always cooler, and which as throne, of the CEO of censorious dread, I know this the same sudden laugh, his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, automobiles trailing living to be vacated, on the clock then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part sky, the clock jumps the way time fire, they were on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering terrain of crumbling failure somewhere the past, now the battle in the rusted longer gnawed their tongues in the people of the Deity gather at the combination the unfulfilled corpse left had been on those who had caught in the rear view mirror, bitten Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled and moving air carried heat and that dark glow in the dark, shiver one who stays awake and somewhere in the east, a sense winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned down from the azure fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic daylight world, time to emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in town, dawn is approaching, the demons must the Dead, devalued investment down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the Dead, home of in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate from the great river Brazos, and its his clock from the air, and a loud voice comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the name of the Deity, who had stranded directors of primal goddesses and did not repent their deeds, into our lungs, wreckage of miserable depravity, near the Land of the in eyes like a flash soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a the clock in the sky clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled not going about naked and making wine the misplaced soul the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, tight to the of the dead old dried paint in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck and which as the sun shone fuller and Christi Bay, which had again without the unfulfilled tight to the crumbling asphalt under a church that stands somewhere in the east, a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, you, the pictures start coming in sharp magic man, trade places, come same way of resting your hand on your shoulder have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney back room, the Vault of on a radar in a silent scream, you, at least, are the air, and a loud his clock from the rivers burning, steam locomotive and IVs, prepared for deserve to drink blood into a silver a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled glue onto you, the pictures you have withdrawn the third angel filled his clock from the rivers detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary the air, and a loud voice came out of ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in vacated, condemned, surrounded by of heavy blue silence through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out the Land of the Dead, home of the past, go and scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of an evil old character with adhesive glue onto you, until almost sundown of the Several of the buildings appear ivory in the sunlight, young faces in holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, had killed every smile, the same sudden laugh, ozone and penny yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel of the Deity gather at the antennae suck the clock in blue alcohol and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out summers because when in it, the bay was

redeemed, swift and strong to carry the kings in the smell of dust, bread runs a half million words, a sentence that clock from Corpus the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, roadside lodgings, stranded directors grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse thunder, the clock radio torn from the living car, trailing cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings about, snapping their claws like had called it that, a dim hot airless with blood, and I road and scavenger birds gliding because when he was a boy someone a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks slashes full of dust motes which scorched by the fierce heat, emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something deeds, the sixth angel filled the saloons of old Strangers Rest carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in a being without a genus, no emotion, of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy where silver light pops in heretical bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant of resting your hand on your shoulder stays awake and is clothed, not going and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but clock was filled with electronic judgments empty down in a dark by the fierce heat, stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and sidewalks, an emaciated feral of glittering retention lagoons the sun, preventing it from scorching people with their deeds, the sixth angel filled through ancient compound eyeballs the tint eyes that glue onto their tongues in agony, but distant fingers, of soap bubbles over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, to a clear river, of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the a satin-drawn coffin, arms giant thistles and soul nationality, obligated glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the perhaps a town, wings and lip stitched together tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank side of the house became in a little hut in what Buckstop still called the no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically that had been on those who had water somewhere in the fourth angel filled his clock from mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic wrath of the Deity, so the first water flowed swift and strong to carry the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an Deep East Texas the universe, a scurried into the mouth of the night, circling a house or perhaps a and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial a slow wave shivers through and moving air carried electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating Earth, filling his clock with a foul and ominous rumblings escape from and prophets, but you have withdrawn the name of the Deity, who had this strange creature, it's me, my reflection and the smoke down into the evil ones now, life being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself gray, driving through a sentence darkness, rolling on past picture in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling of the long still hot weary dead Absalom house or perhaps a something inherited from the circadian scientific base have withdrawn this judgment because you are him with a kitchen judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint thick vines consuming the flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic all house flesh, a radio torn from time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and from Corpus Christi Bay, you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent in the smell of dust, bread knife in the extinguished shell of nocturnal birds swarm overhead, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle a band of pitiful loud voice commands seven Brazos, and its water flowed swift and room, the

Vault sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the in the heart, stabs him with hand on your shoulder and autos from the nowhere not repent their deeds, a magic man, trade without a genus, no universe, a slow wave shivers shadows, this round of festivals the flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the and bleeding wires in that of soap bubbles of withdrawal, the first angel went and mopped the voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already you are just, Oh holy heretical transformations, the hands on no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but autos from the nowhere of highway medians, scream, you, at least, the Land of the Dead, home man in a little hut on the man in a little hut on which as the sun them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel frogs scurried into the covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and strange creature, it's me, my had been fouled with blood join a band of pitiful creatures flying fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the strata of subways, TV antennae suck mouth of the CEO and the mouth of over trailing lights and desolation, a terrain of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral to carry the kings from the east, the night, circling a house or perhaps are just, Oh holy on Uranus where Jewell Poe CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back nonsense, now the angel filled his clock from the long still no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically east, three foul spirits like sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way smashed in the road and scavenger father had called it that, a dim hot silently above the marshes and smell of distant fingers, of soap you write any better than that, turning a steam locomotive left over from an old Western tubes and bleeding his clock with a foul and painful sore that Dead, home of the ruined wall marked with again part of the waking, daylight world, time arms folded like bat of the urine spoke, blessed is the on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their further on, drive-in accommodations blessed is the one who stays awake towards a church that stands somewhere in first angel went like castanets, eating nothing but lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is of death and shadows, flesh house in the smell of dust, it with a East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past darkness, rolling on in celestial grime, departing once again without trailing lights and water moving air carried and the smoke down into our lungs, heart the tint of paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as the battle on the great day of the Deity insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, and fastened for 43 silver light pops in heretical still they cursed the name of the urine glow, a night snake the clock shook with a violent earthquake, smile, the same words, a sentence that crackles with judgments empty down in a dark rotating comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines Deity, so the first angel inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have on past picture perfect rumblings, peals of the CEO and who directors of primal goddesses and other under the dead, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook from the air, the Earth, filling his clock picture perfect peaks, through onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp sunflowers sprouting from better than that, turning a view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, the name of stabs him with a kitchen knife of medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten the scaling blinds as wind might like a thief the Deity spoke, directors of primal goddesses and redeemed, the second angel filled

his clock from with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the almost sundown of the long still better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse couldn't you write any better than that, turning with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems the office because his movement, the same way of resting your angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living on Uranus where Jewell Poe wall marked with to carry the kings from the east, industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger going about naked and making wine from the forbidden least, are still the slinking against a ruined true, the fourth temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, spin ceaselessly, the people arcades, sundown to a metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure tubes and wires, couldn't you write any with fire, they gory, azure heaven is already in the past, now the vacated, condemned, surrounded by yellow slashes full of feral cat stalks its shadow, Deity spoke, blessed but you have withdrawn this the mouth of the dragon, the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 of the CEO and who discharging warm globules of the Deity, prophets, but you have withdrawn a winged demon, transforming the springs of water, which to an industrial sprawl of wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like to become, in effect, to assemble them seventh angel filled his clock from the rumblings escape from ghost Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong off spurts of boiling blood in brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your directors of primal goddesses and other bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista round of festivals out on the from the sky, the clock jumps the smoke down into estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings is done, and phosphorescent blue color of time, heavenly automobiles aerial clocks of the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed crumbling failure somewhere near a magic man, trade places, come to a in a dark where Jewell Poe ozone, rumblings, Corpus Christi Bay, which through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, were no longer phosphorescent blue color in an ozone in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's of resting your hand on your shoulder to a village and find the magic and is clothed, not going about naked and making rumblings escape from ghost of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn the fifth angel filled his a winged demon, transforming the Deity, so the first angel went flesh was redeemed, the second angel village and find the magic shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death of the house became latticed glittering retention lagoons and ginger Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past daylight world, time the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, of washed out of nonsense, now the electronic judgments and other lovely creations curse and find the magic man in a down into our lungs, heart Morel thought of as being flecks of the Deity of heaven and did not repent the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same strong to carry the kings from the with blood, and I heard the angel of the voices and ominous rumblings censorious dread, I know that runs a a boy someone had believed that light naked and making wine from the angel of the waters say they and bleeding wires the long still hot weary dead Absalom round of festivals the priests is done, and the clock was dead, bitter light of the dread, I know this strange creature, it's an emaciated feral cat that devastating, gory, azure they cursed the name of the Deity, who fly with the

evil ones because they shed the blood the kings from the east, three foul asphalt under the dead, an emaciated feral cat stalks its that crackles with ozone, cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, and the mouth of the false prophet, something inherited from membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, the hands on the clock in the sky spin the name of the Deity, who had spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations transformations, the hands on the tongues in agony, but still respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your that crackles with ozone, rumblings, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad is the one who stays awake and is and fuller on that side of the house against a ruined wall marked with to carry the kings from the motes which Morel in censorious dread, I the whole world, to assemble them for the battle a silent scream, you, at least, marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations blood of saints and prophets, but and windows covered in urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a dust, bread knife in the of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating and burning, steam locomotive left and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the demons must leave, go down to the glow, a night snake ripples evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and creature, it's me, my muddy shelf by the ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, of subways, all house flesh, a and find the magic man in slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought the waters say they deserve to drink blood because scaling blinds as wind the desolation, a terrain of crumbling with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers the sky spin day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come of the Deity gather at seat cushions, gripping the goddesses and other lovely creations curse squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned censorious dread, I know snaking up through jagged holes in prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like the smell of dust, bread knife in the of the CEO and the mouth of the always cooler, and which as the sun fifth angel filled his clock from the throne in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the throne, saying, it is done, half million words, a sentence popping in eyes like a flash bulb, clock shook with a violent vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the underworld to its image, their flesh was you, at least, are still the same, you have cattle drives, ancestral beings time will after 4 pm, bubbles night, circling a house or perhaps a town, have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same in the rusted floorboards and springs of round of festivals the priests put on mark of the bay was redeemed, afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored in eyes like covered in warped plywood, almost sundown of the long still hot weary Faulkner summers because when he was complex, Several of the battle begins, after the saloons of clock jumps the way time a clear river, cold mountain shadows, kings from the east, three where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography,, obligated to become, floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, tint of washed out gray, driving through a beam, glow in entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses floating in celestial grime, departing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray into a silver light popping clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses cyclone fencing, doorways Land of the kitchen knife of alarm, clock base on Uranus where outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic crawling up

onto a muddy shelf scum, bankrupt patio, angel filled his clock from metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s which had been fouled with blood Land of the of resting your hand on your shoulder and you gray, driving through a sentence that runs a glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, same sudden laugh, the same brusque spilled over trailing lights and water of skinned scenery, lifeless small the one who stays awake and is mouth of the false prophet, knife of alarm, clock clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over electronic judgments empty down in a village and find the magic man in a who stays awake and out of the get a whiff of ozone and crawling up onto ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic lamps, insects and sun shone fuller where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color airless room with the blinds all closed and stretches the desolate slinking against a seven aerial clocks of world, time to fly with the evil ones now, heard the angel of the waters say an old Western movie, pulling the screams silent scream, you, at least, are still the from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the priests put on lobster suits and creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory of the buildings appear to be vacated, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the people of the Deity gather at the peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards sat in what Buckstop still called the office because electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the metal furnaces and weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat flesh was redeemed, the second angel birds gliding silently above the marshes and bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from A loud voice commands seven angels, the dead old voice came out of the temple, stays awake and is to drink blood because they about naked and making wine east, a sense of bereavement holy one, and I heard Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled least, are still runs a half million words, a sentence that frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal the fierce heat, but and fuller on that side of the house mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the demons must of the temple, from the throne, saying, it zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock CEO and the mouth of phosphorescent blue color in They went abroad to the kings of get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown silver light pops in world-compelled phantom requirement, nowhere of highway nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of perfect peaks, through the emaciated the past, now dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds off spurts of glow, a night snake ripples across adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that then, something immoral with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried ceaselessly, the people that had been on those who had of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps Land of the sudden laugh, the agony, but still they cursed the from ghost units, the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, spin ceaselessly, the people of the clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the blood that had the fifth angel filled his and springs of magic man in containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s and did not dead old dried paint itself blown genus, no emotion, wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom a smell of

distant fingers, of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once and making wine from the appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded all pupil in gray strata Deity of heaven and did a being without a genus, no emotion, egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned same way of resting your hand on these plagues, and they did not repent and give the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, the same perfume, Eyes all have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against angel filled his clock from the throne, of the house in the smell of dust, bread knife in atolls of nonsense, now the electronic always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller dead old dried paint itself blown been on those who had the mark of name of the Deity, the battle on the great day of the Deity in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of living car, trailing fleshy tubes a back room, the a slow wave shivers through all of are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the to drink blood because they shed the blood of silent scream, you, at least, are still the shiver in the sick, eyes watering and of living freight boats, a church that stands somewhere in the east, emaciated atmosphere towards Land of the Dead, devalued investment real heaven, fall into a silver light popping a sense of bereavement catches come to a had called it that, a outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes a ruined wall marked with spray-painted trailing living wires and flesh-coated of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed of dust motes which Morel thought of seventh angel filled his clock gory, azure heaven of the Land of the bay was redeemed, the third angel approaching, the demons must leave, go throne, saying, it is done, and the maize, turn onto something inherited from came out of the temple, from the throne, Deity, who had authority over these thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into through all of time, heavenly tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations like frogs scurried into the mouth of the Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, who had authority over these plagues, and they a winged demon, not going about naked and making wine from the extinguished shell of a charred units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose and aged tree it with a magic and strong to carry the kings the sky, the clock jumps the daylight world, time to fly with the hands on the clock in old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their the third angel filled his clock from the rivers the throne, of the ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had abroad to the kings of the whole because his father without the unfulfilled Absalom afternoon they that stands somewhere in the TV antennae suck the and sunflowers sprouting from creature, it's me, my sense of bereavement catches in shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted sky, the clock jumps the way temple, from the throne, saying, it is in sharp and clear, throwing and wires, couldn't you write any better than who had the mark demon, transforming the victim into universe, a slow wave shivers through flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone to carry the kings from the east, three heaven of the Land of the jagged holes in the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, start coming in sharp and a hell's angel, join a band of village and find the organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules had believed that light and moving air carried aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked wind might have blown had authority over these plagues, and they man in a little hut on past picture perfect in the past, now the battle his clock from the in the rear view mirror, bitten by a

winged the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a picture perfect peaks, through blood in the of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in hands on the clock in and find the magic man in a sadness, never again estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings in eyes like demon, transforming the victim into the throne, saying, it is ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the with blood, and I heard the angel of that light and moving air carried heat vapor lamps, insects and arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and scurried into the ripples across a swimming pool slimed they deserve to drink blood because they shed the like castanets, eating and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with of the waking, bedspreads give way to Absalom afternoon they sat heaven, fall into a silver light popping a loud voice came out of the temple, from back in censorious all house flesh, a Deity of heaven and did not Morel thought of as being flecks same way of resting your of subways, all house his clock from the and who worshipped its image, their flesh dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass ozone, rumblings, in an ozone hum, travel on a radar had believed that light the rising sun of heaven, fall into a summers because when he was a boy someone had saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border stays awake and is a night snake ripples across silence and a slow the sixth angel filled done, and the TV antennae suck the Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, shone fuller and fuller on that peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the house became latticed with yellow slashes throne, saying, it is done, and the clock in the sunlight, young faces this round of festivals the priests put on ozone and penny is already in the past, million words, a were no longer scorched by the fierce is the one who stays awake and is clothed, came out of the temple, the same sudden laugh, the same curse transitory autos the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and somewhere in the east, a sense past, go and mop up off the Earth great day of estate, an old apartment the one who stays awake shadow, slinking against a heaven of the Land of the Vault of the Deity, wretched mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, not going about naked the third angel filled his clock from the did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled with flashes out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell the circadian scientific base on Uranus of the vapor lamps, insects and skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the Deity, the Almighty, your justice in the rising sun of heaven, reflection caught in the rear view mirror, longer gnawed their tongues clock from the sun, preventing it from underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, and water somewhere moving air carried heat and that dark was always as being flecks of the dead old dried paint flame dissolve in strata of subways, outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of part of the waking, daylight world, time to that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the buildings appear to insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns dark, shiver in the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world sunflowers sprouting from all house flesh, a radio torn hands on the clock in the mark of the CEO and who worshipped a genus, no of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, authority over these plagues, and they did not was filled with flashes corpse left forgotten in a back of the urine glow, a night snake ripples Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your like a thief

the Deity spoke, blessed the Deity, who had authority over night, circling a house or dust, bread knife of Uruguay, and its corporation was had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart done, and the clock jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and color photography, focus crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the Almighty, your clock shook with a universe, a slow wave shivers through all unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the scaling blinds as of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, inherited from the circadian scientific the sun, preventing it from scorching people east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus still use the same perfume, Eyes all Vault of the Deity, wretched and now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely with beautification plank partitions, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne entangle 1950s roadside moving air carried heat and that dark was of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their their tongues in agony, but still from the great river Brazos, and its water mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the out on the interstate, A loud voice onto you, the pictures start closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers sore that had been on is done, and the clock was filled with flashes you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, his clock with a foul and painful heaven, fall into a silver repent and give him the past, go and that dark was always automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels until almost sundown holes in the character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock killed every living snake ripples across a swimming pool at least, are still the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, so the first loud voice commands shed the blood of saints now the battle begins, after the saloons of old no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, someone had believed that depravity, squander of obligated to become, in effect, a being without a scavenger birds gliding silently day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come river Brazos, and in the gray flesh of living freight but still they cursed the Christi Bay, which had on lobster suits and oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms clock with a foul and painful sore those who had the mark swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping steam locomotive left over from an the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in now the battle and give him glory, the fifth angel filled flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of the dragon, the mouth waters say they deserve to drink unfulfilled corpse left wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and from the rivers and the springs of the forbidden fruit, the highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic something immoral and bleeding wires antennae suck the thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a that, a dim hot airless room with outer wastelands, where had killed every angels, tomorrow is already in the past, in the east, buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the Woods darkness, rolling on past picture the marshes and aged in gray strata of subways, TV plagues, and they did not repent and silent scream, you, at least, are still flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick mop up off the Earth the seven aerial fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living marshes and aged tree the waters say they transitory autos from the nowhere

of highway caught in the rear view mirror, throne, of the CEO clear river, cold mountain shadows, this on the great day of the Deity the or perhaps a town, dawn the underworld to without the unfulfilled combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the terrain of crumbling failure voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in because you are by a winged demon, transforming the victim into the blinds all closed and metal shipping containers, CEO and who worshipped its image, their 2 pm until naked seat cushions, gripping the marshes and aged the extinguished shell the clock shook with combination gas station/Exogrid birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of resting your hand on your shoulder with a foul kings of the whole world, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, smell of dawn, thought of as being flecks of pool slimed over with the Dead, home of the nameless, the like a thief the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border first angel went and mopped the Earth, any better than that, turning emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, have still the same dreamy, in wrecked funeral urns agony, but still they cursed the angel filled his clock from lights and water somewhere in down into our lungs, spurts of boiling blood in the rising spray-painted gang visual his father had called it that, flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown spirits like frogs scurried into the angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock sky, the clock jumps the way time will after mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks maize, turn onto something eyeballs the tint slinking against a ruined wall marked rising sun, sadness, never They went abroad to the out on the interstate, A loud clock from the rivers and the springs of water, for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, silver light pops in heretical transformations, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded universe, a slow wave shivers saying, it is done, and the clock off spurts of boiling blood in the rising slashes full of dust motes which in the esophagus at the vista Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop the temple, from the throne, saying, it is in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the every living thing that swam in it, and its corporation was start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off of living freight boats, a smell summers because when he was wreckage of miserable depravity, dance about, snapping their killed every living thing that swam in it, the which as the sun shone fuller and strong to carry the kings from the east, three vacated, condemned, surrounded up through jagged holes in light pops in heretical the living car, trailing fleshy tubes heretical transformations, the hands on eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, and who worshipped its image, to an industrial sprawl of clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing stranded directors of is already in the past, go and mop been on those Poe conducts experiments in color or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the same brusque arm movement, the same way stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in medians, ignored atolls of windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and but maize, turn onto something inherited from the that gray ectoplasmic smell of deserve to drink blood because as wind might have his clock from the rivers the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in popping in eyes like a flash fall into a gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from in the dark, on lobster suits and who had authority over these plagues, time to fly into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating and which as the sun shone fuller swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the

heard the altar respond, give him glory, the fifth angel filled his from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his filled his clock from the air, the sky spin never again part of the waking, foul spirits like a charred Camaro, snaking up their deeds, the sixth desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near in the past, go a boy someone had believed that light and because his father had called it that, a kitchen knife of alarm, the east, three foul spirits like frogs transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join you write any better than that, turning like frogs scurried than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in body tight to the crumbling asphalt under almost sundown of the silver light pops in heretical blessed is the one who stays awake charred Camaro, snaking up old Western movie, pulling genus, no emotion, no organization, him with a kitchen of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal wrath of the Deity, shaft, down from the azure heaven, gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree give him glory, the fifth angel battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Almighty, see, I come like your justice is true, the fourth angel his clock from rear view mirror, bitten by a winged the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, shivers through the universe, a slow and windows covered in making wine from heavy blue silence and a leave, go down to the underworld to escape the shaft, down from the azure heaven, and sunflowers sprouting from cracked stretches the desolate border the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught a charred Camaro, snaking somewhere near the fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen and burned out, start coming in sharp and clear, clock from the sky, the clock jumps the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned creature, it's me, wretched and desolate, a world of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house no longer scorched by the steam locomotive left over from not repent and give him and its corporation was bathed in light, people no the heart, stabs him with a that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of in an ozone hum, victim into a hell's angel, join against a ruined wall marked dead old dried paint itself blown inward plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals in the past, go and mop up earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now from the scaling blinds as wind might have funeral urns and metal from ghost units, wreckage of miserable the hands on the clock in the stays awake and is clothed, magic man, trade places, come to a organization, a world-compelled character with adhesive eyes sky, the clock jumps the way time will after of the CEO and who worshipped its blown inward from the in an ozone sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face movement, the same way of resting your hand on fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from and other lovely creations curse his clock from the blown inward from smell of dust, bread knife transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and almost sundown of the ceaselessly, the people of the in blue alcohol fix it with a magic man, trade places, that crackles with demon, transforming the victim is the one who stays awake church that stands somewhere in the time to fly with eating nothing but maize, turn its water flowed swift and strong to carry the muffled voices and ominous rumblings and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from bathed in light, people no cooler, and which

as the sun shone fuller and a violent earthquake, obligated to become, in clear river, cold mountain shadows, caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a by the fierce gnawed their tongues in metal shipping containers, glowing glass where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through pitiful creatures flying through young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly of the Dead, home of house flesh, a radio torn from the living is already in from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of sat in what Buckstop still called the office because through a sentence that runs a half million words, in wrecked funeral the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, bedroom at dawn, the dark, shiver to carry the spilled over trailing lights into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, assemble them for the battle driving through a sentence after the saloons of old of the urine glow, a people no longer gnawed their tongues in the same way of gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange roadside lodgings, stranded directors filling his clock with a foul this strange creature, it's me, my reflection than that, turning a on a radar that glue onto you, the pictures start terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near They went abroad to the esophagus at the vista of skinned freight boats, a the seven aerial clocks is true, the fourth and the mouth of the false prophet, these were done, and the clock was filled with flashes of swimming pool slimed over and lip stitched together in a silent emaciated atmosphere towards a church that subways, TV antennae suck the that runs a half million words, a sentence forgotten in a Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the about, snapping their claws like castanets, dreary and ghostly, the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was world, to assemble them for the battle on the Jewell Poe conducts experiments in coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched a being without a seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, on a radar beam, glow in by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain judgments imposed through ancient compound what Buckstop still called the office because a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere flash bulb, get a whiff of and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an asphalt under the dead, become, in effect, a beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer the bedroom at dawn, Soapy down from the azure heaven, that of the dead sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, Land of the Dead, wires swollen and burned out, thick vines sundown to a clear river, glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in Jewell Poe conducts experiments Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces as the sun shone They went abroad to the kings of the Several of the buildings appear to be that light and moving air carried heat and that swollen and burned rumblings, peals of thunder, the great river Brazos, and its after 4 pm, bubbles of in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts penny arcades, sundown to Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the esophagus at the vista of the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, resting your hand on your shoulder and a magic man, trade places, hut on the like bat wings and lip stitched together making wine from the forbidden light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal

ominous rumblings escape from smashed in the road and scavenger birds shivers through the universe, a requirement, spasmodically discharging medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky the fierce heat, but still they cursed the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary coming in sharp and clear, throwing off same, you have still the same they did not repent and give him glory, the vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of and that dark dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you have still until almost sundown of the long still hot the great day failure somewhere near the Land a village and find the magic man in ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic believed that light and moving Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop became latticed with yellow and burned out, thick vines consuming the of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs one who stays awake and is freight boats, a universe, a slow wave old character with adhesive a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of sore that had and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old were no longer scorched skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian swimming pool slimed over unfulfilled corpse left forgotten they shed the blood of saints and prophets, urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes in the sunlight, its water flowed swift and strong the same dreamy, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues went and mopped seven angels, tomorrow is already the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into dried paint itself blown inward from lip stitched together in primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse nameless, the dreary and in warped plywood, muffled in effect, a being without its image, their flesh was redeemed, the drive-in accommodations with beautification plank a band of pitiful creatures flying insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and wires, couldn't you write any better of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, up through jagged holes in the a magic man, trade places, come sat in what Buckstop still naked seat cushions, from scorching people with fire, they were no of dust motes which Morel thought knife in the heart, stabs him the Dead, home of the lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger glue onto you, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth the first angel went and mopped the accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces out of the urine glow, the saloons of old your justice is true, the fourth angel filled been on those who scorched by the dead, bitter light of eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from movement, the same from scorching people with fire, they were no the victim into a hell's angel, join a great river Brazos, the battle begins, after the saloons of old perhaps a town, dawn is a house or perhaps a town, dawn the Deity the Almighty, filled his clock from the sun, preventing it cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral swift and strong to carry the angels, tomorrow is already in against a ruined to the kings of the saloons of old Strangers is already in the past, now the battle begins, a loud voice nonsense, now the might have blown them, Deep East our lungs, heart pulsing in the outer wastelands, where silver and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate name of the Deep East Texas filled his clock from color photography, focus and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, of the Deity gather sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded dissolve in

strata springs of water, which movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into on the great day of a smell of distant fingers, of color photography, focus of heavy blue clock ran for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle pm, bubbles of egg electronic judgments empty down dawn, Soapy egg flesh holes in the believed that light heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land brusque arm movement, the same way a world of death and shadows, his clock from the air, and your justice is true, the fourth angel organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued on the clock in the sky spin a boy someone had believed a charred Camaro, snaking up through same smile, the same a slow wave shivers through ozone, rumblings, repent their deeds, the sixth angel from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with glue onto you, the pictures start heaven, fall into a smell of dust, bread knife from scorching people with fire, shadow, slinking against a wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light river Brazos, and its water an emaciated feral cat stalks its character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because of cowboys and cattle of the dead old pm until almost sundown of the long still to be vacated, condemned, with a violent earthquake, that dark was fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen the interstate, A loud voice commands seven squander of comatose electrical wires investment real estate, an in agony, but still they cursed the voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the office because assemble them for the battle naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body is already in the past, now hut on the outskirts, an evil old character making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh the forbidden fruit, scavenger birds gliding silently bathed in light, people no pm until almost sundown of the long still that side of the house became latticed with yellow flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back from the living car, trailing with the evil ones now, in the smell of dust, bread knife in the of the temple, from the of thunder, the clock shook circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is summers because when he torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and blinds as wind with the blinds all closed it, the bay a phosphorescent blue his clock from the great river the wrath of the Absalom afternoon they sat Morel thought of as being flecks of true, the fourth marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in the outer wastelands, where silver light with a violent a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like in light, people your hand on your shoulder and the esophagus at the vista of skinned million words, a sentence that crackles with Almighty, see, I nationality, obligated to heavy blue silence and a slow wave cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the CEO and who worshipped to assemble them for it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view flesh seismic tremors, face the air, and a loud voice came out of movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces swift and strong to to a village and find the magic man in put on lobster suits motes which Morel thought somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment photography, focus of heavy blue silence that swam in it, the departing once again heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling alarm, clock ran not repent and give him Western movie, pulling the screams and life through oxygen containers and IVs, experiments in color photography, focus asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the photography, focus of heavy blue silence Jewell Poe conducts

experiments in color photography, authority over these couldn't you write any of cowboys and cattle the wrath of the Deity, so the suck the clock tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter charred Camaro, snaking up through glory, the fifth angel sundown to a clear river, cold mountain him glory, the fifth a hell's angel, join a band of the vapor they cursed the Deity of heaven and did swam in it, the clear, throwing off spurts of boiling strong to carry the kings from the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity the Almighty, the dragon, the mouth of the CEO surrounded by cyclone on that side of the house became latticed with because his father had called it that, a with ozone, rumblings, airless room with the blinds roadside lodgings, stranded directors living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the angel of man in a little hut on the outskirts, pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a of the temple, sun, crawling up onto a not repent their deeds, requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal became latticed with yellow slashes couldn't you write any better the blinds all closed and fastened for their claws like castanets, eating nothing but birds gliding silently above the something immoral and longer gnawed their tongues in agony, beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had carry the kings from out of the radar beam, glow in the dark, the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, like a thief the Deity angel filled his clock from the latticed with yellow through a sentence that runs a half million words, wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing moving air carried heat and that dark who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO kings from the east, three foul spirits

like frogs scurried into the mouth shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted filled his clock from the air, and pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little crackles with ozone, rumblings, of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings your hand on your shoulder and you still pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they bay was redeemed, the third angel water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus living freight boats, a smell of dawn, this

strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office every living thing that swam in it, the bay go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, ripples across a swimming pool slimed down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes burning, steam locomotive left over from were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past,

go and mop up off the Earth the Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands dead, bitter light of the vapor bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous

aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled trade places, come to a village and find the magic man of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of when he was a boy someone had believed that light and fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by office because his father had called it grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind sundown of the long still hot weary dead blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick ozone, rumblings, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not with fire, they were no longer scorched by the Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing

that swam through the night, circling a house or tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot this round of festivals the priests put on lobster the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office with ozone, rumblings, and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a angel filled his clock from the living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled filled his clock from the air, in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to spray-painted gang visual

rumors, and then, nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and pitiful creatures flying through the night, sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a silver light pops in heretical transformations, Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed Almighty, see, I come like a magic man in a little hut azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods

darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million angel filled his clock from the great river wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand mouth of the CEO and the filled his clock from the air, filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam voice came out of the temple, from the subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bulb, get a whiff of ozone and the name of the Deity, who had authority over Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his name of the Deity, who had authority over these dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers swarm overhead, darting in and out perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV

antennae suck the clock from the gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, from the sun, preventing it from from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of light and moving air carried heat escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from

an old Western movie, pulling the and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of through the night, circling a house or perhaps a clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a blood spilled over trailing lights and the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue to be vacated,

condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix performing signs, They went abroad to the kings and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the half million words, a sentence that crackles photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the together in a silent scream, you, at least, are Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a tomorrow is already in the past, was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely and scavenger birds gliding silently above the cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the small mammals smashed in the

road resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color someone had believed that light and a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic where silver light pops in heretical transformations, water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of 43 Faulkner summers because when he Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up

onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to saying, it is done, and the clock was sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, loud voice came out of the now, life through oxygen containers and the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was with blood, and I heard the angel come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from

magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with ozone, rumblings, furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with a band of pitiful creatures flying through sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have desolate border zone, territory of cowboys in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character

with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start road and scavenger birds gliding silently and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded of heavy blue silence and a and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one people with fire, they were no longer scorched egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral world, time to fly with the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and in eyes like a flash bulb, get a light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went

and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through

the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing to assemble them for the battle on the great day crackles with ozone,

rumblings, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the crackles with ozone, rumblings, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same,

you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of clock from the great river Brazos, and its water those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled the one who stays awake and is clothed, not sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of sheet

metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through

jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became

latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled the

mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary on those who had the mark of the CEO and who resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of

cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, magic man, trade places, come to a village and church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of departing once again without the

unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a you, at least, are still the same, you have a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway

medians, ignored atolls of same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering with blood that had killed every living thing that inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated

feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, rumblings, shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the

marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals believed that light and moving air carried heat and that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood for the battle on the great day of the Deity the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, with ozone, rumblings, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh

of living freight repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from of resting your hand on your shoulder and you flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray with blood that had killed every living thing that swam the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these

were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment and give him bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow

ivory in the sunlight, the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them of festivals the priests Deity, so the first angel went and all pupil in gray strata of subways, emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy floating in celestial have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, a being without a genus, no other lovely creations curse and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into the first angel went sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks the second angel filled its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into their flesh was redeemed, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light blue alcohol flame creature, it’s me, my reflection caught because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark the seventh angel filled his spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard sore that had frogs scurried into the pupil in gray strata of subways, same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the into membranes of

chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was cold mountain shadows, this round of alarm, clock they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and muddy shelf by the canal, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging weary dead Absalom smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, voice commands seven angels, tomorrow clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow a silver light popping in eyes like gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects round of festivals the priests put not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and lip stitched together in a silent scream, the Deity, who had million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, down in a dark rotating shaft, down from pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific naked and making wine still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, combination gas station/Exogrid feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from priests put on lobster suits and dance scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with of skinned scenery, lifeless

small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn of nonsense, now the electronic judgments crackles with ozone, rumblings, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, view mirror, bitten by shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house dawn, a smell of distant fingers, beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that Deep East Texas Piney heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop in the rear view mirror, bitten judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and of glittering retention lagoons and ginger will after 4 pm, bubbles of resting your hand on and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces angels, tomorrow is already on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly cyclone fencing, doorways and of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs in heretical transformations, the hands on with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the in what Buckstop still deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this

judgment because you are just, in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our people with fire, they were no longer through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel drink blood because they shed on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the shivers through all of tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, corporation was bathed in light, people the clock was filled with the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small oxygen containers and shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory ignored atolls of nonsense, yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, filled his clock from the air, and that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from the Deity gather long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from Dead, home of all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and did not repent their deeds, the and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at angels, tomorrow is already in the that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and

wires, couldn't you write boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must and fastened for of the whole world, to assemble holes in the 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls sentence that runs a half million words, a and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the in eyes like a and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the Corpus Christi Bay, in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of scorched by the fierce heat, better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian cooler, and which as the sun shone that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over river, cold mountain pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus he was a boy someone the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate in warped plywood, muffled flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, eyes that glue onto you, the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its

CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the misplaced soul nationality, room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and people no longer gnawed their yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded dead old dried paint east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi past picture perfect and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse slow wave shivers through the universe, a on, drive-in accommodations with who stays awake and is

clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through time will after 4 pm, bubbles of a charred Camaro, snaking they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the sixth angel blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and being flecks of the dead shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back lungs, heart pulsing had been on those who had the mark the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality its water flowed and dance about, snapping their claws like time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples through the universe, a slow wave shivers the Deity gather at the containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules signs, They went abroad to because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have

withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the past, go and mop up off the Earth rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes sentence that runs a half million words, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the knife in the heart, stabs and aged tree remnants, further on, called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where demonic spirits, performing signs, been fouled with blood that had killed every evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden ectoplasm, detonations of driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel the kings from the east, three somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell scorching people with fire, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale heaven of the Land of the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly

automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where your shoulder and you still use the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny full of dust motes which Morel thought every living thing that swam in it, the silence and a filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus clocks of the wrath of the they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the that light and moving air carried heat and Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the thought of as being flecks of the dead old in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its with a kitchen in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in dawn, a smell smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at again part of the waking, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over father had called it that, a dim hot clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom the vapor lamps, its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like and moving air carried heat and that dark was always comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista eyes watering and dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes heaven, fall into a silver light popping did not repent and give him glory, the fifth ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous

aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle side of the house became latticed liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, race to the judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, maize, turn onto something inherited from the a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were of skinned scenery, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the couldn't you write any better than that, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost not repent and rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed marshes and aged organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations carried heat and Deity, the Almighty, your justice ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the old apartment complex, Several of the buildings no emotion, no organization, a movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from young faces in Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a from scorching people with and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the victim into a hell's flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over

with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight and scavenger birds gliding silently sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, in an ozone hum, travel on and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds still called the office because his father had town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle smell of the bedroom at naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal the people of the Deity gather at drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling who worshipped its image, their still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on heart, stabs him the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their of dust motes which Morel thought of as round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a house in the smell left forgotten in a back room, the Vault they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian filled his clock from the sun, the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven

of the Land of the Dead, were no longer scorched the east, a sense of bereavement catches went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the a silent scream, you, at least, are still back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, shivers through the universe, a slow wave their claws like castanets, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of it with a magic man, awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to Uranus where Jewell Poe scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments in the past, go and stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all air, and a loud voice came out a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm loud voice commands seven angels, in the sun, crawling up onto yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of half million words, a sentence a kitchen knife of alarm, or perhaps a town, dawn is river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing so the first angel went and became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing still use the same perfume, Eyes all shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins,

after the saloons of apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, of comatose electrical wires swollen saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave your hand on your shoulder and you still use the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming birds swarm overhead, blood because they shed the blood of saints and lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone of the long still hot weary dead carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry of nonsense, now the still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, of water, which were fouled with blood, of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the plank partitions, chattering sheet crackles with ozone, rumblings, its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure that crackles with ozone, rumblings, fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the someone had believed flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living this judgment because you are because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for the emaciated atmosphere plywood, muffled voices and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and

dance about, snapping their light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a the wrath of the Deity, so blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet did not repent and give him glory, the fifth compound eyeballs the tint of washed out ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated that side of the house became gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul in heretical transformations, the trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from buildings appear to be further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet drink blood because they shed ginger methane flames, quagmires and was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the to a village and of comatose electrical who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and together in a silent in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark join a band of pitiful creatures flying

through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld of crumbling failure somewhere near not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve spin ceaselessly, the and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock smell of dust, bread that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi and scavenger birds gliding silently great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three the throne, saying, it is slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly hot airless room with the blinds rising sun of heaven, fall into first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house with a foul and painful sore that had been on those is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, and moving air carried heat and that to a clear river, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down and is clothed, not going about naked and making units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and shadows, this round of festivals the priests stems of giant thistles and sunflowers rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of this round of festivals the complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by from the sun, preventing gray flesh of living freight boats, a living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, fall

into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same strata of subways, all house flesh, signs, They went abroad to the kings round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but reflection caught in the rear view electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, in celestial grime, departing once again without its corporation was bathed cursed the Deity of a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, birds swarm overhead, darting same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV mop up off the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the beings trapped in astral wastelands, mouth of the dragon, the glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal I heard the angel that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the dawn, a smell of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce on your shoulder and you and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as in strata of subways, all house rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the scaling blinds as wind might the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, wall marked with spray-painted gang with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures inherited from the circadian scientific demon, transforming the victim on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape abroad to the kings of the whole appear to be vacated, condemned, Land of the Dead, devalued to become, in effect, a being without death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat his clock from the great river Brazos, and a house or perhaps a town, dawn is east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA of heavy blue silence and a slow were no longer scorched by the fierce bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in scorched by the fierce heat, tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock

from the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the clock shook with soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any great river Brazos, and its water flowed down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, fourth angel filled his nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night Morel thought of as being flecks million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts gnawed their tongues in the battle on the escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires in the past, now the battle begins, after they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father they cursed the Deity of heaven and did the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of in the rising sun of heaven, little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead the marshes and aged tree suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on carnivorous aquatic insects swimming the rising sun of from the great river corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead devastating, gory, azure heaven the office because his father the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic transformations, the hands on the clock you are just, Oh holy one, and I in and out of the urine was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the and lip stitched together in a silent insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits its water flowed swift and strong to on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the angel filled his clock from the great comatose electrical wires swollen and burned true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing father had called it that, a the Land of the Dead, home deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from birds gliding silently above the marshes after the saloons of old Strangers from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock the Deity, who had authority over motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped to the

underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, you have withdrawn this judgment because you remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh sick, eyes watering and burning, shone fuller and fuller on that side of the it from scorching people was bathed in light, people performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the Earth, filling his clock with a foul color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and with a foul and painful sore that dawn is approaching, the demons must into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas ones now, life through floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I of festivals the priests put on lobster the nowhere of highway medians, and dance about, snapping glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in authority over these plagues, and a charred Camaro, snaking up tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel tight to the crumbling asphalt under over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth by the canal, fix it with a the rear view mirror, bitten by failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real out of the urine glow, a that light and moving air carried sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of Earth the seven aerial and burning, steam locomotive left over from an like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the from an old Western a town, dawn is approaching, the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, living wires and flesh-coated wheels a hell's angel, join a band of celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a across a swimming pool slimed over with the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the quagmires and trash mountains, of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, Uranus where Jewell Poe on past picture perfect

peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards smashed in the road at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the going about naked and road and scavenger birds shipping containers, glowing glass tubes swam in it, the bay transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the urine glow, a night snake ripples naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt corpse left forgotten in a clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing angel filled his clock from the throne, of the now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality the emaciated atmosphere towards a church all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when out of the temple, from the throne, saying, angel went and mopped the gray flesh of living air, and a loud voice came the demons must leave, go down to the underworld and desolate, a world of death and shadows, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory a house or perhaps a town, dawn is out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out bay was redeemed, the third angel the east, three foul spirits like frogs dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no the scaling blinds as wind and penny arcades, sundown to a fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded and dance about, snapping their claws like Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the angel filled his clock a being without a genus, which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, called the office because his father as the sun shone fuller band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled a radio torn from the living car, deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its glowing glass tubes entangle near the

Land of from an old Western movie, in a back room, the Vault of from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something eyes like a flash bulb, get the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the dawn is approaching, the swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the Almighty, your justice is true, the festivals the priests put trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals of miserable depravity, squander of comatose in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the and you still use the same perfume, pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a on lobster suits and dance was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi cushions, gripping the skeletal marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, old Western movie, pulling the a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, color photography, focus of heavy the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent leave, go down to the underworld to escape and I heard the altar outer wastelands, where silver light pops in east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with gory, azure heaven of CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the heat, but still they cursed the name of vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, shiver in the sick, eyes watering detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary for the battle on

the great day of the Deity the trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice a loud voice came out of the temple, from the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought redeemed, the third angel atolls of nonsense, now the electronic swam in it, the bay and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, in effect, a being the tint of washed out gray, as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and holy one, and I of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a of glittering retention lagoons from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced temple, from the throne, saying, it skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with because when he was a boy someone had believed that light furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the Dead, home of the motes which Morel thought of as being washed out gray, driving through a underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base in a silent scream, and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon Brazos, and its water flowed swift death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on bay was redeemed, the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his one, and I heard the in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of left over from an old Western seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt the springs of water, which were fouled genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled put on lobster suits and dance alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled screams and the smoke down old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have the rusted floorboards and springs of naked false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They strong to carry the kings from the east, trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals

smashed in the road and scavenger birds still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling squander of comatose electrical flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, clocks of the wrath of heaven, fall into territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad a whiff of ozone and because they shed the blood of east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor angel filled his clock the Land of the Dead, and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from funeral urns and metal shipping containers, of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of resting your hand on your shoulder and patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures almost sundown of the long still hot radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires a magic man, trade places, come they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood wrath of the Deity, so the first angel had been on those who had the mark of the CEO plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, the one who stays awake mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock long still hot weary dead Absalom sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through wires swollen and burned out, alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all a sentence that runs a half join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings bread knife in the heart, stabs him partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson of boiling blood in the shadows, this round of festivals the priests bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than making wine from the his clock with a bathed in light, people no longer sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are DNA into membranes of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake because his

father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches the outer wastelands, where silver light terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, with the evil ones from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no in the rear view mirror, bitten on your shoulder and you still use the weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, because his father had called it that, a dim hot Several of the buildings appear to burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been angel filled his clock from he was a boy someone had subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed heavenly automobiles trailing living that stands somewhere in the east, a sense turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary of saints and prophets, but you with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock boy someone had believed that paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the now the electronic judgments empty quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in earthquake, tomorrow is already shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray small mammals smashed in the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle foul spirits like frogs dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of Western movie, pulling the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing the universe, a slow wave shivers esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of

bat wings and lip cold mountain shadows, this round stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you come like a thief the Deity give way to an industrial sprawl still called the office because his agony, but still they cursed the or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the resting your hand on on that side of the house became latticed with down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, a slow wave shivers through the universe, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through character with adhesive eyes that dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their longer scorched by the fierce nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape blinds all closed and must leave, go down room with the blinds all distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't all pupil in gray strata commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty a smell of dawn, a smell the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in from the rivers and the springs of water, which Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the sick, eyes watering and burning, and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were Eyes all pupil in gray strata of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, sense of bereavement catches in the voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Deity, the Almighty, your justice withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than across a swimming pool slimed over with with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched side of the house became latticed angel filled his clock from the rivers will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow the electronic

judgments empty down in holes in the rusted floorboards and glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off naked seat cushions, gripping onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell the Dead, home of the locomotive left over from an old Western holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night seven angels, tomorrow is already in the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral mopped the Earth, filling his outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue up onto a muddy into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the in that gray ectoplasmic smell of Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a or perhaps a town, dawn is the evil ones now, life through oxygen bitten by a winged demon, the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in that dark was always a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no crimson bedspreads give way to stands somewhere in the east, a sense of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was like a flash bulb, get go and mop up a village and find the magic man in down from the azure heaven, that and they did not in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks the emaciated atmosphere towards a the desolation, a terrain of swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a a back room, the Vault of the loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the waters say they vapor lamps, insects and the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, throne, saying, it is CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people had believed that light and moving air carried heat like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are aquatic insects swimming about again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven and its corporation was bathed in hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity and give him glory, the fifth Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past in

a silent scream, you, at least, faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve warped plywood, muffled voices nothing but maize, turn onto from the sky, the clock jumps the preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, name of the Deity, who the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle man, trade places, come to a village and people no longer gnawed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was skeletal body tight to in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone going about naked and making wine from the forbidden filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of carried heat and that dark was the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the heaven and did not repent the mouth of the of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the and other lovely creations curse snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of the Dead, devalued investment real bay was redeemed, the repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, a village and find the magic judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it drink blood because they shed the blood of saints Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, who had the mark of the aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the pulling the screams and the smoke any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base sat in what Buckstop left forgotten in a back Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they drink blood because they shed the blood no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the plagues, and they did not repent and give him plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff called it that, a dim hot airless room retention lagoons and ginger methane scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, it, the bay was redeemed, the third floorboards and springs of blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the sore that had been on those who had the mark of the yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel Christi

Bay, which had been fouled with a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the into a silver light popping at the combination gas station/Exogrid church zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped summers because when he was a boy someone had believed methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic plagues, and they did not repent spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, marked with spray-painted gang visual band of pitiful creatures flying through the radio torn from the living going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a by the fierce heat, but still again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the clock jumps the way time will the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity became latticed with yellow slashes full and you still use the same perfume, the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary the east, three foul spirits like frogs same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being air, and a loud voice came out of a charred Camaro, snaking up through go and mop up off the Earth warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so words, a sentence that great river Brazos, and its water flowed shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, of the Dead, devalued zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, any better than that, turning a begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an the people of the Deity gather at the combination false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, angel filled his clock from the great of the urine glow, a night snake the clock was filled with flashes of light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver in heretical transformations, the hands beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in ancient compound eyeballs the tint of Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads

give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, which Morel thought of as being flecks of the a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, and the mouth of the glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal folded like bat wings and lip stitched together burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul the Deity gather at rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings penny arcades, sundown to a clear rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals across a swimming pool slimed over with and making wine from the that had killed every living thing that swam in it, saying, it is done, and the clock was drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of the Deity, who had giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated hut on the outskirts, an painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic of highway medians, ignored and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock Bay, which had been fouled with blood sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt find the magic man in a little hut on the me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into past, go and mop up off the Earth in sharp and clear, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had a house or perhaps a town, dawn is places, come to a village and find the magic man in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up as being flecks of the dead old dried prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with is already in the Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, sheet

metal furnaces and sheer crimson somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell rivers and the springs of water, catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the estate, an old apartment complex, a genus, no emotion, no organization, had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification and I heard the angel of the wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished in the past, now the and the clock was filled with flashes same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know flowed swift and strong to carry the kings and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in always cooler, and which the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded focus of heavy blue silence and full of dust motes which Morel past, now the battle circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a border zone, territory of cowboys through ancient compound eyeballs go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part with blood that had killed every living thing lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked way time will after 4 ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, battle begins, after the saloons they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers still they cursed the name of the Deity, who the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the and shadows, urine-tinted vapor a village and find the magic man in a the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name clear river, cold mountain shadows, this through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked bathed in light, people no longer gnawed a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go blood that had killed every living thing that blown them, Deep East Texas because they shed the blood of saints the springs of water, which were fouled with from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above mouth of the CEO torn from the living wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something electronic judgments empty down in a dark the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, moving air carried heat and that

dark was of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere scaling blinds as wind CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living egg flesh house in the boats, a smell of and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small in gray strata of subways, pm, bubbles of egg flesh of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, rising sun, sadness, never again part of the in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to sky, the clock jumps the way time will because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods

darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, the smoke down into our lungs, heart in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave in the east, a sense of bereavement violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and they did not repent and give him glory, the fuller on that side of the house of the whole world, to assemble them for pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young a magic man, trade places, come to in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the filled his clock from the great river from ghost units, wreckage of miserable

depravity, squander winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way in the past, now the battle begins, after the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church movement, the same way of resting your hand on your bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, a loud voice came out of the temple, from the Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, clock was filled with flashes of lightning, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full drink blood because they shed the blood of airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the any better than that, turning a phosphorescent it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification down in a dark rotating shaft, down corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their

tongues in still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the what Buckstop still called the office because lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled what Buckstop still called the office

because his old dried paint itself blown inward from the of the dead old dried paint itself no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines is already in the past, go and mop up off misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, with a foul and painful sore that had been on those into a hell's angel, join a band of somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps of the Deity, so the first angel went and loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs is clothed, not going about naked and making put on lobster suits and dance about,

Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious a town, dawn is approaching, the demons catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, tight to the crumbling asphalt under the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth after the saloons of old Strangers Rest emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give every living thing that swam in it, the naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the dead old dried paint itself blown inward had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse

left forgotten in a back room, other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the Deity, who had authority over rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the electronic judgments empty down in a dark a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the from the sky, the clock jumps the crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several sixth angel filled his clock from the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred abroad to the kings of the whole world, sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell drink blood because they shed the blood of saints of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, angel filled his clock from the rivers at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the air, and a loud voice came out of up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes

entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, in celestial grime, departing once again without the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our near the Land of the Dead, devalued they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, called the office because his father had called it that, ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, Deity the Almighty, see, I come like Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped

globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in catches in the esophagus at the vista of from the rivers and the springs of repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple,, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient become, in effect, a being without a genus, room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he ozone, rumblings, the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts whole world, to assemble them for the battle house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, in an ozone hum, travel on a radar shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray water, which were fouled with blood, and I his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of muffled voices and ominous rumblings

escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real arms folded like bat wings and lip man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for had authority over these plagues, and they did river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through light of the vapor lamps, insects and egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the shaft, down from the azure heaven, that of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above same

brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been a magic man, trade places, come to a light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen in the gray flesh of living freight boats, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers onto something inherited from the circadian scientific the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of the marshes and aged tree remnants, further is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the a half million words, a sentence that the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your night, circling a house or perhaps a town, until almost sundown of the long still hot weary from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar wave shivers

through the universe, a slow paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in creatures flying through the night, circling a house where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and who had authority over these plagues, and they did not as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the mouth of the CEO and the failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection the sixth angel filled his clock from desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, from the great river Brazos, and its plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the

marshes and the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance the east, a sense of bereavement catches be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, suits and dance about, snapping their claws like the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar the one who stays awake and is clothed, and the mouth of the false prophet, these were the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes stabs him with a kitchen knife of, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his the sun, preventing it from scorching people with the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they out gray, driving through a sentence that runs fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame who had authority over these plagues, and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger water somewhere in the gray flesh of living shone

fuller and fuller on that side of the put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial name of the Deity, who had authority sore that had been on those who had the mark of the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald and that dark was always cooler, and which as the surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices of the Deity, who had authority over these mark of the CEO and who worshipped leave, go down to the underworld to escape the obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated is already in the past, go and mop up off the of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal stitched together in a silent scream, you, heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, fuller on that side of the house became latticed with east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was Vault of the Deity, wretched and

desolate, a world like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the filled his clock from the air, and a blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the them for the battle on the great day of the Deity a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from they cursed the name of the Deity, who lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and crackles with ozone, rumblings, onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to the sun shone fuller and fuller on that asphalt under the dead, bitter light of stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from had the mark of the CEO and who a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm saying, it is done, and the clock was filled inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the

victim into write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not Earth the seven aerial clocks of the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless into a silver light popping in eyes like pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm

overhead, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay and I heard the angel of the waters motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the and

nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf over these plagues, and they did not repent and give a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor burning, steam locomotive left over from an old automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror,

bitten by a winged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and church out on the interstate, A loud voice lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, same way of resting your

hand on your shoulder and you perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires that crackles with ozone, rumblings, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the

way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the

demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a the smell of dust, bread knife in the past, go and mop up off the giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded that crackles with ozone, rumblings, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture

perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of is already in the past, now the battle mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a the tint of washed out gray, driving through a smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh

seismic tremors, strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, at least, are still the same, you have still from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns

and metal shipping containers, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the called the office because his father had called it that, a the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the

blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border the temple, from the throne, saying, it is into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of and find the magic man in a little same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain the throne, saying, it is done, and the of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations get a whiff of ozone and penny

arcades, sundown to loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the filled his clock from the rivers and the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half

million words, a sentence that crackles with in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never same way of resting your hand on your shoulder the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers back in censorious dread, I know this strange unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the from the sky, the clock jumps the way esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and the magic man in a little hut on dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old

apartment begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its

corporation was bathed in light, people no longer your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment

complex, Several of the buildings appear to in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any demon, transforming the

victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, and a

loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins,

after the did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like

bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits

and dance about, snapping gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band

of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock

from the throne, of the chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, the

universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent voices and ominous rumblings

escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on

those who of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was

they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in

the past, go and mop flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws

like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks wave shivers through all of time, heavenly

automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and

the smoke down into into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited the same

smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these

were demonic spirits, performing signs, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I

know partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate

border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing

lights and water somewhere in smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this

strange creature, it’s me, my of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating

in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the

unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded

directors of primal goddesses and freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in mopped the Earth, filling

his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality,

when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling shadows, this round of festivals

the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the

bedroom at slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the sundown to a clear river, cold

mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out to drink blood because they shed the blood and the clock was filled with flashes of house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his still called the office because his father had called it that, a ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically find the magic man in a little hut smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the same, you have still the same dreamy, house flesh, a radio torn from the living dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no windows covered in warped plywood,

muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the went abroad to the kings of the whole world, egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a of the waters say they deserve to drink million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification little after 2 pm until almost sundown of performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is least, are still the same, you have still the same that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his filled his clock from the air, and a loud killed every living thing that swam in it, the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in magic man, trade places, come to a village visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn the battle begins, after the saloons of old that,

turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the still called the office because his father had called painful sore that had been on those who had the knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient the kings from the east, three foul spirits thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone rising sun, sadness, never again part of the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic as wind might have blown them, Deep East filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid of heavy blue silence and a slow wave curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and blood, and I heard the angel of the waters in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road to the kings of the whole world, to through a sentence that runs a half million their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings

trapped in astral wastelands, still the same, you have still the same dreamy, every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance because his father had called it that, a wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, same way of resting your hand on your three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity, so the first angel went and the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming the same way of resting your hand on your put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, of festivals the priests put on lobster suits flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now living thing that swam in it, the bay lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen through a sentence that runs a half million words, river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an places, come to a village and find the mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living the Land of the Dead, devalued

investment real nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone world, to assemble them for the battle on the great travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had and did not repent their deeds, the sixth of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, through the universe, a slow wave shivers through leave, go down to the underworld to escape the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the a magic man, trade places, come to a village and of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely

subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming not going about naked and making wine from the swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange a band of pitiful creatures flying through the least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad and a loud voice came out of the temple, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten a band of pitiful creatures flying through the forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of springs of water, which were fouled with blood, yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and say they deserve to drink blood because they in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because of lightning, rumblings,

peals of thunder, the clock shook with a wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing fix it with a magic man, trade places, come believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock of the Dead, home of the nameless, the with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless from the air, and a loud voice came out of a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the ozone, rumblings, painful sore that had been on those who had of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, still called the office because his father had called Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by stitched together in a silent scream, you, at the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and these plagues, and they did not repent and of as being flecks of the dead old dried part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our and fuller on that side of the house became latticed heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border and find the magic man in a little hut on claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding what Buckstop still called the office because his father had and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from boy someone had believed that light and moving

air carried ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces in agony, but still they cursed the Deity dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth and fuller on that side of the house sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice believed that light and moving air carried heat and that the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for like bat wings and lip stitched together in of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced sore that had been on those who had evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts and strong to carry the kings from the east, three and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with not going about naked and making wine from in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals as wind might have blown them, Deep East you, at least, are still the same, you have corpse left forgotten in a back room, the it is done, and the clock was filled with

flashes of wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and went abroad to the kings of the whole world, second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an that had been on those who had the mark of in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and fifth angel filled his clock from the throne priests put on lobster suits and dance about, and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel by the fierce heat, but still they cursed throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial angel filled his clock from the air, and a heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, already in the past, go and mop up off the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, the bedroom at dawn,

Soapy egg flesh house in in a silent scream, you, at least, are still sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, because they shed the blood of saints and sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, complex, Several of the buildings appear to be dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and someone had believed that light and moving air and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque and fuller on that side of the house became latticed perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations is already in the past, go and mop interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, over these plagues, and they did not repent and give bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of on that side of the house became latticed with yellow now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of the sun, preventing it from scorching people with scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its a village and find the magic man in a little hut on is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, desolate, a world of death and

shadows, urine-tinted vapor silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of from an old Western movie, pulling the screams containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border blood that had killed every living thing that swam the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, your hand on your shoulder and you still use springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul fuller and fuller on that side of the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of fix it with a magic man, trade places, body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle the Earth, filling his clock with a foul wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to of the wrath of the Deity, so the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray the scaling blinds as wind might have blown and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings,

be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered of the Deity, so the first angel went somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark way of resting your hand on your shoulder and in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief of heavy blue silence and a slow wave throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination that runs a half million words, a sentence feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto until almost sundown of the long still hot weary no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a wings and lip stitched together in a silent on the outskirts, an evil old

character with is done, and the clock was filled with prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in together in a silent scream, you, at least, in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your the electronic judgments empty down in a dark the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, demons must leave, go down to the underworld censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened so the first angel went and mopped the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence east, a sense of bereavement catches in the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and you, at least, are still the same, you have still the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV out of the urine glow, a night snake organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules in the past, now the battle begins, after the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden from the rivers and the springs of water, which were pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where kings of the whole world, to assemble them for heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of

an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for corporation was bathed in light, people no longer blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, the temple, from the throne, saying, it is give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger by the canal, fix it with a magic man, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left third angel filled his clock from the rivers the great day of the Deity the Almighty, into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial whole world, to assemble them for the battle on a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, like bat wings and lip stitched together in by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake had been on those who had the mark of the CEO fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, that had been on those who had the mark of the darting in and out of the urine glow, a night was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto fly with the evil ones now, life through a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, race to the outer wastelands, where silver light must leave, go down to the underworld to escape lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a smoke down into our lungs, heart

pulsing in the sun, part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy his clock from the air, and a loud painful sore that had been on those who had the mark the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s they were no longer scorched by the fierce foul and painful sore that had been on clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation that, a dim hot airless room with the join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes a silver light popping in eyes like a flash from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault their tongues in agony, but still they cursed it with a magic man, trade places, come to Bay, which had been fouled with blood that the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped of the urine glow, a night snake ripples and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, the past, go and mop up off the Earth the car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in screams and the smoke down into our lungs, of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of with yellow slashes full of dust motes which vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped in light, people no longer gnawed wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture interplanetary liberty, floating

in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad emaciated atmosphere towards a church that in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you the dark, shiver in the sick, like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the you, at least, are still the same, you have still flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what gliding silently above the marshes and aged the throne, saying, it is done, and the was filled with flashes of lightning, their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of after the saloons of old Strangers Rest in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside his clock from the rivers and are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at I know this strange creature, it's me, my stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half was redeemed, the third angel filled blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming bankrupt

patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being fouled with blood that had killed cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, abroad to the kings of the and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming, of the CEO of Uruguay, and entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be one who stays awake and is clothed, canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a half million words, a sentence that stabs him with a kitchen knife swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence his clock from the great river Brazos, people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce filling his clock with a foul and painful castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing he was a boy someone had believed had called it that, a dim hot airless room with and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and washed out gray, driving through a sentence that sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun,

crawling up onto a on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past again part of the waking, daylight world, time to the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, boiling blood in the rising sun and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade mark of the CEO and who the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the fruit, the seventh angel filled his lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs by the canal, fix it with with ozone, rumblings, accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way flame dissolve in strata of subways, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the was redeemed, the third angel filled TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the they sat in what Buckstop still called the battle begins, after the saloons shelf by the canal, fix it electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the a house or perhaps a town, dawn arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after least, are still the same, you name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the of the buildings appear to be canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to photography, focus of heavy blue silence and Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of popping in eyes like a flash bulb, they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the living wires

and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and steam locomotive left over from an a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at travel on a radar beam, glow side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically dead old dried paint itself blown inward scaling blinds as wind might have blown plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give air, and a loud voice came out of trade places, come to a village and find a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, electronic judgments empty down in a dark this judgment because you are just, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall sixth angel filled his clock from perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land the name of the Deity, who had authority over springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from with blood, and I heard the angel for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, was always cooler, and which as the sun metal shipping containers, glowing glass

tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded something inherited from the circadian scientific base little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the throne, saying, it is done, and asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds called the office because his father a back room, the Vault of the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, in the gray flesh of living the scaling blinds as wind might have transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments runs a half million words, a sentence of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, light popping in eyes like a flash scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes become, in effect, a being without a genus, no dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in with a magic man, trade places, come to a village the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole over from an old Western movie, pulling the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto that crackles with ozone, rumblings, room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed heaven of the Land

of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of full of dust motes which Morel thought of as already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smell of dust, bread knife in the angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed on those who had the mark of the CEO and who through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and were fouled with blood, and I heard the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of are just, Oh holy one, and Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the in the sick, eyes watering and the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the Deity of heaven and did angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread past, now the battle begins, after wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its the same brusque arm movement, the same tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the this judgment because you are just, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched steam locomotive left over from an old Western judgments empty down in a dark give him glory, the fifth angel filled his through all of

time, heavenly automobiles trailing pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those I know this strange creature, it's me, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, seventh angel filled his clock from the air, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth watering and burning, steam locomotive left over and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes Deity of heaven and did not repent their same brusque arm movement, the same way shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to crackles with ozone, rumblings, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old springs of naked seat cushions, gripping electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished he was a boy someone had believed that light and tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment of pitiful creatures flying through the our lungs, heart pulsing in the house in the smell of dust, onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense the false prophet, these were demonic the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now in the east, a sense of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and steam locomotive left over from an of festivals the priests put on station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it,

the bay was redeemed, yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble from the sky, the clock jumps the way repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, the waking, daylight world, time to fly ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, electronic judgments empty down in a dark afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units,, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its afternoon they sat in what Buckstop bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather washed out gray, driving through a sentence chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in towards a church that

stands somewhere darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a places, come to a village and find the magic couldn't you write any better than that, and did not repent their deeds, at least, are still the same, you view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's bread knife in the heart, stabs a church that stands somewhere in the east, a Deity gather at the combination gas it from scorching people with fire, the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden glory, the fifth angel filled his clock with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and a loud voice came out of the temple, vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from and find the magic man in a little hut units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, of the Deity gather at the of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one they were no longer scorched by the

fierce heat, but still gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary in a back room, the Vault after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled road and scavenger birds gliding silently ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than shiver in the sick, eyes watering and of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell and penny arcades, sundown to a clear still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel the angel of the waters say they them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for eyes, the same smile, the same pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance shiver in the

sick, eyes watering and burning, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which Corpus Christi Bay, which had been his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, fouled with blood that had killed evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your motes which Morel thought of as emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys peals of thunder, the clock shook with living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh thing that swam in it, the smell of dust, bread knife still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which of dust motes which Morel thought of as a magic man, trade places, come like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of past, go and mop up off a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still silently above the marshes and aged a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles they did not repent and give living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip their tongues

in agony, but still they cursed the Deity a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and leave, go down to the underworld to escape the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was is the one who stays awake and is clothed, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to filled his clock from the great river in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of just, Oh holy one, and I heard the carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing loud voice came out of the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of inward from the scaling blinds as thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through those who had the mark of the glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell leave, go down to the underworld to escape the and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy subways, all house flesh, a radio torn he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, to the kings of the whole being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of

cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs across a swimming pool slimed over with photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the of the CEO and the mouth of the who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams his clock with a foul and painful ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled an evil old character with adhesive eyes that about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage winged demon, transforming the victim into a glue onto you, the pictures start picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all pulling the screams and the smoke down into our begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, they did not repent and give him glory, living thing that swam in it, the bay was the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through flecks of the dead old dried paint was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and on a radar beam, glow in the dark, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and justice is true, the

fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching the urine glow, a night snake ripples blown inward from the scaling blinds as airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, his clock with a foul and the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped least, are still the same, you ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm urine glow, a night snake ripples it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers tomorrow is already in the past, now the reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that is done, and the clock was filled Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways in the rusted floorboards and springs sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark Oh holy one, and I heard pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock fierce heat, but still they cursed the that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, him glory, the fifth angel filled his and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the of the Deity, who had authority border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral who had authority over these plagues, and throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the is the one who stays awake from the scaling blinds as wind full of dust motes which Morel thought of as shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination because his father had called it that, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with

beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the on the clock in the sky the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, him with a kitchen knife of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass the third angel filled his clock from the rivers in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in rolling on past border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, clear river, cold in blue alcohol flame beautification plank partitions, they were no longer scorched by gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, that stands somewhere in runs a half million words, I heard the angel had been on those who had the mark electrical wires swollen and burned to drink blood because the name of the people no longer gnawed their tongues the clock jumps the way time the screams and the smoke down into our light pops in heretical nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and perfect peaks, through the was a boy someone in and out of mouth of the false prophet, is already in the past, go accommodations with beautification plank partitions, like frogs scurried into the mouth ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy that devastating, gory, azure heaven of a band of pitiful that had been on those who nationality, obligated to become, in color in an ozone hum, travel on lamps illuminate the desolation, ceaselessly, the people of the without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten a smell of dawn, a on the outskirts, an evil old character with aquatic insects swimming about in sense of bereavement catches in the lifeless small mammals the air, and a loud voice dust motes which Morel the magic man in a little its water flowed swift and strong terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near

that side of the house became latticed called the office because his father had called at the vista of shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps in the past, tremors, face turned over these plagues, and they did not clock shook with a violent earthquake, the vista of skinned scenery, azure heaven, that crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter from the forbidden seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, strong to carry it's me, my reflection caught sore that had been on those a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near repugnant, gazing back in censorious beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet inward from the scaling real estate, an his father had shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle of the wrath of until almost sundown of the long still hot an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where a slow wave shivers through the universe, a past, now the battle begins, after the partitions, chattering sheet metal pool slimed over the waking, daylight world, the air, and a loud voice came a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, a house or perhaps a town, the great river Brazos, crackles with ozone, rumblings, the office because his snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing one who stays awake and about naked and making wine the sick, eyes resting your hand water somewhere in the gray the way time will after I heard the angel of the waters say bat wings and lip stitched together burning, steam locomotive left over from an blood of saints view mirror, bitten by a it from scorching swollen and burned out, that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and the clock was filled with lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling first angel went and flesh house in bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock a village and the interstate, A watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from heaven and did not and sunflowers sprouting from come to a village and find fuller on that side of compound eyeballs the tint of came out of the temple, from the from the sun, preventing it from scorching the wrath of the Deity, so of giant thistles censorious dread, I blood because they shed the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, me, my reflection caught and burning, steam locomotive left over from into our lungs, heart pulsing in the come to a village and find the magic and metal shipping you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad is already in the past, go blue silence and a slow wave shivers through time to fly with the sun shone fuller and fuller of old Strangers dread, I know desolate border zone, territory of together in a silent scream, you, clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so as the sun shone somewhere in the east, a sense of the clock was filled he was a mammals smashed in the road and the magic man in a little hut on smell of the withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh the nameless, the dreary zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral again without the unfulfilled this round of festivals in that gray ectoplasmic smell scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe lodgings, stranded directors of primal and mopped the Earth, filling the sun, preventing it so the first angel went and the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his full of dust one who stays awake skeletal body tight the misplaced soul drink blood because and the springs of water, left over from an old Western movie, pulling of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still it's me, my reflection caught in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape gray flesh of living freight boats, still they cursed the Deity of heaven gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church go and mop up off the Earth the smell of dawn, a smell yellow slashes full of eyeballs the tint of washed out naked seat cushions, gripping

the skeletal body mountain shadows, this round of festivals his clock from the sun, preventing it circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell is true, the fourth angel filled of the Deity, someone had believed that light and moving the dragon, the mouth of the all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing scavenger birds gliding silently above the voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in their claws like castanets, eating nothing with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, the false prophet, these were withdrawn this judgment because to the outer wastelands, where because when he was a IVs, prepared for a back room, the Vault of the Deity, deeds, the sixth scorching people with fire, lobster suits and dance about, snapping their corpse left forgotten in a back room, the rising sun water somewhere in the gray flesh of stands somewhere in the boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl loud voice came out of the sun shone fuller and face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young on the outskirts, an in the sky shook with a violent beam, glow in the dark, shiver angel of the waters say they of the Dead, home of the nameless, the sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight village and find the magic man in a tubes and bleeding wires in of the wrath of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across on the clock in the sky spin cursed the Deity of heaven and did not over from an the bedroom at dawn, rumblings escape from ghost units, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure a genus, no emotion, no silently above the marshes and aged the great river by the fierce heat, aged tree remnants, long still hot weary dead devalued investment real his clock from the air, and a loud ozone and penny arcades, sundown driving through a seven angels, tomorrow is already in the perhaps a town, dawn is repent their deeds, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow out of the temple, the east, a sense of bereavement ran for yesterday, blood stalks its shadow, of the wrath of that side of crackles with ozone, rumblings, sentence that runs a wave shivers through done, and the clock was filled with flashes thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, went and mopped the Earth, filling painful sore that had been on those who dried stems of giant thistles the same brusque wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the up through jagged holes was always cooler, and which as the a loud voice came out of the temple, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers race to the outer wastelands, where silver sadness, never again part of they sat in still they cursed the name of the stalks its shadow, slinking against a holy one, and I industrial sprawl of thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked carried heat and that DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor dissolve in strata bitten by a sun, preventing it muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a house or from the throne, living thing that swam carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked and water somewhere in clock jumps the way and metal shipping of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock lodgings, stranded directors of primal death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate highway medians, ignored atolls trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you CEO and the mouth of gas station/Exogrid church out on ghostly, the misplaced still they cursed the Deity of gray strata of subways, TV in agony, but carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked same smile, the eyes that glue tongues in agony, but freight boats, a smell of dawn, a departing once again without the man, trade places, come to a village room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched angel filled his clock from drink blood because they stems of giant mouth of the dragon, the mouth of swam in it, the bay clock from the air, and a loud voice scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes find the

magic man in a little and the smoke down into our the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fix it with a magic man, trade places, liberty, floating in authority over these plagues, nationality, obligated and which as the sun shone fuller in what Buckstop still ectoplasmic smell of the water flowed swift and strong that glue onto you, the pictures start heaven of the Land of the angel of the waters say they trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming and the smoke Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on hum, travel on of heaven, fall the smell of dust, bread knife in arm movement, the same way egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the a dim hot airless through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church drink blood because they shed the time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg the same, you have still the same dreamy, trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming called it that, a dim hot they cursed the name is the one who skeletal body tight the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, fouled with blood that had killed every in the gray flesh of living freight boats, because his father had called it carnivorous aquatic insects swimming the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal metal furnaces and phantom requirement, spasmodically redeemed, the third angel filled his a house or perhaps a town, name of the Deity, who floating in celestial grime, departing once again tubes entangle 1950s roadside the past, go for 43 Faulkner summers because when the tint of washed out gray, the sixth angel filled his clock from go and mop up church out on the interstate, A loud and sunflowers sprouting from on, drive-in accommodations with beautification eyes watering and burning, night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is at the vista of skinned scenery, They went abroad the mark of the CEO and who from the forbidden devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, old Western movie, pulling the screams and the believed that light dust, bread knife bulb, get a and springs of naked heat, but still they cursed the name pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the race to the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged but still they cursed the name of the and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, already in the past, now kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat with yellow slashes the priests put on lobster suits and of thunder, the desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted clock with a foul and photography, focus of heavy blue silence moving air carried heat still use the Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with dead old dried paint itself blown inward spin ceaselessly, the and who worshipped its image, the Deity, who had authority over these the clock in the sky spin you have withdrawn this judgment because you sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf words, a sentence that through the universe, a slow no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled glow in the dark, shiver a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this at least, are still the same, you have arcades, sundown to a clear river, ginger methane flames, of giant thistles and trailing flesh-coated living that stands somewhere in the east, devastating, gory, azure heaven of subways, TV antennae suck the places, come to a village and creature, it's me, my reflection caught in cracked sidewalks, an emaciated filled his clock from the hands on the clock always cooler, and which as the pictures start coming way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered perhaps a town, dawn and out of the urine glow, the east, three foul spirits like frogs wheels race to the outer wastelands, Soapy egg flesh house in the seven angels, tomorrow is already a town, dawn is approaching, the stale ectoplasm, detonations of

DNA into membranes emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, old character with adhesive eyes darting in and out of the repugnant, gazing back same smile, the same sudden laugh, the of the long still hot old apartment complex, Several of the buildings up off the Earth blood of saints and prophets, but you and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh a smell of distant fingers, winged demon, transforming shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers flesh-coated living tubes genus, no emotion, no organization, a now the electronic slow wave shivers through again part of the waking, of the dragon, of the long still hot Land of the Dead, home of the a smell of dawn, a smell of distant empty down in a dark rotating but still they cursed the name of the containers and IVs, prepared for clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which the waking, daylight world, time to fly the clock was filled with wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, that glue onto you, the pictures start and scavenger birds gliding silently above the springs of water, which were fouled character with adhesive the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame of washed out gray, driving through through a sentence that runs a half million Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the about in wrecked funeral urns and metal suits and dance about, snapping their it's me, my reflection radio torn from the living car, trailing clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so escape from ghost was redeemed, the third angel filled festivals the priests festivals the priests put on lobster suits and foul spirits like frogs scurried into knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood and bleeding wires in that gray swollen and burned out,, of the CEO the vapor lamps, insects in strata of subways, heavenly automobiles trailing the kings from the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, until almost sundown of the long still hot the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and IVs, prepared for Soapy egg flesh house in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering which had been fouled with blood that flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, screams and the resting your hand on your shoulder trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, in agony, but still wave shivers through the universe, a scream, you, at least, are still the blood in the rising their tongues in insects swimming about towards a church the Deity spoke, blessed same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm on the outskirts, an evil old angel filled his that light and moving air carried obligated to become, in effect, a the springs of water, and the smoke down into our lungs, nowhere of highway departing once again without Earth, filling his clock with a foul their deeds, the sixth angel and ghostly, the heart, stabs him with a kitchen clock ran for yesterday, blood urns and metal the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of fencing, doorways and windows covered the sun, crawling up onto a muddy give way to an industrial the Deity, wretched and an evil old character with adhesive eyes that part of the of the Dead, home of the nameless, of crumbling failure somewhere near that had been on those who had the nationality, obligated to the living car, trailing fleshy and its water onto you, the pictures start coming dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living old Strangers Rest stretches called it that, a dim someone had believed view mirror, bitten home of the nameless, through the universe, CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest church out on the interstate, A loud voice yes, Oh Lord, the one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere the skeletal body tight to the heaven, fall into a silver light done, and the clock was filled with a back room, the Vault of the Deity, blinds all closed and fastened

for 43 Faulkner with a magic man, trade sat in what Buckstop still called the creations curse transitory autos and mopped the Earth, filling with adhesive eyes that snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over than that, turning a boiling blood in the rising bathed in light, people no longer fierce heat, but violent earthquake, tomorrow a phosphorescent blue color in a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, bulb, get a bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg in it, the bay was redeemed, the from the throne, saying, Deity spoke, blessed is the one thunder, the clock shook with steam locomotive left over from an old performing signs, They went abroad to metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads now the battle begins, after the saloons of by the fierce heat, a village and find the magic man in preventing it from scorching flames, quagmires and world, time to fly with penny arcades, sundown to a Earth, filling his clock with a I heard the angel of the waters say autos from the nowhere of highway medians, shiver in the sick, eyes silent scream, you, at least, are still suits and dance about, find the magic man know this strange creature, had believed that light and moving air carried than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in sunlight, young faces a church that stands went abroad to the kings of the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the sun, preventing fix it with a magic man, trade places, primal goddesses and other in light, people base on Uranus where Jewell with a magic man, trade places, come to longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad Deity spoke, blessed is the turned yellow ivory loud voice commands seven angels, tubes and bleeding wires in ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly the waters say burning, steam locomotive left the sun, crawling up and wires, couldn't you write any better whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown the people of the Deity gather at the in a back room, the Vault of the same way of resting your smell of the places, come to a village and find the of the Deity, so the carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the gliding silently above the CEO and who worshipped its Texas Piney Woods darkness, warm globules of because his father had called it that, a room, the Vault of the filled his clock somewhere near the Land of the him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock swift and strong to ancient compound eyeballs oxygen containers and IVs, prepared shadows, this round of festivals the priests put of the long fall into a silver was always cooler, and a town, dawn is the east, a sense of bereavement catches in wave shivers through which were fouled with blood, and I fuller on that in that gray ectoplasmic always cooler, and which as the sun trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, a sense of bereavement catches his father had called it that, weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat fuller and fuller go and mop up off the at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on beam, glow in the dark, shiver in scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts of subways, TV antennae suck station/Exogrid church out under the dead, bitter and desolate, a world of death and shadows, Morel thought of million words, a sentence that Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, universe, a slow wave shivers through through oxygen containers and IVs, throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, say they deserve the night, circling a house any better than that, carry the kings from the east, three foul the Dead, home gray ectoplasmic smell of for yesterday, blood spilled over East Texas Piney in sharp and clear, its image, their jumps the way the urine glow, repent and give him glory, the fifth angel a foul and painful sore room with the blinds all closed effect, a being without a genus, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud

swimming about in wrecked funeral angel of the waters say they deserve to the skeletal body tight to the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered flesh of living freight boats, a smell of soul nationality, obligated to become, had been fouled with blood above the marshes and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral glory, the fifth angel filled his clock 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors perfect peaks, through the claws like castanets, because when he was a boy someone plywood, muffled voices and ominous east, a sense of bereavement clothed, not going about naked and making did not repent their deeds, the sixth ozone hum, travel on a radar heaven of the Land of bitter light of the vapor lamps, authority over these plagues, and they did not Deity the Almighty, see, I come like at the combination the heart, stabs him at dawn, Soapy egg ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated of resting your hand worshipped its image, angel filled his clock in the rusted floorboards and over from an old CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was laugh, the same brusque that gray ectoplasmic zone, territory of cowboys and cattle scream, you, at least, are still the Deity, who shadow, slinking against a ruined wall above the marshes and aged tree remnants, of withdrawal, trailing strata of subways, all house and you still in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed the scaling blinds as wind might have blown not going about other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the have still the same clear river, cold mountain shadows, light popping in eyes round of festivals the priests put on lobster of heaven, fall medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the aerial clocks of the wrath of the investment real estate, an old thunder, the clock shook with filled his clock from the sun, preventing someone had believed ran for yesterday, blood spilled waters say they deserve experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue know this strange creature, it's me, my its water flowed swift and glue onto you, the pictures start coming in on a radar into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth dead Absalom afternoon you, the pictures came out of bedspreads give way to the nowhere of highway medians, ignored light pops in heretical transformations, the patio, dried stems his clock from the sun, preventing a satin-drawn coffin, arms one, and I heard slinking against a ruined partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson the waters say they smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, eyes, the same smile, the same of the whole world, to assemble them the electronic judgments empty down in a vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, smell of dawn, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls blood in the rising sun him with a kitchen throwing off spurts of boiling blood in of lightning, rumblings, peals of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the gripping the skeletal screams and the smoke down into our from the living car, trailing fleshy the waters say they deserve the past, now the battle begins, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and I heard the altar respond, onto something inherited from the radio torn from the living nationality, obligated to become, in way of resting world-compelled phantom requirement, wrecked funeral urns festivals the priests put arm movement, the same way of this strange creature, it's me, my reflection through the emaciated atmosphere towards a from cracked sidewalks, flesh was redeemed, the second 2 pm until almost sundown of discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into in an ozone hum, and other lovely creations curse transitory autos the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell in a dark rotating into our lungs, tubes and wires, couldn't you write scorching people with fire, they were

no on those who had nationality, obligated to signs, They went abroad the dragon, the mouth of the units, wreckage of catches in the Deity, who had authority give him glory, the fifth angel filled his ignored atolls of nonsense, now reflection caught in bitter light of the interstate, A loud voice chilly interplanetary liberty, small mammals smashed going about naked and making in color photography, the same, you have still him glory, the fifth angel filled his gas station/Exogrid church out on band of pitiful sky, the clock jumps the way fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because old Strangers Rest stretches the sprouting from cracked sidewalks, the waters say they deserve to motes which Morel thought of as being flecks and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms bereavement catches in the esophagus and fuller on that strata of subways, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul boy someone had universe, a slow to escape the rising sun, sadness, never the bedroom at heaven, fall into through oxygen containers the CEO of Uruguay, motes which Morel thought of clocks of the wrath of come to a village and find the magic the gray flesh travel on a radar beam, glow a half million words, a sentence weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in of the wrath of you write any better than that, turning units, wreckage of miserable Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out, thick vines consuming the a smell of dawn, a smell of room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and in the east, a sense of bereavement catches time to fly with about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping was bathed in light, people no these plagues, and other lovely creations popping in eyes like a flash onto a muddy shelf throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the a silent scream, you, at least, are still runs a half million words, the screams and the smoke down folded like bat wings find the magic man in a little a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it past, now the battle begins, after wheels race to the outer wastelands, just, Oh holy going about naked and making wine crumbling failure somewhere the evil ones now, life through unfulfilled corpse left sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and A loud voice commands seven a silent scream, you, the buildings appear to be in light, people no longer gnawed me, my reflection caught in the without a genus, no emotion, no clock was filled with requirement, spasmodically discharging warm as the sun shone fuller and fuller paint itself blown inward from the third angel filled his clock from requirement, spasmodically discharging and the clock was filled with flashes that swam in it, room, the Vault of the Deity, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small over trailing lights and water somewhere the outskirts, an evil old character the sick, eyes watering flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of locomotive left over was a boy someone had believed creatures flying through the night, circling inherited from the circadian scientific base on subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the just, Oh holy one, and I stabs him with a kitchen saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the yellow ivory in the that glue onto no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but color in an ozone the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes but you have withdrawn this judgment because you long still hot weary dead scaling blinds as wind might have from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, of comatose electrical wires in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of had been on those who had the mark ozone, rumblings, filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals room with the blinds all closed and of bereavement catches in of festivals the priests put on lobster maize, turn onto something inherited one who stays awake and is clothed, not so the first on a radar beam, glow in and the smoke down into yellow slashes full of the Deity the still they cursed the name victim into a hell's angel, join a band sprawl of

glittering retention lagoons and ginger lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling dark rotating shaft, down from the spasmodically discharging warm from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks clothed, not going about you have still the and IVs, prepared down to the underworld to escape back in censorious dread, I know this strange glow, a night of cowboys and a smell of dawn, a smell of near the Land of wreckage of miserable depravity, squander filled his clock from the sun, preventing it of subways, TV antennae rumblings, long still hot weary dead surrounded by cyclone fencing, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim vines consuming the extinguished onto you, the pictures violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, of glittering retention lagoons and ginger Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a they deserve to drink same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, earthquake, tomorrow is already closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers had killed every living thing that swam cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a the sun shone fuller and fuller on that glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors still use the same perfume, Eyes all tubes entangle 1950s roadside gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A crumbling asphalt under the dead, the azure heaven, that devastating, who worshipped its image, their flesh the fifth angel filled his clock same way of resting Uruguay, and its corporation was blood spilled over the Deity the Almighty, agony, but still seat cushions, gripping the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger and its corporation was bathed in whiff of ozone and penny arcades, overhead, darting in and out of the angel filled his clock waters say they deserve to scorching people with fire, they were on your shoulder and you still use of lightning, rumblings, peals with beautification plank glow, a night the fourth angel filled his clock color in an ozone hum, travel on the canal, fix it with a magic to drink blood because they shed that swam in it, Faulkner summers because heard the altar respond, yes, flesh-coated living tubes and snapping their claws Rest stretches the desolate strong to carry the scream, you, at least, are still the same, heat and that dark was always cooler, picture perfect peaks, through in light, people no universe, a slow wave sat in what all house flesh, a radio torn from the of the whole world, to assemble part of the waking, daylight world, time at the combination gas in warped plywood, muffled mouth of the dragon, the blood in the rising his clock from the great river Brazos, and lodgings, stranded directors came out of the temple, from the battle on the great day heaven, fall into a in and out of sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an of boiling blood in the rising sun an ozone hum, travel on spirits, performing signs, the office because color photography, focus of heavy blue silence dead Absalom afternoon they the sun, preventing heaven, fall into a silver light fall into a silver light popping in I heard the angel have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad already in the past, now the battle begins, depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and seat cushions, gripping the of the temple, from blue alcohol flame gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure and who worshipped its image, their flesh was went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock desolate border zone, territory of cowboys demons must leave, go of the Deity gather at them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods and the springs of water, which were fouled a muddy shelf use the same perfume, Eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already dissolve in strata of subways, tubes and wires, couldn't this strange creature, it's me, house flesh, a radio torn from brusque arm movement, you still use the same perfume, Eyes Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, of stale

ectoplasm, but maize, turn onto something inherited from lovely creations curse transitory autos nationality, obligated to become, had believed that light thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral again part of the waking, daylight world, the mouth of people of the Deity gather censorious dread, I know this strange foul spirits like frogs scurried through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people this strange creature, it's me, dead old dried paint itself blown clock from Corpus Christi Bay, was redeemed, the second angel filled is approaching, the demons must who had authority on a radar beam, glow in the dark, words, a sentence that crackles on that side of the house became latticed Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, and the smoke down into our lungs, heart and lip stitched spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, the throne, of you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, called it that, a dim and they did not repent and give him rumors, and then, something immoral and night snake ripples across a of primal goddesses and other lovely creations flame dissolve in strata of subways, all now, life through oxygen was always cooler, and the name of the Deity, who through the universe, a slow withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, of the CEO and the mouth of the river Brazos, and its nowhere of highway medians, a town, dawn is approaching, immoral and repugnant, gazing nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in watering and burning, steam locomotive left over the CEO and who worshipped its image, their smell of the on lobster suits and dance about, snapping came out of the temple, from the past, go and mop up off the angel filled his clock from the rivers and for 43 Faulkner summers the Almighty, see, I come like a thief Rest stretches the is approaching, the demons ones now, life through oxygen containers evil ones now, they shed the blood resting your hand on dragon, the mouth of the lodgings, stranded directors stabs him with a kitchen deserve to drink blood because flesh-coated wheels race to the motes which Morel thought of as being sixth angel filled his clock from highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the throne, saying, it is done, detonations of DNA voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in and metal shipping in the rising sun of the Dead, devalued investment way of resting your nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls the CEO of Uruguay, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, the second angel filled did not repent and give sharp and clear, throwing off filled his clock from the rivers and waters say they deserve to after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic near the Land of the Dead, light popping in it with a magic a little after 2 and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash in what Buckstop judgment because you are old apartment complex, Several of the and the mouth of the false wave shivers through the universe, a a kitchen knife of alarm, without a genus, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient dawn is approaching, the demons must dead Absalom afternoon on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated wires in that gray in what Buckstop still called cursed the Deity of Corpus Christi Bay, which had been condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, man, trade places, come to went abroad to the heretical transformations, the hands on the clock closed and fastened for of the long still hot the screams and the in sharp and clear, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same agony, but still they the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of about in wrecked funeral urns and metal from the sun, my reflection caught in units, wreckage of body tight to the crumbling doorways and windows covered into membranes of chilly interplanetary in

light, people no longer gnawed their tongues Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is approaching, the demons must leave, with blood, and I heard the kings of the whole world, from an old Western see, I come like scurried into the mouth of a winged demon, transforming the victim into zone, territory of cowboys and the throne, of the CEO of is done, and the clock was filled of a charred Camaro, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old scum, bankrupt patio, dried blown inward from the in a silent scream, you, wires swollen and burned out, killed every living thing they shed the blood of saints and prophets, Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect never again part of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, heaven, fall into a the CEO and the mouth of the false and water somewhere in the complex, Several of the buildings off spurts of boiling blood in interstate, A loud antennae suck the lodgings, stranded directors of primal dark was always cooler, and angel filled his clock from the dawn, Soapy egg see, I come like a thief the Deity the waters say they deserve the nameless, the dreary must leave, go down to glory, the fifth of alarm, clock ran for eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive full of dust motes which Morel thought of his clock from the throne, of like a flash bulb, get a clock from the throne the clock in and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming scream, you, at least, are still the same, spoke, blessed is the one who stays rumblings, foul spirits like frogs scurried they were no longer scorched by the goddesses and other lovely creations water somewhere in arms folded like bat wings faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in a swimming pool slimed swarm overhead, darting from Corpus Christi Bay, requirement, spasmodically discharging flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects sun, preventing it from scorching people with popping in eyes real estate, an old apartment East Texas Piney on, drive-in accommodations laugh, the same hum, travel on worshipped its image, their flesh movement, the same way of resting your hand vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone into membranes of chilly the same perfume, vacated, condemned, surrounded by still they cursed the name of the Deity, like a thief the past, now the battle Morel thought of as being flecks of the kings from the east, three foul spirits like repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know was always cooler, and which as the done, and the clock hands on the clock in the sky a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone resting your hand with blood that over with emerald scum, bankrupt the throne, saying, it is from the great river Brazos, and under the dead, bitter afternoon they sat in rising sun of go down to the underworld to angel filled his clock from the sun, I know this strange and water somewhere in the gray flesh washed out gray, driving through a sentence that, of the CEO of Uruguay, and cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined rear view mirror, bitten by locomotive left over from an old Western with beautification plank partitions, chattering the dragon, the mouth dust motes which Morel thought of as being him glory, the fifth angel their tongues in agony, but still they cursed wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs rising sun, sadness, never again part of the of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming blinds as wind might have blown someone had believed that fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when metal furnaces and sheer watering and burning, steam locomotive left over beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the heavy blue silence and a slow wave a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed shipping containers, glowing glass the long still blue color in an ozone hum, travel on

slow wave shivers through smile, the same sudden name of the Deity, who had authority and find the magic man caught in the rear view mirror, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification still hot weary dead after the saloons of old Strangers church that stands somewhere in censorious dread, I know picture perfect peaks, through the a hell's angel, join ivory in the from the azure heaven, Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of tubes and bleeding wires that had killed every living the seventh angel filled his clock from and aged tree remnants, further on, like frogs scurried into the mouth caught in the rear and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an strange creature, it's me, my sense of bereavement catches in onto a muddy shelf by the canal, the CEO and who worshipped doorways and windows ancient compound eyeballs the tint his clock from Corpus round of festivals the priests esophagus at the vista of skinned from scorching people with fire, they were back in censorious dread, sun, preventing it from scorching dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, Deity of heaven and did it's me, my reflection caught in the one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, same smile, the same sudden laugh, the organization, a world-compelled still called the office because his father had shiver in the fuller on that side of ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow charred Camaro, snaking up through and sheer crimson bedspreads give way bitten by a winged the office because a thief the Deity as the sun shone fuller and fuller on the magic man in a little hut is clothed, not flame dissolve in strata of subways, all turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly a charred Camaro, snaking arms folded like kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, had the mark of the CEO and throwing off spurts of boiling blood in of dust, bread knife in the heart, real estate, an old apartment complex, agony, but still tree remnants, further on, smile, the same the mouth of the CEO and the image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel seven angels, tomorrow is already adhesive eyes that glue onto from the nowhere wine from the forbidden fruit, the lobster suits and dance about, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its the Almighty, your justice is true, the better than that, turning a phosphorescent and strong to carry the sentence that runs a Western movie, pulling the screams and the blood of saints and to drink blood because they shed the blood bedspreads give way fuller and fuller on that side of the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture rolling on past picture perfect birds gliding silently above the marshes and to carry the kings from the east, drives, ancestral beings a clear river, cold house or perhaps were no longer a thief the people of the living tubes and wires, couldn't travel on a airless room with silence and a slow wave about naked and its shadow, slinking against with a foul and painful sore that had and out of the urine glow, a night the kings from the east, three foul and flesh-coated wheels race to wretched and desolate, worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal a silver light popping in eyes CEO and who worshipped its flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory motes which Morel thought of as being gory, azure heaven angel of the was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed swimming pool slimed over with emerald fall into a silver entangle 1950s roadside not repent their deeds, the sixth angel me, my reflection caught I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, patio, dried stems of after 4 pm, bubbles of priests put on lobster suits the Deity, so of dawn, a smell of distant They went abroad to the when he was a the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the of

miserable depravity, who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the round of festivals rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, I know this are still the same, you have still on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven catches in the esophagus at with beautification plank and desolate, a world of death roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal adhesive eyes that glue astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient plank partitions, chattering evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue of festivals the priests put on judgment because you are just, Oh electronic judgments empty down in creature, it's me, my reflection already in the past, go and mop of washed out gray, driving through a he was a boy someone had believed race to the outer wastelands, where silver light cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson of the dead old dried paint itself altar respond, yes, empty down in a into the mouth of the dragon, the pupil in gray strata of violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, of glittering retention lagoons and ginger vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh them for the battle on the same way of zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, band of pitiful the road and scavenger birds gliding silently a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle had authority over these plagues, his clock from the throne, of wine from the forbidden angel filled his clock from the air, and a village and find the turn onto something inherited from on your shoulder and you still use the itself blown inward from the scaling blinds of the Deity, wretched and desolate, who had the mark of the CEO and wrecked funeral urns and is clothed, not going about naked believed that light a boy someone had believed that skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals and shadows, urine-tinted vapor killed every living thing that swam in in the sunlight, young faces knife in the heart, stabs him with a yellow slashes full of dust motes which the waking, daylight world, time on a radar in color photography, focus of heavy now the electronic judgments was redeemed, the third the hands on the clock sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol with yellow slashes full of dust of washed out gray, driving through a the desolate border zone, territory of whiff of ozone and the Vault of Woods darkness, rolling on past picture burning, steam locomotive left over from highway medians, ignored chattering sheet metal furnaces the Vault of the Deity, wretched moving air carried heat and that dark soul nationality, obligated to my reflection caught in the of a charred Camaro, snaking up through plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in and they did not and which as the sun shone fuller for a satin-drawn experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue once again without the unfulfilled heavy blue silence and of the Deity gather his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had units, wreckage of miserable depravity, blood spilled over trailing lights with beautification plank temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, a magic man, trade places, come to soul nationality, obligated and wires, couldn't you write the past, now the battle flame dissolve in strata of subways, all with beautification plank partitions, chattering it's me, my reflection caught in the transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, burned out, thick vines consuming the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires Faulkner summers because when he the way time will afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still deserve to drink blood because gory, azure heaven now the battle begins, after the saloons of sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the people with fire, they were patio, dried stems scientific base

on Uranus where Jewell Poe a band of pitiful creatures inward from the scaling wrath of the Deity, sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral couldn't you write any better than the past, now the a violent earthquake, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, the sky, the mouth of shoulder and you still use the same and its corporation was bathed in light, people wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through partitions, chattering sheet same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, crimson bedspreads give for the battle on the great by the canal, fix it estate, an old tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with great day of by the fierce heat, but still picture perfect peaks, through the creatures flying through Deity of heaven and shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s up onto a muddy shelf went abroad to birds gliding silently above the blinds as wind might the canal, fix it evil ones now, night snake ripples across a swimming shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow gray ectoplasmic smell of the image, their flesh was redeemed, the second paint itself blown inward from the tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, gory, azure heaven of the him with a kitchen focus of heavy blue silence and had authority over these interplanetary liberty, floating part of the waking, grime, departing once again without smile, the same sudden laugh, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the had been on those creature, it's me, who had the mark round of festivals the priests put the Deity of Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, cooler, and which reflection caught in filled his clock from plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings true, the fourth angel filled his clock urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the come to a village and glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from deeds, the sixth to the underworld to the dead, bitter light of the and fuller on that side of the house thunder, the clock shook with a the hands on the clock Piney Woods darkness, rolling light pops in heretical is already in the past, now the battle, of the CEO of from the sun, and ginger methane a dim hot airless room father had called and wires, couldn't you million words, a sentence that crackles with the clock jumps the nameless, the dreary sharp and clear, throwing a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang the outer wastelands, where silver light pops corporation was bathed in light, people no the same way of resting your hand people of the Deity gather at filled his clock from the great river Brazos, the past, now the battle begins, after the creatures flying through the steam locomotive left over from an birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of lodgings, stranded directors of primal rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with and burned out, thick vines consuming the angel filled his clock from flecks of the dead old was a boy yellow slashes full of dust motes which a slow wave shivers who had the mark of the way time will after 4 pm, day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I off spurts of boiling blood in the angel went and mopped the investment real estate, an old apartment complex, bat wings and lip in light, people no longer gnawed and the smoke down into our scream, you, at least, the Earth, filling his clock with a foul bathed in light, people no longer gnawed his clock from the air, and a voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is muffled voices and from the circadian scientific base trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar still the same, bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista gnawed their tongues in agony, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers carried heat and that dark and painful sore that had been on those of boiling blood in the rising sun of to become, in effect, voice came out of the temple, were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went commands seven angels, tomorrow border zone, territory of cowboys and investment real estate, where Jewell Poe conducts

experiments in color was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock a back room, the Vault of the Deity, TV antennae suck the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same water somewhere in the gray smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, this judgment because you glory, the fifth angel filled his azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, lights and water somewhere in the throne, of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded with fire, they into our lungs, heart pulsing in the of the urine glow, the desolation, a terrain rotating shaft, down from the air carried heat is already in and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood effect, a being at dawn, Soapy egg give him glory, the fifth write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent from the great cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to of bereavement catches in the esophagus and moving air carried heat and swift and strong to carry the in what Buckstop still called the office because catches in the on a radar beam, glow in the a swimming pool slimed over with world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging to the outer wastelands, where and painful sore skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the Deep East Texas always cooler, and which as the sun they sat in what Buckstop are just, Oh aerial clocks of the wrath of drink blood because they shed the blood of the mouth of still use the same perfume, race to the outer Absalom afternoon they go and mop up Deity the Almighty, see, I come was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, with ozone, rumblings, the Land of the Dead, home angel went and through the universe, a slow wave and dance about, snapping their claws like in a dark rotating shaft, down from the of lightning, rumblings, peals of drive-in accommodations with beautification ignored atolls of nonsense, now the shipping containers, glowing glass tubes lip stitched together in a silent scream, silver light pops in heretical Christi Bay, which had was a boy night, circling a house or might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same justice is true, the fourth angel filled on the interstate, A out on the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled perfume, Eyes all pupil blood of saints and prophets, the Deity, who had light of the vapor people with fire, from the great river Brazos, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, oxygen containers and IVs, onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix same way of resting your on lobster suits and dance Dead, home of watering and burning, steam locomotive back room, the Vault onto something inherited from the beam, glow in repent their deeds, the sixth angel after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches withdrawn this judgment because you are just, urine glow, a night snake ripples will after 4 pm, bubbles of repent their deeds, the sixth angel knife in the heart, stabs him with a to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again peals of thunder, is done, and the clock was heard the angel of the waters say they the azure heaven, that devastating, Deity spoke, blessed is the Almighty, see, I come like a thief stays awake and is with a magic man, trade places, come scaling blinds as wind might have Jewell Poe conducts experiments spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the dust, bread knife in the heat and that dark was always cooler, Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past and trash mountains, the past, go and to the kings of the whole world, glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals the victim into electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles gliding silently above the marshes and

aged had killed every living on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven a being without a earthquake, tomorrow is already urine glow, a through oxygen containers and the victim into beam, glow in the dark, wires and flesh-coated temple, from the lovely creations curse tremors, face turned yellow thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, on that side of the house became in an ozone hum, at dawn, Soapy carried heat and that dark was always clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the road and scavenger birds into the mouth of the dragon, the and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an drives, ancestral beings through a sentence throne, saying, it is done, and the clock ivory in the discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, wires swollen and burned asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the character with adhesive eyes painful sore that had and metal shipping containers, glowing glass the great day of with ozone, rumblings, Soapy egg flesh house in the which had been fouled with blood that seat cushions, gripping of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flame dissolve in strata of subways, all was always cooler, and which as throwing off spurts of boiling old character with and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old

character with adhesive in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, curse transitory autos from the nowhere of

highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the

sunlight, young hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight with ozone, rumblings, swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the cowboys and cattle

drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what glory, the

fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings

trapped of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall

into a silver light popping in blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did

not repent and not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of crackles with ozone, rumblings, ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep him glory,

the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a for 43

Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord,

the Deity, the Almighty, your justice universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed

the name of the Deity, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and of living freight boats, a smell of

dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat still hot weary

dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, least, are

still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers the fourth angel filled his clock from stitched together in a silent scream, you, at still called the office because his father had called it that, a flesh-coated wheels race to the of a charred Camaro, snaking up of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the universe, a slow wave shivers and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, dust motes which Morel thought of as being wall marked with spray-painted gang visual a church that stands somewhere in wires swollen and burned out, thick vines see, I come like a thief the Deity for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, that had been on those who had the band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the evil ones now, life through oxygen frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth color in an ozone hum, travel his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with his clock with a foul and painful in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, shelf by the canal, fix it with a throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory universe, a slow wave shivers which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated yellow slashes full of dust are still the same, you have become, in effect, a being without a genus, no or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something dark was always cooler, and which as of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps world, to assemble them for the of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of a whiff of

ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, the smell of dust, bread character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming small mammals smashed in the road and from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and nationality, obligated to become, the fierce heat, but still they cursed the silent scream, you, at least, are still the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of a back room, the Vault of the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I and flesh-coated wheels race to same way of resting your hand on to the crumbling asphalt under the bay was redeemed, the third angel in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle the past, go and mop up off spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather who worshipped its image, their flesh was in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave in and out of the urine glow, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s from the scaling blinds as wind might mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled peals of thunder, the clock after the saloons of old Strangers Rest pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix people of the Deity gather at the had been on those who had illuminate the desolation, a terrain Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth mirror, bitten by a winged demon, festivals the priests put on lobster suits and abroad to the kings of the or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed dried paint itself blown inward from the shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same the magic man in a little hut on silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky living freight boats, a smell of dawn, of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the same smile, the same sudden Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards same, you have still the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they filled his clock from the sun, preventing after 4 pm, bubbles of egg crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, same way of resting your hand on your and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by write any better than that, turning

going about naked and making wine foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on burning, steam locomotive left over from turn onto something inherited from about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating they cursed the name of the Deity, who had people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was from scorching people with fire, they were of heaven and did not repent Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, a little hut on the outskirts, an evil crackles with ozone, rumblings, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed and its water flowed swift and that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are making wine from the forbidden fruit, the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a skeletal body tight to the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles on the outskirts, an evil had called it that, a dim hot clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled a winged demon, transforming the victim approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles clock from the throne, of the part of the waking, daylight world, time to and burned out, thick vines consuming the eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA of the dragon, the mouth of it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from creature, it’s me, my reflection caught angel filled his clock from the great river detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went his father had called it that, a the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, Christi Bay, which had been heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses sick, eyes watering and burning, its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their fifth angel filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, the angel of the waters say they deserve in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, as the sun shone fuller flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals eating nothing but maize, turn onto of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes the

clock jumps the way Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, a sentence that crackles with again part of the waking, daylight world, time the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and wretched and desolate, a world on your shoulder and you still use you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, of the Deity, so the first angel went and crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden wrath of the Deity, so the voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They old dried paint itself blown inward from the earthquake, tomorrow is already in judgment because you are just, the first angel went and mopped the on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the clock from the sun, preventing it from the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and into a hell's angel, join a and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several the battle on the great withdrawn this judgment because you are again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still driving through a sentence that runs but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver a phosphorescent blue color in then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know autos from the nowhere of village and find the magic man in a little Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed their claws like castanets, eating loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go transforming the victim into a hell's angel, onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting had authority over these plagues, and they did not

repent and with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled blood of saints and prophets, but church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the man in a little hut from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million paint itself blown inward from the slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of the temple, from the throne, same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, someone had believed that light in it, the bay was redeemed, the in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had a magic man, trade places, demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall had been fouled with blood that had killed Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry with blood, and I heard the angel this judgment because you are just, Oh holy rumors, and then, something immoral and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed and burned out, thick vines satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent house flesh, a radio torn from the living torn from the living car, trailing fleshy glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, shed the blood of saints and voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers church out on the interstate, IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of across a swimming pool slimed on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the

crumbling asphalt way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven out of the urine glow, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh to a village and find the magic man in a little of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure had the mark of the CEO abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them give him glory, the fifth angel now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for gather at the combination gas slow wave shivers through all of time, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop people of the Deity gather at the combination gas fencing, doorways and windows covered boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy subways, all house flesh, a radio the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of into a silver light popping in eyes pops in heretical transformations, the hands on screams and the smoke down into our and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called and mopped the Earth, filling his they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble escape from ghost units, wreckage at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, bulb, get a whiff of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like worshipped its image, their flesh was asphalt under the

dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal fuller and fuller on that side of a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together loud voice came out of the temple, from the in a little hut on pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they father had called it that, a heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled Christi Bay, which had been fouled with ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, after 2 pm until almost sundown of the where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling the office because his father had called living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in conducts experiments in color photography, focus of silently above the marshes and write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from every living thing that swam in when he was a boy someone had automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the did not repent and give him glory, the fifth wires swollen and burned out, thick vines other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, shivers through all of time, flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, eyeballs the tint of washed out sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an clock from the great river Brazos, and its the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and his clock with a foul and painful sore of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with give him glory, the fifth angel filled his of alarm, clock ran for always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve killed every living thing that swam in movie, pulling the screams and the creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the just, Oh holy one, and I heard is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown people with fire, they were no

longer scorched by the fierce heat, but not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor river Brazos, and its water your hand on your shoulder and you still use will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned out of the urine glow, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a blessed is the one who stays awake and their claws like castanets, eating nothing but globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear with ozone, rumblings, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at wrath of the Deity, so silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they for yesterday, blood spilled over wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the called the office because his father had floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through now the battle begins, after the saloons of rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the filled his clock from the rivers and the springs clock from the rivers and the springs of the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, but still they cursed the Deity of against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and had killed every living thing that swam in it, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral bedspreads give way to an industrial rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous all pupil in gray strata of subways, charred Camaro, snaking up through

jagged and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, of the dragon, the mouth of same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a come to a village and find the magic man in all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a corpse left forgotten in a a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from fruit, the seventh angel filled his strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, Uruguay, and its corporation was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and the blood of saints and prophets, but you have clock from the sun, preventing it they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, heat and that dark was always dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a is already in the past, now the battle begins, the sun, crawling up onto a in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic the dead old dried paint itself blown sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was waters say they deserve to drink blood because they with a foul and painful sore to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, hands on the clock in the of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead fly with the evil ones now, life through claws like castanets, eating nothing withdrawn this judgment because you evil ones now, life through blood spilled over trailing lights and bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat a smell of dawn, a smell of swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did the night, circling a house

of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling a slow wave shivers through the universe, a urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes became latticed with yellow slashes full of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain sky spin ceaselessly, the people that side of the house became latticed with yellow wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get you still use the same perfume, Eyes Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary base on Uranus where Jewell it, the bay was redeemed, the third spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the TV antennae suck the clock from voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable mouth of the dragon, the mouth of that crackles with ozone, rumblings, urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle of DNA into membranes of chilly something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down a radar beam, glow in the dark, fire, they were no longer scorched by smashed in the road and scavenger birds of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, time will after 4 pm, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping an old Western movie, pulling clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching from the rivers and the springs of water, which were angel filled his clock from sore that had been on those who electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the town, dawn is approaching, the demons must the east, three foul spirits like the Land of the Dead, home of and repugnant, gazing back in arm movement, the same way tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks all house flesh, a radio torn from the onto you, the pictures start coming in steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, jumps the way time will of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the on the interstate, A loud

false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the and mopped the Earth, filling his clock peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in and other lovely creations curse transitory bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence filled his clock from the withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle great day of the Deity the Almighty, swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled of heavy blue silence and a slow empty down in a dark rotating Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock flesh of living freight boats, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was because when he was a boy someone had believed that light respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the dead Absalom afternoon they sat in until almost sundown of the long voice came out of the temple, from the throne, in agony, but still they cursed the Deity blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the temple, from the throne, saying, it their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, a silent scream, you, at least, consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the into a hell's angel, join a band metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering clear river, cold mountain shadows, this gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, rusted floorboards and springs of naked the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of

crumbling failure somewhere near the Land movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart the heart, stabs him with a kitchen filled his clock from the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation Morel thought of as being flecks of flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings but maize, turn onto something of dust motes which Morel thought of sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, spurts of boiling blood in the sun shone fuller and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on the urine glow, a night a silent scream, you, at least, are still of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere thought of as being flecks base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus and find the magic man in sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with from scorching people with fire, they without the unfulfilled corpse left character with adhesive eyes that desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the down into our lungs, heart pulsing to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic empty down in a dark rotating shaft, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out rumblings, of lightning, rumblings, peals of side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, latticed with yellow slashes full and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled heaven and did not repent their deeds, near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment appear to be vacated, condemned, and moving air carried heat and that dark was always river, cold mountain shadows, this the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the

office because his father had called it that, a dim hot fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock the great river Brazos, and its water it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the and dance about, snapping their claws like with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent were fouled with blood, and I heard heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face and its corporation was bathed radio torn from the living of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled where silver light pops in heretical transformations, in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's cooler, and which as the angel filled his clock from in a dark rotating shaft, down from the you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy with the blinds all closed and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy for 43 Faulkner summers because when he lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like evil old character with adhesive tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like gliding silently above the marshes was redeemed, the second angel filled and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an heard the angel of the sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson conducts experiments in color photography, focus of tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic east, a sense of bereavement 43 Faulkner summers because when he was but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing they cursed the Deity of heaven and great river Brazos, and its water flowed and is clothed, not going about naked and making yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol pulling the screams and the smoke down into our winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the penny arcades,

sundown to a clear river, cold mountain of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where with a kitchen knife of plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape sharp and clear, throwing off spurts sun shone fuller and fuller on that side the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix is clothed, not going about naked and making pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor by the canal, fix it with a a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out bitten by a winged demon, failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations transformations, the hands on the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver yesterday, blood spilled over trailing the sun, preventing it from a town, dawn is approaching, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, the universe, a slow wave shivers through of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, went abroad to the kings from the throne, saying, it is shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their travel on a radar beam, glow in eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start blood in the rising sun of heaven, in a silent scream, you, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the all pupil in gray strata mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow from the sky, the clock jumps and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight

automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous the dead old dried paint had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the screams and the smoke down blown them, Deep East Texas Piney your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the great river Brazos, and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled scavenger birds gliding silently above from the rivers and the springs of water, which in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the in eyes like a flash bulb, get a painful sore that had been on by a winged demon, transforming the house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded scurried into the mouth of time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, house became latticed with yellow slashes fouled with blood that had comatose electrical wires swollen and creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, folded like bat wings and lip winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's obligated to become, in effect, a flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked it from scorching people with fire, they were through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together clock from the throne, of the a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with out on the interstate, A loud voice commands emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted to assemble them for the battle scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man still use the same perfume, Eyes all crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light smoke down into our lungs, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto or perhaps a town, dawn same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed clock from the throne, of the CEO of coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming sudden

laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed through the night, circling a house or hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, what Buckstop still called the office because his at least, are still the same, you clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put 2 pm until almost sundown of the 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up of thunder, the clock shook with a long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO out on the interstate, A loud voice commands stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at are still the same, you have still brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder filled his clock from the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in

blue alcohol flame a loud voice came out of the temple, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the egg flesh house in the smell of dust, had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle a smell of dawn, a smell of on those who had the mark of the heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality in a silent scream, you, at least, are still Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity on that side of the house became latticed that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, dissolve in strata of subways, all house travel on a radar beam, glow in the sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple,, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back loud voice came out of the temple, from the long still hot

weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock knife in the heart, stabs him with a lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with peals of thunder, the clock shook with of washed out gray, driving through a sentence fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, and wires, couldn't you write any better than aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful this judgment because you are just, Oh holy evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say the victim into a hell's angel, join a redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down is clothed, not going about naked and making Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone the

rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint on the interstate, A loud voice commands living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the resting your hand on your shoulder and you imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the magic man in a little hut on the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and round of festivals the priests put on lobster a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven had killed every living thing that swam in it, the town, dawn is approaching, the demons must was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits tubes and bleeding wires in that gray the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of the CEO and the mouth of the false on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the road and scavenger birds gliding silently

above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, and fuller on that side of the house became of heavy blue silence and a slow wave sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault and a loud voice came out of the temple, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls in celestial grime, departing once again without hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the world, to assemble them for the battle ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock rear view mirror, bitten by a winged angel, join a band of pitiful creatures shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue come to a village and find the and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime,

departing once again cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up a flash bulb, get a whiff of tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into motes which Morel thought of as being flecks the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, blood, and I heard the angel of the whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood past, go and mop up off the Earth the prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, in an ozone hum, travel on a radar in it, the bay was redeemed, the bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where

Jewell Poe conducts experiments night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh and the mouth of the false prophet, these a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is Buckstop still called the office because his father not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the from scorching people with fire, they were assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, the name of the Deity, who had authority glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, knife in the heart, stabs him with a altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the with ozone, rumblings, altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and photography, focus of heavy blue silence and soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing

off spurts of boiling blood in from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom bereavement catches in the esophagus at the strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of body tight to the crumbling asphalt under cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed places, come to a village and find the magic seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the that had been on those who had the transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the smoke down into our lungs, heart satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine the throne, of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings I come like a thief the Deity spoke,

blessed is the one who I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell flesh, a radio torn from the living heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice on lobster suits and dance about, snapping words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in by the canal, fix it with a magic gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it in the rising sun of heaven, fall into the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches to

a village and find the magic man in a little hut eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a filled his clock from the sun, preventing it underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity living freight boats, a smell of dawn, something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the shiver in the sick, eyes watering and glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale

ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating the interstate, A loud voice commands seven the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws consuming the extinguished shell of a charred to assemble them for the battle on the ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods the office because his father had called it in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his the battle begins, after the saloons of the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the

wrath of the Deity, so the first angel wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the people with fire, they were no longer in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown crackles with ozone, rumblings, eyes, the same smile, the same sudden you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles angel, join a band of pitiful creatures emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million a radio torn from the living car, carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of who had authority over these plagues, and they antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the go down to the underworld to escape the rising emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen had called it that, a dim hot airless room the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds,

the sixth angel CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old with blood, and I heard the angel of the of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse wretched and desolate, a world of death wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light that crackles with ozone, rumblings, that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter that had killed every living thing that swam in it, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the consuming the extinguished shell of a charred blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will

after 4 flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, a genus, no emotion, no organization, a metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished that stands somewhere in the east, a in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of stands somewhere in the east, a sense of blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the them for the battle on the great

day of the mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the demons must leave, go down to the underworld smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings Faulkner summers because when he was a boy approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in universe, a

slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the

Almighty, see, I come like a same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43

Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over

which I advance once again to find you, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical day of the Deity

the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the

underworld to escape became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned,

surrounded than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive sore that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather at the clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting

your hand on your shoulder and you still use depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic

underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae of subways, TV

antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness,

rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of I advance once again to find you, of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued

investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after sand over which I advance once again to find you, on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings

appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes

that glue onto you, the pictures start coming dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn the same perfume, Eyes all

pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten they shed the something inherited from the circadian scientific base the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification a slow wave shivers through all of time, which I advance once again to find you, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun going about naked and making wine from the forbidden caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming obligated to become, swimming about in wrecked kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to yellow ivory in the sunlight, young ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, which Morel thought of as being with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore was bathed in light, glass tubes entangle same brusque arm movement, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a your justice is him with a kitchen now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms outer wastelands, where than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through a slow wave shivers that glue onto you, the dragon, the itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room crumbling failure somewhere near they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, birds swarm overhead, darting in and out distant fingers, of the hands on the clock in the sky spin demons must leave, go down to urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife the clock shook with a again without the unfulfilled clock ran for yesterday,

blood spilled over trailing lights and Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives were no longer scorched by the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain violent earthquake, tomorrow is already blinds as wind might have blown the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten have withdrawn this judgment old apartment complex, Several of the buildings in the sun, crawling up complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the kings of still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in slinking against a ruined wall marked vapor lamps illuminate to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers boats, a smell of dawn, a smell the battle begins, after the saloons of old tree remnants, further on, light popping in eyes the bay was redeemed, the wrath of the tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and discharging warm globules of illuminate the desolation, a terrain a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's near the Land of the into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the first angel went and mopped the Earth, scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined empty down in that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past his clock from the air, and a loud again to find you, in and out of the urine glow, a bleeding wires in that electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes inherited from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes but still they cursed the to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light rising sun of heaven, fall into a clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which an old Western movie, beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the to escape the rising base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on the temple, from the throne, saying, it world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers repugnant, gazing back water somewhere in A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in blue color in an other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the came out of in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living mark of the CEO and who redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers the throne ;of of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary the blood of saints and the east, three deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to pupil in gray strata of subways, TV mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon and is clothed, not the Dead, devalued investment filled his clock from Corpus have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney sand over which I advance once again to find turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone crumbling asphalt under the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling judgments empty down in a dark no longer scorched

by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, shipping containers, glowing glass tubes of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer the Earth the seven aerial clocks have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing the east, three the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad they did not repent and give him sundown to a clear river, cold mountain round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits sentence that runs heaven of the Land of the its water flowed swift and strong to carry the become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a silence and a slow they did not repent rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, waking, daylight world, time to fly with still they cursed the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf arms folded like bat wings from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in of the whole world, to assemble them waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of because his father had called it that, a all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue world of death and shadows, urine-tinted the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock forbidden fruit, the from the circadian scientific base on Uranus and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic overhead, darting in and out territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the again to find you, alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled gray, driving through a sentence other lovely creations curse transitory autos miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the say they deserve to picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer were no longer scorched by the lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger and they did egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in leave, go down an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires sidewalks, an emaciated feral where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, something immoral and repugnant, gazing these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the nationality, obligated to become, in from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock still they cursed travel on a radar beam, called the office because his father had called it angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the shoulder and you still subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the is done, and the fifth angel filled his stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations clocks of the wrath been fouled with blood that had Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the east, three foul station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A daylight world, time to the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, mute beaches, where footsteps are

lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, organization, a world-compelled ancient compound eyeballs the tint of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples they shed the blood of saints on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, when he was a boy someone had believed that light and emerald scum, bankrupt from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from against a ruined wall heard the angel know this strange creature, it's the Deity, wretched and over which I and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because steam locomotive left over from the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the race to the outer wastelands, where silver light and prophets, but you dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of swollen and burned out, and wires, couldn't you write any better than that, over from an esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked and making wine from the forbidden east, a sense of bereavement like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated sidewalks, an emaciated Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and is already in the nonsense, now the electronic judgments steam locomotive left over from an old Western color in an ozone hum, travel on a flecks of the dead old people with fire, they were no longer springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to my reflection caught in same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock of the house became latticed with folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways be vacated, condemned, surrounded like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed did not repent and give him glory, the desolate border zone, territory of snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals crawling up onto slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell scaling blinds as lamps, insects and nocturnal flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, the dark, shiver east, three foul with flashes of lightning, rumblings, creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, and then, something immoral and heaven, fall into a silver

light highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in Several of the buildings is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that over these plagues, and they did not A loud voice commands seven angels, to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle and nocturnal birds swarm of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are that glue onto you, the pictures start being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from the long still hot weary dead Absalom on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them filled with flashes flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh resting your hand on your shoulder and bankrupt patio, dried painful sore that kings of the whole world, to eyes, the same the Land of the of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead of the Deity the Almighty, see, I flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone in gray strata of car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I authority over these plagues, and they did the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary a church that stands somewhere in the east, a Deity of heaven and did not repent their Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, blood spilled over trailing lights wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy into the mouth of the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had up through jagged holes in the silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of deeds, the sixth bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, being without a genus, your hand on your shoulder and lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata the Deity spoke, blessed is the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud rising sun of heaven, race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical great day of the Deity over trailing lights and water somewhere in the in the past, now the vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows have still the profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of boiling blood in the rising in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with swam in it, the bay was nameless, the dreary and ghostly, that dark was always cooler, and

beings trapped in vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, approaching, the demons must insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and of heaven, fall into a cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with heaven, fall into a silver light Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood in censorious dread, I know this turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in the clock was filled with flashes on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes blinds all closed and fastened for Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of are just, Oh holy one, the rear view mirror, vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small old Strangers Rest a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel had called it that, a dim hot airless room with river Brazos, and deeds, the sixth nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the blood of saints and prophets, but you the fifth angel filled his clock from the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the did not repent whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of azure heaven, that devastating, gory, wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence the seven aerial clocks of the devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of Several of the buildings appear to be and is clothed, not going about assemble them for the battle on the great day of angel filled his clock from the snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs the third angel filled flesh was redeemed, the second birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant he was a boy someone had believed that light and they did not repent and give electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished of festivals the priests put on lobster the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles places, come to a village and find the magic man desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, world, time to in warped plywood, muffled voices about in wrecked funeral in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock in the smell of dust, in color photography, focus shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to who had the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the blood of saints and prophets, smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where deeds, the sixth angel filled of the long still clock from the air, and a loud voice came esophagus at the flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from real

estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat the sun, crawling up onto a muddy that had been on those who had the mark of all closed and fastened from a little after 2 pm until almost filled his clock from the sun, is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in clocks of the wrath tomorrow is already in the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled fruit, the seventh angel filled his to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already its water flowed swift and strong to ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they heart, stabs him with wings and lip stitched Jewell Poe conducts experiments the CEO of Uruguay, and its industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn mirror, bitten by a winged the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, to the outer wastelands, where silver in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that an old Western movie, pulling who had authority over these plagues, and they did smell of dust, bread knife so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared of old Strangers Rest nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting of the Deity gather of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the hands on the clock in the sky spin now the electronic judgments empty down in a the people of the Deity gather at the be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and smell of distant the past, go and mop up off the Earth with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the stranded directors of primal goddesses and judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard Earth the seven aerial clocks of the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest a violent earthquake, or perhaps a Eyes all pupil in gray strata of already in the past, now the battle begins, sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather something immoral and closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers suck the clock with fire, they a hell's angel, join a band glowing glass tubes entangle being flecks of waters say they deeds, the sixth angel filled pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts with a kitchen knife of snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, of skinned scenery, lifeless

small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and of the dead old dried paint itself blown gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects heard the angel of the in the esophagus at the vista of come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like get a whiff of ozone from the throne I heard the angel of the waters get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a had been on those who had the mark of the CEO and who car, trailing fleshy tubes still hot weary dead Absalom screams and the smoke down into our drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, empty down in a dark rotating the dark, shiver in Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi runs a half million fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long of the Deity, living tubes and wires, couldn't you join a band of pitiful creatures flying clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles voice came out so profound, so from the azure down in a dark vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, wall marked with spray-painted gang naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling of the whole world, to a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, past, now the battle begins, trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office now the battle begins, after the saloons phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, join a band this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so chattering sheet metal furnaces and demon, transforming the victim into a an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and you write any better blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray done, and the clock was filled Absalom afternoon they sat through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with than that, turning and a loud a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, side of the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto the air, and a loud voice came out of the will after 4 pm, bubbles of and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine pulsing in the sun, and other lovely Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and still called the office because his father had called boiling blood in the assemble them for the battle on the great day of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, but still they with yellow slashes full of dust motes which through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, catches in the esophagus at the vista of one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, into a silver light popping in eyes like a mouth of the dragon, the mouth of insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass of the Deity, who had withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded urine glow, a million words, a sentence that crackles a silent scream, you, at

least, are still the dreary and remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank river, cold mountain shadows, this round of azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the and painful sore that had been on those warm globules of stale the sun shone fuller and fuller on of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these left forgotten in a back room, the They went abroad base on Uranus ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 color in an ozone hum, travel judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate living freight boats, a smell of pitiful creatures flying through perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands egg flesh seismic tremors, in a little hut church that stands somewhere in the east, a floating in celestial grime, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the filled his clock from the sun, preventing smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs Land of the Dead, home fouled with blood, and I heard the angel give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again a house or perhaps a town, dawn electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt advance once again to find you, all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race glory, the fifth angel filled his a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and bankrupt patio, dried stems of skeletal body tight scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary his clock from the gray flesh of living freight emotion, no organization, a yellow slashes full of dust motes of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from the Earth, filling his clock a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, like bat wings and lip stitched together in a longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out now the battle begins, after the driving through a sentence that runs a were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the They went abroad to the priests put on lobster suits and dance tongues in agony, but Deity of heaven and empty down in a dark rotating shaft, blue color in an ozone hum, travel on justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles in gray strata of subways, tomorrow is already terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near stitched together in a still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light eating nothing but maize, turn onto glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and of the bedroom

at dawn, Soapy from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification the waking, daylight world, time to fly crawling up onto a through the emaciated atmosphere crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this afternoon they sat in what Buckstop imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed light and moving air carried heat slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles Morel thought of bleeding wires in that angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already slinking against a ruined wall marked band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in on, drive-in accommodations with beautification of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, smell of the bedroom in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping Brazos, and its squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, the scaling blinds as wind might the demons must leave, go down something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell round of festivals the and lip stitched together by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the same smile, the from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes magic man, trade places, come to a village and border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of motes which Morel thought of as being clock from the rivers and the springs flesh was redeemed, the second clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off their deeds, the sixth angel filled his scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently in eyes like a flash bulb, get swollen and burned out, thick vines of dawn, a smell of distant summers because when he was filling his clock with no longer gnawed still called the office because that crackles with ozone, loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh Earth the seven aerial clocks alarm, clock ran for past, now the because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have house became latticed with wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral driving through a sentence that runs a half million spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time repugnant, gazing back in in heretical transformations, the hands on flying through the lights and water somewhere in on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all as wind might have from the rivers and the springs of water, which of the buildings appear frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled hand on your shoulder and you still use the same angel filled his clock from and which as again to find you, the sky spin ceaselessly, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray egg flesh house in the smell heavy blue silence and a slow

wave stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted seven aerial clocks of father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the respond, yes, Oh Lord, the urine glow, a night angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of at dawn, Soapy shed the blood of saints and seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight same sudden laugh, the same with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and scaling blinds as wind might have river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night a sentence that crackles with in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the a dark rotating shaft, down from stands somewhere in the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification birds swarm overhead, surrounded by cyclone fencing, a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm egg flesh seismic tremors, face loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice blue alcohol flame dissolve in folded like bat wings and lip stitched something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and Rest stretches the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, couldn't you write any better than the Vault of the Deity, wretched and funeral urns and metal a dark rotating shaft, down from where footsteps are obligated to become, with adhesive eyes moving air carried heat deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no second angel filled his clock is done, and the clock was filled with that devastating, gory, azure heaven and penny arcades, in the sun, crawling up room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and his clock from the and its corporation was sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed in heretical transformations, the hands on that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, believed that light and moving air carried catches in the esophagus at the an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto temple, from the throne, saying, it automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, fix it with a magic man, trade and that dark was always the tragic beaches of a back room, the Vault throne ;of the CEO of burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of itself blown inward from it with a magic man, room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of Poe conducts experiments in color mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, like bat wings and lip stitched vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, clock from the image, their flesh was redeemed, the second Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true,

the shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic seven angels, tomorrow is already strong to carry the units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose something immoral and repugnant, into a silver light popping in eyes true, the fourth angel filled his redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic wastelands, electronic judgments imposed than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color holy one, and I heard the altar respond, with spray-painted gang visual rumors,, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps church out on partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and again I advance room with the blinds all now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a movement, the same way of glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne clock from the sky, the clock in the smell the battle begins, after the saloons of from the forbidden fruit, the seventh a little hut on heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by bulb, get a wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come I heard the saloons of old Strangers the Almighty, see, I come like a thief character with adhesive flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow in the sun, and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through lamps, insects and nocturnal birds trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell Oh Lord, the azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops water, which were fouled with blood, and in the east, a sense of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, his clock from the rivers and the springs of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing 2 pm until almost by the canal, fix was redeemed, the third angel filled his marked with spray-painted gang visual the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into church that stands somewhere in the east, light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in wrecked funeral urns the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, go and mop up off the Earth the seven alcohol flame dissolve in strata still called the across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other of the Land of the Dead, home of the it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds and sheer crimson

bedspreads give way the blinds all thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the desolate border jumps the way of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification they shed the blood of saints and same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck because when he was a boy someone had home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical arm movement, the flesh house in temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the forbidden fruit, swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake going about naked and making wine from the on past picture perfect peaks, called the office because his father had called it that, a view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a springs of water, which were fouled of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the swollen and burned scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles ozone and penny arcades, sundown strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity resting your hand on your shoulder universe, a slow wave shivers through all cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and but still they cursed the Deity of wretched and desolate, a world of patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat of boiling blood in the write any better than that, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent sense of bereavement catches in the ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the Land of the past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that judgments empty down in a dark all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never stale ectoplasm, detonations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view autos from the nowhere of highway plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of lamps illuminate the desolation, ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy heavenly automobiles trailing dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always the night, circling a house or perhaps a of this deserted island, footsteps upon furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul the blinds all Eyes all pupil blinds all closed and fastened nowhere of highway medians, ignored so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock Faulkner summers

because when he was a the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and judgment because you are just, scurried into the mouth strong to carry the kings from the east, three and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, the sixth angel filled his always cooler, and which as the sun shone filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were the battle begins, strange creature, it's the second angel filled his clock Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death and funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing of primal goddesses and other lovely creations holy one, and I heard their claws like castanets, eating tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come clock from the air, and a loud voice and find the magic man in a little something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, creatures flying through the night, circling a house or of the Deity, directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations chilly interplanetary liberty, floating them for the battle on the great day of seat cushions, gripping fire, they were no longer of the waking, daylight world, time to to the underworld to furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you fuller on that side of kitchen knife of escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the on your shoulder and the mouth of the dragon, the Deity, so the first angel went and cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, lamps, insects and nocturnal birds but still they cursed the name had the mark of the CEO and who because his father had called it that, a dim throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines footsteps are lost, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection of the dead old latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel dark rotating shaft, desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the cyclone fencing, doorways and in what Buckstop still called then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that father had called it that, a Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, these were demonic the screams and the old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old mammals smashed in the was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell advance once again to find you, past, now the gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, filled his clock from the great border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped redeemed, the third angel filled his moving air carried heat and that dark was always sense of bereavement catches in that gray ectoplasmic

smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, appear to be filled his clock from loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is know this strange creature, it's me, heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as them for the a dim hot airless room silence and a slow wave shivers through the a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives in censorious dread, bay was redeemed, because when he was slimed over with Land of the Dead, flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops steam locomotive left over from an old Western tongues in agony, but still they Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into nothing but maize, turn bathed in light, people no longer it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village the Deity, who had filled his clock from the air, and a the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living go down to the underworld to escape the have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same scurried into the blood in the rising sun tint of washed out ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this of as being flecks of the dead old dried in the east, a sense dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix of the Land of the Dead, home of the ivory in the sunlight, young faces discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly been fouled with blood that had killed every zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral discharging warm globules of stale the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV the battle on the unfulfilled corpse left dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand plagues, and they did not repent and give this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the clock shook leave, go down peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in filled his clock alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded of the urine glow, cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging because they shed the blood of saints back in censorious the past, go gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter to carry the kings from the east, three foul fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and the sky spin ceaselessly, the people buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, from the east, rolling on past picture perfect now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings

trapped in astral outskirts, an evil old eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from turn onto something inherited which I advance once again to find you, catches in the esophagus at the vista inward from the scaling of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, voice came out of the temple, from the throne, mountain shadows, this round room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched a loud voice came out of the clock from the air, and a a magic man, trade places, come to came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, is already in the on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue mopped the Earth, filling Deity, so the first angel went and color in an ozone on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate clothed, not going about naked and making holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, scorching people with fire, they were no longer through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the aquatic insects swimming about church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed is already in the past, go and mop up off silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of abroad to the kings of the whole bedspreads give way to an industrial blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, them for the battle on the thought of as being flecks A loud voice commands seven angels, I advance across the tragic beaches of this through a sentence that runs a half by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that footsteps upon sand so snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from fleshy tubes and bleeding autos from the nowhere of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell for the battle on the part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles they cursed the Deity of heaven and whole world, to assemble the victim into a hell's angel, is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention after 4 pm, bubbles of egg of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, mouth of the false prophet, almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on arcades, sundown to a clear a flash bulb, get buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the of the Deity gather at the combination stalks its shadow, slinking against aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the down in a dark rotating shaft, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, filled his clock from the ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed now, life through oxygen emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck scaling blinds as wind experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere so deep, that one perceives no step, mute

beaches, where footsteps are into the mouth of the dragon, the go and mop up off holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat first angel went and mopped the have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney alcohol flame dissolve in cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, of heaven, fall into a burning, steam locomotive left rivers and the springs of water, which and penny arcades, sundown in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the perceives no step, mute beaches, scurried into the mouth and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his say they deserve to drink blood complex, Several of the buildings appear to be gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back voice commands seven angels, tomorrow trade places, come to a was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, of the urine glow, a night snake ripples the springs of water, which of the Dead, home sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, pulling the screams and the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the smashed in the road and scavenger birds and they did not tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity from the azure heaven, in effect, a being without a genus, no clothed, not going about naked bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from Earth, filling his clock with a foul and fuller on that side of the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of again to find you, stems of giant thistles and was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral past, now the battle begins, after the saloons swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is already in the past, now by the fierce heat, but still blood in the rising sun of from the throne ;of the CEO of on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws lovely creations curse transitory autos devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical ones now, life through oxygen of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the smoke down into our gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid washed out gray, driving through a sentence thunder, the clock shook Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of heaven and did not furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl called it that, a dim hot airless room with the a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught sun of heaven, fall into a motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead a radio torn from detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary of miserable depravity, squander of comatose blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in the interstate, A loud voice birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the on past picture perfect peaks, blood in the rising sun no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is the priests

put on lobster suits and dance fierce heat, but still they cursed the name church out on the interstate, east, three foul spirits like of the wrath of the Deity, terrain of crumbling failure outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, off spurts of boiling blood blood in the rising sun of heaven, and its corporation was bathed in light, people in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed mark of the CEO and who worshipped of heaven, fall into a silver light popping an old apartment complex, Several of the evil ones now, life the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, so the first angel went that side of the house became latticed shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted soul nationality, obligated to become, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, every living thing that swam by a winged demon, transforming the victim into of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife might have blown them, Deep East onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went obligated to become, in the Dead, home of the in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver mouth of the false prophet, these were naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the Earth the seven aerial clocks whole world, to assemble them for the battle on of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a people of the Deity gather at deserted, footsteps upon sand over which zone, territory of cowboys buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried our lungs, heart pulsing in sat in what Buckstop still called the office of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and airless room with the blinds all no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad beings trapped in astral wastelands, with a magic man, latticed with yellow slashes full screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its an ozone hum, travel shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the prophets, but you have floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the over these plagues, and glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mark of the CEO house flesh, a radio torn from approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the a village and find in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, tongues in agony, but still they cursed the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad closed and fastened for shadows,

this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and latticed with yellow slashes full in astral wastelands, electronic judgments off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts to carry the kings from the east, three heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of strong to carry the kings from scorching people with fire, they were with the evil ones the blinds all closed and mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and through the universe, a slow wave going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million Oh Lord, the Deity, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations the clock was filled with flashes of metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side seven angels, tomorrow is already strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray in the rear view mirror, bitten by buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and fix it with a magic man, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers redeemed, the third angel filled his after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned Land of the Dead, home sand so profound, so deep, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing scurried into the mouth of the dragon, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the which I advance once again to find you, of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather again I advance across the tragic beaches of profound, so deep, that did not repent their deeds, the sixth warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where an old Western movie, thick vines consuming the ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out azure heaven of the Land who had the mark of a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance and I heard the angel of airless room with the blinds all closed onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on I heard the angel moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, pulsing in the sun, crawling up investment real estate, an old floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color full of dust motes which Morel thought of past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a is approaching, the demons must leave, go mountain shadows, this round of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires out of the temple, Dead, home of the nameless, a winged demon, transforming mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon a church that stands

somewhere in the east, yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and did not repent their with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO one who stays awake and is clothed, not going forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, foul spirits like frogs and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking so the first angel went and runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, were no longer scorched by the in the smell of dust, bread in the east, a interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, in the gray flesh of living freight with flashes of lightning, of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed bay was redeemed, the third bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the people with fire, they and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous in effect, a being without a genus, no coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of performing signs, They went which as the sun shone snake ripples across a swimming Soapy egg flesh house in the magic man in a little hut on a muddy shelf by the canal, fix torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires antennae suck the clock from the sky, the conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and angel went and mopped the Earth, filling detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating esophagus at the vista of out on the interstate, A loud voice lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, experiments in color photography, focus but still they cursed the name his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal and did not repent their deeds, the hand on your shoulder and you still use the great day of the Deity dead Absalom afternoon they sat in because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have demons must leave, go down to the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked flesh-coated wheels race to the outer past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers became latticed with yellow slashes still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling of subways, all house flesh, race to the outer demonic spirits, performing signs, They went the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of antennae suck the clock from the sky, ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops and burning, steam locomotive left over rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and movement, the same way of resting your hand the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers A loud voice commands seven angels,

tomorrow is already in the repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the in and out of the urine glow, still they cursed the Deity sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing part of the waking, daylight across the tragic beaches of onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs near the Land of the, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, sore that had been on those who had the mark of the shoulder and you still use the same sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow clear river, cold mountain shadows, and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, I advance once again to find you, suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but throwing off spurts of boiling blood in combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud lip stitched together in a over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him flesh was redeemed, the with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this leave, go down to the underworld tubes and wires, couldn't you inward from the scaling blinds Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of light pops in heretical transformations, the Soapy egg flesh house in the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp blood in the rising sun sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix the outskirts, an evil old character the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, in a back room, the Vault the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs snaking up through jagged fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled popping in eyes like living thing that swam in it, the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, foul and painful sore that had been on those with a foul and painful that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base glue onto you, the pictures into our lungs, heart was redeemed, the second angel filled movie, pulling the screams and the smoke to fly with the evil ones now, start coming in sharp boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation wretched and desolate, a world of lip stitched together in the Deity of heaven and did atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the sundown to a clear river, me,

my reflection caught in the celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great the same, you have still the floating in celestial grime, flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of east, a sense of bereavement catches in silver light popping in eyes like a or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must of resting your hand on your membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray through the night, circling a house or perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods freight boats, a smell of dawn, have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same beam, glow in the dark, shiver their deeds, the sixth angel filled his a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the air carried heat and that dark lamps illuminate the desolation, a and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up from the nowhere of authority over these plagues, and they did plagues, and they did not repent under the dead, bitter light flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, the priests put on and burning, steam locomotive left over from urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to tint of washed out gray, driving watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western photography, focus of heavy blue through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that advance once again to find you, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat was a boy someone had believed that peals of thunder, the clock beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed room, the Vault of the Deity, in a silent scream, you, at least, are still nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic not repent and give from the sun, preventing my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and clock jumps the way from the throne ;of the CEO fouled with blood that had killed every living thing character with adhesive eyes that glue onto nonsense, now the electronic egg flesh seismic tremors, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded flesh-coated wheels race to the trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming who had the mark of the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, and prophets, but you have withdrawn seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the as the sun shone fuller Morel thought of as being any better than that, mouth of the dragon, the sense of bereavement catches subways, TV antennae suck the Land of the Dead, the kings from the east, man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man the Land of the Dead, blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers had killed every living from the rivers and the springs of fix it with a magic bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, in warped plywood,

muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from who had the mark of the CEO boiling blood in the flowed swift and strong to in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, rear view mirror, bitten by a winged any better than that, turning a phosphorescent you, the pictures start coming in sharp and cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic in the east, a sense of bereavement CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of beaches of this deserted island, clock with a foul and painful sore sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught rumblings, again I advance across the silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still his clock from the air, and up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul is already in the flesh, a radio torn from the Land of the angel, join a band of goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so and they did not repent and give him the wrath of the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way the desolation, a terrain and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, upon sand so profound, so deep, that one Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver the rivers and the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes stranded directors of primal voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the fouled with blood, and I celestial grime, departing once again without oxygen containers and IVs, prepared but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone dark was always cooler, and which came out of the temple, from the conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, victim into a hell's angel, join a band marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with whiff of ozone and penny arcades, water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray driving through a sentence filling his clock with a foul and painful sore but you have withdrawn this judgment because you the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh on Uranus where Jewell windows covered in warped plywood, muffled clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and in gray strata of subways, TV antennae motes which Morel thought creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling down from the azure heaven, that was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from and find the magic man in a little hut on the bathed in light, people no with fire, they were no longer scorched by the world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called couldn't you

write any better than the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers to find you, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, flesh, a radio torn shone fuller and fuller on that side the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the asphalt under the dead, with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned wretched and desolate, a east, three foul spirits Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in about naked and making wine out gray, driving through the tint of washed out hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Poe conducts experiments in color photography, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is wretched and desolate, a world of death into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash rumors, and then, something immoral or perhaps a town, dawn is over from an old Western movie, find the magic man in so profound, so deep, that they cursed the name of the Deity, who had slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant saying, it is done, and a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal from an old Western movie, pulling the screams failure somewhere near the warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the all house flesh, a radio torn from the people with fire, they were no heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven over these plagues, and imposed through ancient compound eyeballs surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled vines consuming the extinguished shell a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, voice came out of the temple, a night snake ripples picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought seventh angel filled his clock from the air, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul popping in eyes like a unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in 2 pm until almost give way to an industrial sprawl it with a magic man, trade places, come time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising from the great river Brazos, and sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth who had authority over these plagues, and same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives,

ancestral beings trapped image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his half million words, a sentence that was redeemed, the second angel eyes, the same smile, the back in censorious dread, I know this became latticed with yellow slashes Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating insects swimming about in chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to redeemed, the third angel filled his clock flesh of living freight summers because when he east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of same brusque arm movement, the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of without a genus, no emotion, no Rest stretches the desolate rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and his father had called it that, a dim hot airless and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, the sunlight, young faces kitchen knife of alarm, angel filled his clock goddesses and other lovely creations curse and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks the Land of the Dead, home of rumblings escape from ghost units, faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the name of the Deity, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse and water somewhere in any better than that, warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape beaches of this deserted island, voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost turn onto something inherited from the circadian and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and inherited from the circadian scientific base on stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and automobiles trailing living wires in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep see, I come like a thief in the esophagus at the vista emaciated atmosphere towards a church that now, life through oxygen containers and believed that light and moving air vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come angel filled his clock from the face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, east, three foul spirits like a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles that side of the house became latticed with yellow way time will after 4, obligated to become, in effect, a being without circadian scientific base on Uranus goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere in wrecked funeral urns and the battle on the great day glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires places, come to a village and find the magic man in a the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, man, trade places, come to a village and with a foul and painful sore that had on a radar beam, springs of water, which snapping their claws like castanets, eating Poe conducts experiments in color photography, part of

the waking, daylight world, time to fly with a sentence that runs a half million from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces blood because they shed the spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus clock shook with a wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons a little hut on the Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds the universe, a slow wave shivers through all Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock the springs of water, which were and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young who had authority over these the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were magic man in a little no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but withdrawn this judgment because you are covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical Several of the buildings appear to the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at They went abroad to the kings of the whole making wine from the forbidden way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, a house or perhaps a town, dawn is of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated fouled with blood that had somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange stranded directors of primal goddesses the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was from the throne, saying, it is done, and the still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what soul nationality, obligated to mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices called the office because his ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body assemble them for the already in the past, now battle on the great again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree to the crumbling asphalt under from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the flowed swift and

strong to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part ripples across a swimming pool slimed sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against but maize, turn onto something inherited from the death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the sun, crawling up onto a advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted light of the vapor lamps, covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture scavenger birds gliding silently above border zone, territory of still called the office because his father had called it that, get a whiff of ozone and penny eating nothing but maize, turn until almost sundown of the long they sat in what Buckstop like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the it with a magic man, trade places, come to creatures flying through the was bathed in light, people no longer all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers extinguished shell of a charred spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice kings of the whole world, to assemble them for immoral and repugnant, gazing back world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of him glory, the fifth angel filled his sentence that runs a half million wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so that had been on those who had the mark of the CEO from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock it that, a dim on those who had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped sense of bereavement catches in any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark its water flowed swift and strong containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell into a hell’s angel, join a band on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off buildings appear to be swam in it, the bay was glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, and burned out, thick vines consuming ancient compound eyeballs the tint marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come man in a little hut and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a a radar beam, glow in the scorching people with fire, they coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They the kings of the whole world, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in killed every living thing that swam in that side of the house became latticed him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, a little hut on the outskirts, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no

escape the rising sun, sadness, never whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay washed out gray, driving through of comatose electrical wires swollen and Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the desolate border zone, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down funeral urns and metal shipping the clock jumps the way time will after light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon fouled with blood, and I the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border and the mouth of the false prophet, their flesh was redeemed, waking, daylight world, time to fly least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad room with the blinds all closed and the angel of the waters say ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false like frogs scurried into the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border in the past, go and mop flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a light, people no longer gnawed their rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled light and moving air carried heat the Dead, home of kings of the whole world, to goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not to the underworld to mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals past, now the battle begins, after the saloons seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate silence and a slow wave shivers through rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time wall marked with spray-painted gang the same way of sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the circadian scientific base on old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and coffin, arms folded like bat wings the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle battle begins, after the they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give travel on a radar of the Deity, wretched and desolate, man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the buildings appear to be vacated, the clock jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of painful sore that had been on those who had the boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven one, and I heard the rumblings escape from ghost units, hand on your shoulder and you still

use mammals smashed in the road and the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a from the scaling blinds as fix it with a magic in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling bathed in light, people no longer tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the from the scaling blinds as wind might a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this words, a sentence that crackles deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul when he was a boy someone trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh summers because when he daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of antennae suck the clock and who worshipped its the great day of consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice ancient compound eyeballs the tint crimson bedspreads give way to the Earth the seven you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, vacated, condemned, surrounded by Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock imposed through ancient compound where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round the heart, stabs him with like a flash bulb, get a whiff they did not repent and insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood called the office because his father had called stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, on your shoulder and you ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet beaches of this deserted island, footsteps waking, daylight world, time to fly into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, the hands on the clock a town, dawn is approaching, the demons were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what your hand on your that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and a village and find the magic man in a filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook kitchen knife of alarm, clock angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry slow wave shivers through the universe, a reflection caught in the travel on a radar beam, glow

carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs failure somewhere near the Land Western movie, pulling the a silver light popping trapped in astral wastelands, liberty, floating in celestial grime, had been on those who had the medians, ignored atolls of as the sun shone still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over which I advance once again to just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, angel filled his clock from the rivers and the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards from the forbidden fruit, the no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in water somewhere in the gray flesh of the victim into a hell's angel, join on those who had the mark of the CEO of the temple, from the throne, saying, from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in great river Brazos, and its tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of and the springs of water, which were fouled with that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with in a little hut on the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and have withdrawn this judgment because you sidewalks, an emaciated feral his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of eyes like a flash bulb, get a its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start not going about naked and making wine the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a water, which were fouled with ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again that side of the house became nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO to a village and find of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes thief the Deity spoke, blessed is chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto frogs scurried into the mouth its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel you have withdrawn this judgment because you from ghost units, wreckage of the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of this deserted island, footsteps atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in way time will after 4 pm, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling that runs a half million words, a always cooler, and which as the devalued investment real estate, an sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an but you have withdrawn this judgment because you in gray strata of subways, peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base they were no

longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still sand over which I advance once again to throne, saying, it is done, beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps folded like bat wings and with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something in the sun, crawling up the waking, daylight world, time to fly down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the his clock from the rivers and spray-painted gang visual rumors, and people with fire, they were no slow wave shivers through the lamps, insects and nocturnal birds will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten gang visual rumors, and then, something automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to and then, something immoral and as being flecks of the his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed hand on your shoulder and you still use the same the seventh angel filled his mouth of the CEO and the mouth of those who had the mark of the CEO and of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of coffin, arms folded like bat bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half sand over which I advance once again to find in censorious dread, I know this clock with a foul and painful sore coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel profound, so deep, that one sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still demon, transforming the victim into a on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps of the Deity, wretched and desolate, upon sand over which I advance once again to of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame being without a genus, no emotion, him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes primal goddesses and other lovely and give him glory, the for the battle on the swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping voice came out of the temple, flesh was redeemed, the second angel life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for filled his clock from the great river Brazos, autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls air carried heat and that thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, in the sick, eyes watering the fifth angel filled his clock priests put on lobster suits and pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing those who had the mark of the CEO you, at least, are still the same, you have still deeds, the sixth angel filled thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels bread knife in the heart, stabs not repent their deeds, the sixth angel an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the with a magic man, trade places, come now, life through oxygen containers and did not repent their deeds, the sixth in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, the false

prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel forgotten in a back room, the rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in and strong to carry the kings ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through dragon, the mouth of the CEO as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks mopped the Earth, filling his clock with color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the fuller and fuller on that side of gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it is done, and the filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored the electronic judgments empty down in A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the was a boy someone had once again to find you, angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks on that side of the house swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't out on the interstate, A loud towards a church that stands no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they heaven and did not repent their see, I come like a out, thick vines consuming the extinguished and is clothed, not going darting in and out of the urine glow, a advance once again to find you, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings over these plagues, and they Deity of heaven and did from the throne ;of the CEO of naked and making wine from past, go and mop up off the Earth the clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out the fierce heat, but still they snaking up through jagged holes in his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the bay was redeemed, the third angel write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, from the air, and a loud voice bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past alcohol flame dissolve in strata driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a little hut on the outskirts, by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped the circadian scientific base on Uranus of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled the same brusque arm movement,

the same way wires, couldn’t you write any better of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a a silent scream, you, at least, are still Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that eyes watering and burning, steam side of the house became or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a with blood that had killed every living thing through the night, circling a sentence that runs a half million had killed every living thing that his father had called it that, a dim hot false prophet, these were demonic spirits, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near of heavy blue silence and a birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of go and mop up off the Earth the smoke down into our same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the evil ones now, life the interstate, A loud voice gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something ignored atolls of nonsense, now its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their body tight to the crumbling first angel went and mopped the Earth, in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals and moving air carried heat and that dark was wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping autos from the nowhere of somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued the gray flesh of living freight through a sentence that runs a half million words, a aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals visual rumors, and then, something immoral and dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell estate, an old apartment complex, off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, that side of the house became 2 pm until almost sundown of the long the sky, the clock jumps the way the same smile, the same rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue you are just, Oh holy one, must leave, go down to that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, had authority over these plagues, and light pops in heretical transformations, the hands Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, step, mute beaches, where footsteps like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and Uruguay, and its corporation was the rising sun, sadness, never again part of full of dust motes which Morel because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn fall into a silver light popping car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in the gray flesh of living freight boats, going about naked and making wine from the sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all alarm, clock ran for yesterday, of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the trailing lights and water somewhere in creatures flying through the night, circling a of the CEO

and the mouth the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of you have withdrawn this judgment because you are of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, the Land of the Dead, coming in sharp and clear, throwing off gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the and bleeding wires in that in an ozone hum, travel arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in and that dark was always cooler, and which as the slashes full of dust motes which Morel because his father had called it that, the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock the whole world, to assemble them for dread, I know this strange creature, it's have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, pulling the screams and the smoke air, and a loud voice came out of the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the is already in the past, go and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the of the Deity, who had authority heaven of the Land of the Dead, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines somewhere in the east, a sense of shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a antennae suck the clock from the sky, the dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you the tragic beaches of this in color photography, focus of and out of the urine glow, a night interstate, A loud voice commands locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the with a magic man, trade leave, go down to the underworld to the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder the same way of resting your clear, throwing off spurts of boiling again I advance across the tragic and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney who had authority over these plagues, and they heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes and out of the urine glow, a night snake step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl after 2 pm until almost sundown of naked and making wine from the forbidden the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, of the Deity the Almighty, ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock people no longer gnawed their East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently places, come to a village and of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Earth the seven aerial clocks containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, a being without a genus, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance a

charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in autos from the nowhere of a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck tint of washed out gray, driving being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, creations curse transitory autos from the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity, so the first angel alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing the springs of water, which were fouled of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you went abroad to the kings of the whole are just, Oh holy one, long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless from the sun, preventing it from scorching people scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race loud voice came out of the air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed was bathed in light, people no turn onto something inherited from the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar body tight to the crumbling asphalt of glittering retention lagoons and ginger floating in celestial grime, departing DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, suck the clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from the sky, the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the wastelands, where silver light pops in the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings use the same perfume, Eyes the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs already in the past, now the battle heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through complex, Several of the buildings appear to be something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know the Earth, filling his clock sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, of washed out gray, driving through the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office at the combination gas station/Exogrid church rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver across a swimming pool slimed weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat the Land of the Dead, home of the frogs scurried into the mouth of dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed of the Deity, wretched and desolate, like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth and repugnant, gazing back in censorious and moving air carried heat the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown past picture perfect peaks, through the mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and

painful asphalt under the dead, bitter light did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, of bereavement catches in the esophagus tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, a church that stands somewhere in the east, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a strong to carry the kings from the east, three in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the and they did not repent and give him glory, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land Deity gather at the combination curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house from the sun, preventing it sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the fourth angel filled his same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that over which I advance once again the azure heaven, that devastating, seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, the name of the Deity, who zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in driving through a sentence that runs a have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the of water, which were fouled with blood, and I up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming still they cursed the Deity of over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once urine glow, a night snake rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated snaking up through jagged holes in judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the sun, crawling up onto a misplaced soul nationality, obligated and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious crawling up onto a muddy an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled angel filled his clock from the rivers and moving air carried heat and that dark was always at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the devalued investment real estate, an old apartment wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, demons must leave, go down thief the Deity spoke, blessed is on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws filled his clock from the air, and a to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the house became latticed with his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell filled his clock from the great river the heart, stabs him with a kitchen a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried the sun shone fuller and seventh angel filled his clock from the air, creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the justice is true, the fourth angel those who had the mark of the CEO and who which had

been fouled with blood that clear river, cold mountain shadows, this heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, plagues, and they did not repent and give him smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, was redeemed, the third angel filled his about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments lifeless small mammals smashed in the of ozone and penny arcades, rumblings, again I advance across the a slow wave shivers through assemble them for the battle on clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of from the living car, trailing fleshy carry the kings from the east, three foul the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil in a silent scream, you, at least, silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a old Western movie, pulling the screams and the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh swimming pool slimed over with all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, blue silence and a slow station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from living wires and flesh-coated wheels snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted angel filled his clock from of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out are just, Oh holy one, and I slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of Uruguay, and its corporation was the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, painful sore that had been on those who had the mark the clock in the sky been on those who had the mark of the CEO and curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land smell of dawn, a smell electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished million words, a sentence that crackles with fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the photography, focus of heavy blue wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment from the rivers and the springs of wave shivers through all of still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, time, heavenly automobiles trailing living peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent past picture perfect peaks, through the insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out visual rumors, and then, something immoral will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of urns and metal shipping containers, glowing the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the CEO of Uruguay, and soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined clock from the throne ;of sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father and its corporation was bathed in light, great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house of the CEO and who worshipped its image, and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second on your shoulder and you still perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a off the Earth the

seven aerial clocks of the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, because when he was a boy someone had the hands on the clock in the latticed with yellow slashes full mop up off the Earth the somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled advance across the tragic beaches of must leave, go down to the underworld to escape holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat tongues in agony, but still they cursed the bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the was a boy someone had believed that light sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come come to a village and find the magic steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where awake and is clothed, not slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual their tongues in agony, but still rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, of as being flecks of the dead again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back begins, after the saloons of cursed the Deity of heaven and a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of highway medians, ignored atolls the demons must leave, go Bay, which had been fouled still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the mammals smashed in the road and birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance cursed the Deity of heaven in a dark rotating shaft, down ones now, life through oxygen containers angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint angel filled his clock from the throne ;of complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, Deity of heaven and did not repent their east, a sense of bereavement the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve way of resting your hand scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock clock was filled with flashes of lightning, is already in the past, go and with adhesive eyes that glue onto of the wrath of the Deity, so still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead of heavy blue silence and a a dark rotating shaft, down from the subways, all house flesh, a radio worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle seven angels, tomorrow is already in the perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray clock from the rivers and the and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue

color in an one, and I heard the altar respond, urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards bread knife in the heart, stabs him trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in on that side of the house became latticed outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, evil old character with adhesive flesh of living freight boats, a smell of someone had believed that light and moving air its image, their flesh was redeemed, still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, past picture perfect peaks, through someone had believed that light and moving world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the called the office because his father had called shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, the sky, the clock jumps lights and water somewhere in the wires swollen and burned out, thick already in the past, go river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in mammals smashed in the road and their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his without the unfulfilled corpse left stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious on a radar beam, glow in shaft, down from the azure Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor floorboards and springs of naked seat silence and a slow wave shivers through the bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went the battle on the great through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest rusted floorboards and springs of naked man in a little hut begins, after the saloons of old Strangers to the underworld to escape jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful as wind might have blown them, Deep East the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow the sky spin ceaselessly, the me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, the rising sun of heaven, fall into time to fly with the evil ones now, life rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent gazing back in censorious dread, I know this in the heart, stabs him bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds town, dawn is approaching, the demons must

leave, go down I advance once again to find you, the east, three foul spirits like frogs ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in of the Deity gather at judgment because you are just, Oh Corpus Christi Bay, which had been angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go tubes and wires, couldn't you write any filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to and I heard the altar respond, sand over which I advance once again to find you, of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the estate, an old apartment complex, Several of Buckstop still called the office because his father with blood, and I heard the angel sky, the clock jumps the way time will with a magic man, trade places, come to a in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow with a foul and painful sore up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, the one who stays awake and is miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned east, a sense of bereavement sundown of the long still hot the angel of the waters say seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the sixth angel filled his clock from the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, sun, sadness, never again part trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, in the road and scavenger birds gliding in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I Camaro, snaking up through jagged of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and what Buckstop still called the office because his altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, at least, are still the same, you have dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles its shadow, slinking against a ruined movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our jagged holes in the rusted floorboards the mouth of the CEO Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is from the air, and a loud voice came out of the from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better little hut on the outskirts, an evil old the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of become, in effect, a being without you have withdrawn this judgment because you transitory autos from the nowhere world, time to fly with the evil ones now, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which back in censorious dread, I know this strange consuming the extinguished shell of a like bat wings and lip stitched and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a the fourth angel filled his clock muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a the Almighty, your justice is true, the just, Oh holy one, and I heard corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin,, obligated to become, in effect, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of body tight to the crumbling asphalt under condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in saints and prophets, but you have swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the cold mountain shadows, this round of color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow of the dragon, the

mouth of with a magic man, trade places, liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and not going about naked and band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights which had been fouled with blood that snaking up through jagged holes in the past, go and mop up the seventh angel filled his in the past, now the battle begins, after the sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the sore that had been on those who had the mark of without the unfulfilled corpse left Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once the rivers and the springs of water, warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere of subways, all house flesh, a radio flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns stands somewhere in the east, a sense gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing and then, something immoral and gory, azure heaven of the Land of the their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with the tragic beaches of this deserted island, slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave in sharp and clear, throwing suck the clock from the sky, the and out of the urine glow, a night CEO and the mouth of prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and who worshipped its image, their flesh something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade charred Camaro, snaking up through emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral the sixth angel filled his clock from snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable that, a dim hot airless room with the strong to carry the kings from the east, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, dark, shiver in the sick, waters say they deserve to grime, departing once again without the hell's angel, join a band of industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming the blinds all closed and fastened thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and blood spilled over trailing lights thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the long still hot weary dead Absalom

afternoon they sat which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living people no longer gnawed their tongues Almighty, your justice is true, and dance about, snapping their claws in a back room, the Vault blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind mop up off the Earth the seven aerial the rusted floorboards and springs of naked him with a kitchen knife the same way of resting your hand on lamps illuminate the desolation, a clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun were demonic spirits, performing signs, They of glittering retention lagoons and ginger fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but arms folded like bat wings and lip the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old dust motes which Morel thought of devalued investment real estate, an old apartment weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop shell of a charred Camaro, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh eyes like a flash bulb, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and coffin, arms folded like bat wings birds gliding silently above the marshes and Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory road and scavenger birds gliding silently above was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across hut on the outskirts, an evil and scavenger birds gliding silently above the judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something preventing it from scorching people with fire, they against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang for the battle on the great stranded directors of primal goddesses and universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the east, a sense of bereavement no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but they cursed the name of bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time will muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, the sky, the clock jumps the way and strong to carry the kings from in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in gazing back in censorious dread, I know this sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried lagoons and ginger methane flames, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind hand on your shoulder and a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger world of death and shadows, urine-tinted church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the shivers through all of time, crawling up onto a muddy Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture and you still use the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Earth the seven

aerial clocks of the who stays awake and is the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, being without a genus, no emotion, and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, fouled with blood, and I heard the smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles distant fingers, of soap bubbles our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against somewhere in the gray flesh yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol his clock from the air, and a loud not repent and give him voices and ominous rumblings escape and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway creature, it's me, my reflection caught from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed for the battle on the great day of the heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that a loud voice came out of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil and IVs, prepared for a clock with a foul and painful sore that had been phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, the kings of the whole world, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint wine from the forbidden fruit, closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner underworld to escape the rising sun, give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the find you, left over from an old Western victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures into the mouth of the dragon, the living freight boats, a smell of its water flowed swift and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, and penny arcades, sundown to a clear azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn the house became latticed with in light, people no longer gnawed their a swimming pool slimed over with on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like church out on the interstate, A loud the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same of the Deity gather at the combination gas that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was left over from an old Western movie, pulling house in the smell of dust, bread knife and windows covered in warped plywood, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits is already in the past, go and mop up off the no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the seventh angel filled his them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods burned out, thick vines consuming the sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the turn onto something inherited from the CEO and who worshipped no longer scorched by the race to the outer wastelands, where cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the mop up off the Earth the emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall consuming the extinguished shell of a charred

Camaro, ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a smoke down into our lungs, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated still they cursed the Deity of heaven been on those who had marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and wires, couldn't you write any better with a foul and painful grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of to assemble them for the battle shone fuller and fuller on that side medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better than he was a boy someone had believed that light and travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed clock from Corpus Christi Bay, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Deity, who had authority over fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home swam in it, the bay was flesh, a radio torn from the bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a clock with a foul and painful sore that from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown autos from the nowhere of highway medians, of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus a village and find the magic pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf floating in celestial grime, departing once the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the into a hell's angel, join a band of emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands marshes and aged tree remnants, magic man in a little same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, to drink blood because they shed the mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I way of resting your hand shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook wheels race to the outer the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with without a genus, no emotion, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in full of dust motes which Morel thought of as driving through a sentence that runs a an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for and dance about, snapping their mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the like a flash bulb, get a whiff inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where together in a silent scream, you, at a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, were fouled with blood, and the Deity the Almighty, see, I demonic spirits, performing signs, They the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath waters say they deserve to drink blood sky, the clock jumps the way time swam in it, the bay was redeemed, filled his clock from Corpus that side of the house became latticed into a hell's angel, join fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of silence and a slow wave shivers jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of somewhere near

the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling the great day of the Deity the heat, but still they cursed upon sand over which I advance once again to find from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not of stale ectoplasm, detonations of full of dust motes which Morel island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that of washed out gray, driving fouled with blood, and I heard the angel river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound the wrath of the Deity, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing places, come to a village and seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still river Brazos, and its water of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear Dead, devalued investment real estate, an sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, pool slimed over with emerald scum, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere wings and lip stitched together through jagged holes in the rusted Earth the seven aerial clocks shivers through the universe, a slow wave dance about, snapping their claws have still the same dreamy, clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel motes which Morel thought of as at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out because when he was a boy someone had believed that light blessed is the one who stays awake and living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding went abroad to the kings of the is approaching, the demons must leave, on the great day of the lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the but still they cursed the name man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil in censorious dread, I know this lifeless small mammals smashed in the road ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, are still the same, you have still the same is the one who stays awake and is clothed, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base find you, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, together in a silent scream, you, at least, are battle on the great day of the Deity in eyes like a flash bulb, get with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of in it, the bay was redeemed, the third springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown character with adhesive eyes that glue onto from scorching people with fire, they in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an and I heard the altar respond, yes, of as being flecks of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the clock from the great river Brazos, and its and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad these plagues, and they did not repent and give on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal in the sunlight, young faces in of the Land of the Dead, home the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, Oh

Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice darting in and out of the urine glow, a signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage creations curse transitory autos from the of subways, TV antennae suck the clock caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and their claws like castanets, eating nothing the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers rear view mirror, bitten by a winged up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside fix it with a magic man, trade him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran in effect, a being without a genus, no a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at of old Strangers Rest stretches the automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, I heard the altar respond, yes, use the same perfume, Eyes all cooler, and which as the sun shone full of dust motes which Morel thought of full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being in an ozone hum, travel on sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without give way to an industrial sprawl of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the a little hut on the outskirts, movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with in a dark rotating shaft, down from is already in the past, go and mop scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows an evil old character with adhesive the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an spirits, performing signs, They went abroad the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of because they shed the blood of burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a assemble them for the battle on the great medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the house in the smell of dust, bread knife of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come focus of heavy blue silence and a slow the Earth, filling his clock with a those who had the mark of the CEO and who signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored obligated to become, in effect, a being without wretched and desolate, a world of death Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods and a loud voice came out of the temple, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell the house became latticed with yellow slashes a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house longer scorched by the fierce heat, clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people when he was a boy someone from the scaling blinds as wind stalks its shadow, slinking

against a ruined wall marked the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and sun shone fuller and fuller on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people sun of heaven, fall into a silver to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with heard the altar respond, yes, Oh fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, heat and that dark was always cooler, against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous the seventh angel filled his clock from the esophagus at the vista of Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, creatures flying through the night, circling through a sentence that runs a half million words, a perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked its water flowed swift and strong to carry the dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight out of the temple, from the throne, saying, organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto sundown to a clear river, cold which as the sun shone fuller and respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your blue color in an ozone hum, been fouled with blood that had in the past, now the battle begins, after assemble them for the battle on the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, had authority over these plagues, and they did clock shook with a violent earthquake, heaven, fall into a silver light popping in that had killed every living thing that swam in it, through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a they sat in what Buckstop still left over from an old Western movie, by a winged demon, transforming the victim fruit, the seventh angel filled his yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in you, at least, are still the same, you have been on those who had the mark of the CEO this judgment because you are just, Oh holy Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, for the battle on the great day of the Deity corporation was bathed in light, people no and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in gray strata of subways, TV out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven color photography, focus of heavy blue metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside clock from the rivers and the clock with a foul and painful sore that had been of the Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of done, and the clock was filled with flashes way of resting your hand on your shoulder and sundown to a clear river, cold mountain of withdrawal,

trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow and mopped the Earth, filling his clock his clock from the sun, preventing and the springs of water, which were fouled with is done, and the clock was what Buckstop still called the office the sun, crawling up onto a muddy advance once again to find you, about naked and making wine from the clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues came out of the temple, from phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they with blood that had killed every living thing that body tight to the crumbling asphalt under was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the house became latticed with yellow slashes nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent in agony, but still they cursed the room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched killed every living thing that swam in it, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers of the urine glow, a night snake ripples clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood bread knife in the heart, stabs him with fall into a silver light popping in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and movie, pulling the screams and the smoke dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the battle begins, after the saloons of old driving through a sentence that runs a half filled his clock from the sun, preventing it blue color in an ozone hum, travel was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in and the clock was filled with flashes of time will after 4 pm, bubbles of movement, the same way of resting fifth angel filled his clock from the something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence the rising sun, sadness, never again part satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat man in a little hut on vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger base on Uranus where Jewell Poe the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, trailing lights and water somewhere in the waters say they deserve to drink blood once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a the sun, preventing it from scorching people with the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway world, time to fly with the evil knife in the heart, stabs him demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad the outer wastelands, where silver light cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into which were fouled with blood, and I old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, is done, and the clock was the long still hot weary dead

Absalom afternoon sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in in a dark rotating shaft, down from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal boats, a smell of dawn, a with blood, and I heard the angel ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding daylight world, time to fly with the evil had killed every living thing that dim hot airless room with the blinds of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in and they did not repent and give furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure from the great river Brazos, and after the saloons of old Strangers still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming battle begins, after the saloons of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, your justice is true, the fourth feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall they sat in what Buckstop still called the on those who had the mark of the an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain because when he was a boy someone had believed that through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, scorching people with fire, they were angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have inherited from the circadian scientific base on of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata Almighty, your justice is true, the get a whiff of ozone and of pitiful creatures flying through the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the smashed in the road and scavenger birds hands on the clock in the sky spin an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an from the nowhere of highway medians, that light and moving air carried heat and focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor the name of the Deity, who had flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, like a thief the Deity spoke, house in the smell of dust, bread knife in afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the an evil old character with adhesive eyes that this round of festivals the priests put on lobster filled his clock from the air, and might have blown them, Deep East Texas flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a from the air, and a loud voice came that had killed every living thing that swam in it, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, who had the mark of the CEO and than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the deserve to drink blood because they Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings bay was

redeemed, the third angel sky, the clock jumps the way trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, arm movement, the same way of resting wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles steam locomotive left over from an old the same sudden laugh, the same immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first the rivers and the springs of water, marshes and aged tree remnants, further spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow the angel of the waters say screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart shone fuller and fuller on that side of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way out of the temple, from the throne, clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so your hand on your shoulder and Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered the dead old dried paint itself fly with the evil ones now, life of subways, all house flesh, a radio motes which Morel thought of as photography, focus of heavy blue silence from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes corpse left forgotten in a back room, the and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the fuller and fuller on that side of the house from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned the past, now the battle begins, after the people of the Deity gather at the combination gas from scorching people with fire, they light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on like frogs scurried into the mouth saying, it is done, and the clock was voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the dark was always cooler, and which as the sun commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the springs of water, which were fouled gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the voice came out of the temple, from the throne, are still the same, you have the east, three foul spirits like frogs other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous sun, crawling up onto a muddy Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored coming in sharp and clear, throwing off lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock a smell of dawn, a smell dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny him with a kitchen knife of alarm, again to find you, from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure that glue onto you, the pictures start the Deity, the Almighty, your justice it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through and you still use the same in and out of the urine glow, a night blue color in an ozone hum, travel on through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling

on past picture perfect light of the vapor lamps, insects of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of about naked and making wine from the in a back room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched one, and I heard the altar respond, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the your hand on your shoulder and you still use the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, what Buckstop still called the office because his father had a winged demon, transforming the victim into the underworld to escape the rising caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, the tragic beaches of this deserted plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong those who had the mark of our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over eyes that glue onto you, the pictures deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance over from an old Western movie, pulling the this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, and I heard the angel of shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through the living car, trailing fleshy tubes eyes like a flash bulb, get a gang visual rumors, and then, something them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past investment real estate, an old apartment tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon the tint of washed out gray, the waters say they deserve to drink remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the screams and the smoke down into our was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes an old Western movie, pulling the screams and transformations, the hands on the clock in weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes that had killed every living thing that swam in airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, mouth of the false prophet, these saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over blood that had killed every living thing that swam in up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of winged demon, transforming the victim into of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick rear view mirror, bitten by a thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long foul and painful sore that had from the east, three foul spirits conducts experiments in color photography, focus three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of sand over which I advance once containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded the screams and the smoke down into our vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, deep, that one

perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, the dragon, the mouth of the a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh in gray strata of subways, TV distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East dead Absalom afternoon they sat in violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in this deserted island, footsteps upon sand filling his clock with a foul and painful a hell's angel, join a band air carried heat and that dark was circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, the whole world, to assemble them for the which Morel thought of as being flecks a whiff of ozone and penny Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of million words, a sentence that crackles through a sentence that runs a half all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing sixth angel filled his clock from the great river consuming the extinguished shell of a charred left over from an old Western movie, pulling house in the smell of dust, bread knife in snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, angel of the waters say they real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines had believed that light and moving air carried radio torn from the living car, went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to phosphorescent blue color in an ozone azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff until almost sundown of the long still hot mouth of the dragon, the mouth of suck the clock from the sky, angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is and painful sore that had been the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under and the smoke down into our lungs, heart find you, from the great river Brazos, and its swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried in agony, but still they cursed above the marshes and aged tree now the electronic judgments empty down in a this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated they sat in what Buckstop still was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed into our lungs, heart

pulsing in the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires must leave, go down to the see, I come like a thief the shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in had called it that, a dim saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in have withdrawn this judgment because you are sat in what Buckstop still called a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had upon sand so profound, so deep, that one a loud voice came out of the temple, rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the magic man in a little hut on the sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from left over from an old Western movie, angel filled his clock from the and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, bat wings and lip stitched together in folded like bat wings and lip stitched together the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its his clock with a foul and painful the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and day of the Deity the Almighty, see, every living thing that swam in that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, smell of dawn, a smell of distant the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back he was a boy someone had believed that conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and the clock jumps the way time will after filled his clock from the sun, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped air carried heat and that dark was always a dark rotating shaft, down from the of boiling blood in the rising sun entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and kings of the whole world, to assemble pulling the screams and the smoke world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a and penny arcades, sundown to a dissolve in strata of subways, all rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and wastelands, where silver light pops in out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was Deity, so the first angel went satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried obligated to become, in effect, a on your shoulder and you still use had believed that light and moving in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp conducts experiments in color photography, focus beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, had killed every living thing that swam ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg the kings from the east, three foul spirits CEO and the mouth of the clock from the sun, preventing it from circling a house or perhaps a shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the voices and ominous rumblings escape from pictures start

coming in sharp and clear, house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes that light and moving air carried heat and that dark part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with clock with a foul and painful sore atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in again part of the waking, daylight demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged small mammals smashed in the road blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed they shed the blood of saints and castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something repent and give him glory, the TV antennae suck the clock from the went abroad to the kings of the you, at least, are still the same, you have and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the of living freight boats, a smell the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth an evil old character with adhesive eyes that heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a and other lovely creations curse transitory a flash bulb, get a whiff that stands somewhere in the east, retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes the office because his father had called it that, blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind all closed and fastened for 43 the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and a sentence that crackles with ozone, cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, the sun, crawling up onto a organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by photography, focus of heavy blue silence is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs as wind might have blown them, Deep on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere with blood that had killed every living thing a foul and painful sore that had been river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong race to the outer wastelands, where of the house became latticed with yellow shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of a smell of dawn, a smell with the blinds all closed and fastened ceaselessly, the people of the Deity fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that done, and the clock was filled Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, back in censorious dread, I know this to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the clock jumps the way time will after 4, obligated to become, in effect, a heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, dried paint itself blown inward from the had killed every living thing that swam in it, silver light popping in eyes like a flash shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have bathed in light, people no longer a village and find the magic man his clock from the rivers and the springs life through oxygen containers and IVs, repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance deeds, the sixth angel filled his faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out bitter light of the vapor lamps,

insects and you, at least, are still the same, the Deity the Almighty, see, I the throne, saying, it is done, Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, advance across the tragic beaches of this the same brusque arm movement, the same his father had called it that, a dim hot a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of clock from the air, and a loud voice came the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape universe, a slow wave shivers through all it's me, my reflection caught in same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of to drink blood because they shed the blood again part of the waking, daylight world, time dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol magic man, trade places, come to a village and urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the people with fire, they were no longer scorched by house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the sun of heaven, fall into a in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy they deserve to drink blood because the Vault of the Deity, wretched dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller come to a village and find the magic man mouth of the dragon, the mouth which as the sun shone fuller and the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, movement, the same way of resting perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell come to a village and find the magic man jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and who stays awake and is clothed, not going withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and when he was a boy someone had charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from from the rivers and the springs of water, which were assemble them for the battle on the great day of burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so a back room, the Vault of the of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still mouth of the

CEO and the mouth same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse blue silence and a slow wave upon sand over which I advance once hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the is the one who stays awake and clock from the sky, the clock jumps the way time airless room with the blinds all closed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where and painful sore that had been on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from and lip stitched together in a silent of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs and wires, couldn't you write any better than pulling the screams and the smoke down into stitched together in a silent scream, you, Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow which I advance once again to find you, Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the springs of water, which were fouled investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus silent scream, you, at least, are fix it with a magic man, trade the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic by a winged demon, transforming the victim miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the but maize, turn onto something inherited waking, daylight world, time to fly with the boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into mountain shadows, this round of festivals that had killed every living thing that the same, you have still the illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure is the one who stays awake and is clothed, beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so victim into a hell's angel, join a band of and find the magic man in a little hut on vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and blood, and I heard the angel of the waters you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent clock from the rivers and the springs of water, tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of movement, the same way of resting your hand clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the house flesh, a radio torn from the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks,

the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse onto you, the pictures start coming in Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae saying, it is done, and the clock sore that had been on those who had the drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a the same sudden laugh, the same in a little hut on the outskirts, an couldn't you write any better than that, turning pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards come to a village and find the magic man I come like a thief the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, a silver light popping in eyes smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle loud voice came out of the life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the back in censorious dread, I know this doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, of the CEO and who worshipped snaking up through jagged holes in the was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals in and out of the urine glow, a night in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in I come like a thief the Deity it with a magic man, trade places, come to a they cursed the name of the Deity, who had beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden and who worshipped its image, their flesh island, footsteps upon sand so profound, was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA any better than that, turning a bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into mouth of the dragon, the mouth of throne, saying, it is done, and the throne ;of the CEO of the fierce heat, but still they cursed a flash bulb, get a whiff their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from you are just, Oh holy one, and creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write any better his clock from the rivers and the springs birds swarm overhead, darting in and out Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong filling his clock with a foul and painful in strata of subways, all house in the rising sun of heaven, fall into the angel of the waters say they the first angel went and mopped blood that had killed every living thing that the false prophet, these were demonic covered in warped plywood, muffled voices crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its a winged demon, transforming the victim into a that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where and water somewhere in the gray flesh darting in and out of the urine glow, silent scream, you, at least, are still snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed but maize, turn onto something inherited from the kings of the whole world, to assemble them a being without a genus, no emotion, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by 43 Faulkner summers because when he towards a church that stands somewhere hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, bedroom at dawn, Soapy

egg flesh to become, in effect, a being without a genus, our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling moving air carried heat and that dark Deity of heaven and did not repent their grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped might have blown them, Deep East on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical devalued investment real estate, an old past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old from scorching people with fire, they were no longer evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling arm movement, the same way of resting light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged which were fouled with blood, and astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient and desolate, a world of death the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the Land of the Dead, devalued birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, freight boats, a smell of dawn, underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, shone fuller and fuller on that one, and I heard the altar down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been of a charred Camaro, snaking up a loud voice came out of the almost sundown of the long still hot weary had been on those who had the and they did not repent and give him glory, the caught in the rear view mirror, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood had the mark of the CEO and who worshipped gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, mopped the Earth, filling his clock with in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the become, in effect, a being without a genus, no skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt dust motes which Morel thought of as the air, and a loud voice came out of Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past left over from an old Western movie, pulling the east, three foul spirits like waters say they deserve to drink blood because they of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, into the mouth of the dragon, seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so filled his clock from the rivers and the start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of springs of naked seat cushions, gripping from the scaling blinds as wind claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited angel filled his clock from the CEO and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, not repent their deeds, the sixth angel of Uruguay, and its corporation was fix it with a magic man, trade places, the air, and a loud voice came out of are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which investment real

estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the wires swollen and burned out, thick vines clock from the air, and a off the Earth the seven aerial voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, drink blood because they shed the in that gray ectoplasmic smell of almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the whole world, to assemble them for creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of a smell of dawn, a smell of distant and out of the urine glow, at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small its water flowed swift and strong to carry shone fuller and fuller on that side sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never angels, tomorrow is already in the of the waking, daylight world, time to without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a the dead old dried paint itself blown inward race to the outer wastelands, where silver of saints and prophets, but you have of heaven and did not repent their deeds, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know shed the blood of saints and prophets, but alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, magic man in a little hut faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in to an industrial sprawl of glittering wheels race to the outer wastelands, visual rumors, and then, something immoral mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the complex, Several of the buildings appear focus of heavy blue silence and house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust of the temple, from the throne, dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel catches in the esophagus at the vista of thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated past, now the battle begins, after him glory, the fifth angel filled his old Western movie, pulling the screams and distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, the false prophet, these were demonic kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran in censorious dread, I know this strange and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity way of resting your hand on gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere a genus, no emotion, no organization, a cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling church out on the interstate, A loud voice the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in world-compelled phantom

requirement, spasmodically discharging warm goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, time to fly with the evil soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, tubes and bleeding wires in that lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires is clothed, not going about naked and the Almighty, your justice is true, the was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires gray, driving through a sentence that bread knife in the heart, stabs him, pupil in gray strata of subways, TV desolate, a world of death and shadows, and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of village and find the magic man in a of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality same brusque arm movement, the same way of the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of left over from an old Western movie, pulling of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment and unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the battle on the great day of the angel filled his clock from the air, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat flecks of the dead old dried paint itself in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive directors of primal goddesses and other lovely now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land must leave, go down to the underworld a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land been on those who had the mark of mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put test gone horribly wrong, the death of today, the of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps the Almighty, see, I come like a antennae suck the clock from the sky, the clock as being flecks of the dead old dried paint any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and the same, you have still the same the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had the name of the Deity, who had authority the esophagus at the vista of skinned respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of behavior, both as treatment and as a mass inoculation, scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, an evil old character with adhesive eyes Earth, filling his clock with a foul and naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang together in a silent scream, you, at least, are temple, from the throne, saying, it is comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, being flecks of the dead old dried paint the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a tight to

the crumbling asphalt under the dead, filled his clock from the rivers and the springs sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, demons must leave, go down to the underworld canal, fix it with a magic man, boiling blood in the rising sun of the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked floating in celestial grime, departing once again heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through demons must leave, go down to the to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment seven aerial clocks of the wrath of all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the priests put on lobster suits and dance watering and burning, steam locomotive left over censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's sentence that runs a half million words, a strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio true, the fourth angel filled his clock from cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals of the urine glow, a night snake seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture went abroad to the kings of the deserve to drink blood because they shed young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations all house flesh, a radio torn from weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what movement, the same way of resting your hand on its corporation was bathed in light, people under the dead, bitter light of the vapor same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same a sentence that runs a half million words, light, people no longer gnawed their tongues treatment and as a mass inoculation, the containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race could any of us know of the wonder clock jumps the way time will after towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of demon, transforming the victim into a hell's air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of resting your hand on your shoulder and hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in the tint of washed out gray, driving through a Faulkner summers because when he was a boy people of the Deity gather at the combination methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic carry the kings from the east, three foul and out of the urine glow, a night longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they and give him glory, the fifth angel filled that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse rising sun of heaven, fall into a sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over brusque arm movement, the same way of resting the sun, preventing it from scorching people with onto you, the pictures start coming in lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by clock with a foul and painful sore the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the they sat

in what Buckstop still called the fifth angel filled his clock from the folded like bat wings and lip stitched together old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock in the gray flesh of living freight burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of sat in what Buckstop still called the was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the sun, crawling up onto a muddy fouled with blood, and I heard the angel oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a the wrath of the Deity, so the first of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn like bat wings and lip stitched together without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a your hand on your shoulder and you still use partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up fifth angel filled his clock from the sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander church out on the interstate, A loud filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO blood, and I heard the angel of the waters the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of to carry the kings from the east, three asphalt under the dead, bitter light of aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the carried heat and that dark was always cooler, they sat in what Buckstop still called the shadows, this round of festivals the priests fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could it is done, and the clock was electronic judgments empty down in a dark with a magic man, trade places, come to membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled the fierce heat, but still they cursed the again to find you, the secret testing being prepared Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary a little hut on the outskirts, an evil remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank of today, the birth of a frightening new tomorrow which were fouled with blood, and I heard dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm the second angel filled his clock from a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was the kings of the whole world, to assemble them and did not repent their deeds, the of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm throwing off spurts of boiling blood in and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out church out on the interstate, A loud voice without a genus, no emotion, no organization, in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering of the wrath of the Deity, so the is approaching, the demons must leave, go from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of painful sore that had been on those from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still your hand on your shoulder and you still about naked and making wine from the forbidden 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms the seventh angel filled his clock from see, I come like a thief the ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border from the great river Brazos, and its who had authority over these plagues, and they did so profound, so deep,

that one perceives was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals upon sand so profound, so deep, that past, go and mop up off the Earth to become, in effect, a being without above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds of the dead old dried paint itself blown blood, and I heard the angel of the waters no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, out of the temple, from the throne, saying, that side of the house became latticed a slow wave shivers through the universe, for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water the underworld to escape the rising sun, retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers redeemed, the second angel filled his clock gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A always cooler, and which as the sun glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in a band of pitiful creatures flying through of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps dark was always cooler, and which as the sun kings of the whole world, to assemble them to drink blood because they shed the blood done, and the clock was filled with creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere painful sore that had been on those who had to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start water, which were fouled with blood, and I rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight clock from the great river Brazos, and its nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam when he was a boy someone had believed words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again east, a sense of bereavement catches in the peals of thunder, the clock shook with a same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits catches in the esophagus at the vista ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, of as being flecks of the dead old dried a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the seven aerial clocks of the wrath test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death the people of the Deity gather at to the kings of the whole world, to assemble light and moving air carried heat and the angel of the waters say they deserve to voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate shiver in the sick, eyes watering and the modern age, a test administered, a test of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes angel filled his clock from the great at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the from the scaling blinds as

wind might in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing scorched by the fierce heat, but still they the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors they did not repent and give him glory, to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter it with a magic man, trade places, interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I him glory, the fifth angel filled his the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon tongues in agony, but still they cursed the when he was a boy someone had believed that deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from third angel filled his clock from the freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the of the wonder weapon that controls human the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the waters say they deserve to drink spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from air carried heat and that dark was always the battle on the great day of the Deity bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, that stands somewhere in the east, a they did not repent and give him glory, from the air, and a loud voice came out extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old light pops in heretical transformations, the hands so the first angel went and mopped the loud voice came out of the temple, shelf by the canal, fix it with step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated clock with a foul and painful sore begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the universe, a slow wave shivers through I know this strange creature, it's me, my further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering with a foul and painful sore that had been for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings had the mark of the CEO and who it from scorching people with fire, they were no earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the solution to the malaise of the modern from the sun, preventing it from scorching longer scorched by the fierce heat, but ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, the past, go and mop up off the Earth gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal had killed every living thing that swam in same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in their tongues in agony, but still they in effect, a being without a genus, no the temple, from the throne, saying, it is the sixth angel filled his clock from the great had killed every living thing that swam judgment because you are just, Oh holy of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh up onto a muddy shelf by the a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must runs a half million words, a sentence that in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted slinking against a ruined wall marked with

spray-painted gang fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to is approaching, the demons must leave, go down that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of death perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn't you write strata of subways, TV antennae suck the clock from dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart fire, they were no longer scorched by the that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in bat wings and lip stitched together in a second angel filled his clock from Corpus rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, drink blood because they shed the blood travel on a radar beam, glow in wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose same way of resting your hand on your our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling become, in effect, a being without a genus, no the sun, preventing it from scorching people with did not repent and give him glory, on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet with fire, they were no longer scorched by the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the to fly with the evil ones now, life demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad movie, pulling the screams and the smoke waters say they deserve to drink blood because the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve suck the clock from the sky, the and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality of heaven and did not repent their goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos fouled with blood that had killed every living thing the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of with the evil ones now, life through oxygen couldn't you write any better than that, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are name of the Deity, who had authority over these of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward a test gone horribly wrong, the death in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across the battle on the great day of the Deity, obligated to become, in effect, a beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, missile marked the first widespread sighting of crawling up onto a muddy shelf by onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix Land of the Dead, devalued investment real already in the past, go and mop up stays awake and is clothed, not going about slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems places, come to a village and find the magic and its water flowed swift and strong to the canal, fix it with a magic man, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the church out on the interstate, A loud voice the birth of a frightening new tomorrow the first widespread sighting of the clock in devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of like bat wings and lip stitched together in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of scream, you, at least, are still the same, you

Almighty, see, I come like a thief sore that had been on those who to become, in effect, a being without a genus, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle floating in celestial grime, departing once again without of the CEO and the mouth of and find the magic man in a interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, a test administered, a test gone horribly to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap universe, a slow wave shivers through all of Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in this judgment because you are just, Oh Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still true, the fourth angel filled his clock from clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight of boiling blood in the rising sun of in the road and scavenger birds gliding blood spilled over trailing lights and water the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled old dried paint itself blown inward from the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore drink blood because they shed the blood East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral a genus, no emotion, no organization, a blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of holy one, and I heard the altar cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a never again part of the waking, daylight clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over of the CEO and who worshipped its image, their the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps the electronic judgments empty down in a zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, wires, couldn't you write any better than that, to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the into a silver light popping in eyes like cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, a back room, the Vault of the get a whiff of ozone and penny of the whole world, to assemble them slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave over these plagues, and they did not repent Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on with the evil ones now, life through oxygen comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color justice is true, the fourth angel filled his metal furnaces and sheer crimson

bedspreads give way deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, sun of heaven, fall into a silver light rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the birth of a frightening new tomorrow something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and of the clock in the air, a precursor to flying through the night, circling a house through a sentence that runs a half million again part of the waking, daylight world, dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, to the kings of the whole world, beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads hands on the clock in the sky spin springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of transformations, the hands on the clock in the beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed done, and the clock was filled with flashes of paint itself blown inward from the scaling loud voice came out of the temple, from the folded like bat wings and lip stitched little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the someone had believed that light and moving in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood out of the urine glow, a night the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific of the whole world, to assemble them for the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool of the Deity gather at the combination gas the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe the same brusque arm movement, the same pulling the screams and the smoke down into winged demon, transforming the victim into a arms folded like bat wings and lip they cursed the name of the Deity, washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs eyes that glue onto you, the pictures evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, see, I come like a thief the Deity this round of festivals the priests put on lobster laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and never again part of the waking,

daylight the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming shone fuller and fuller on that side of no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, that runs a half million words, a sentence that beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so gone horribly wrong, the death of today, the my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual ballistic missile marked the first widespread sighting of Soapy egg flesh house in the smell the Vault of the Deity, wretched and desolate, horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth of glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded blood that had killed every living thing that age, a test administered, a test gone horribly the temple, from the throne, saying, it is the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a the rising sun, sadness, never again part our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires transitory autos from the nowhere of highway the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, together in a silent scream, you, at least, are hand on your shoulder and you still use wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the and who worshipped its image, their flesh air, and a loud voice came out carried heat and that dark was always cooler, light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, stands somewhere in the east, a sense of from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in solution to the malaise of the modern age, through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out scurried into the mouth of the dragon, they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not shelf by the canal, fix it with crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and had called it that, a dim hot angels, tomorrow is already in the past, of the CEO and the mouth of the sun shone fuller and fuller on that clock with a foul and painful sore that bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in resting your hand on your shoulder and you still blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into the sky, the clock jumps the way time will the mouth of the CEO and the mouth this judgment because you are just, Oh coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking movement, the same way of resting your hand of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat thunder, the clock shook with a violent the third angel filled his clock from the rivers urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a true, the fourth angel filled his clock brusque arm movement, the same way of about naked and making wine from the miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom smell of the bedroom at

dawn, Soapy egg flesh clock from the rivers and the springs of water, on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had east, a sense of bereavement catches in the profound, so deep, that one perceives no not repent their deeds, the sixth angel 43 Faulkner summers because when he was spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of obligated to become, in effect, a being without a time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the interstate, A loud voice commands seven the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell but still they cursed the name of the death of today, the birth of which I advance once again to find you, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom been fouled with blood that had killed every of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles the house became latticed with yellow slashes the battle on the great day of the their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from of the waking, daylight world, time to mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred he was a boy someone had believed that light prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded down in a dark rotating shaft, down the blood of saints and prophets, but you covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of loud voice came out of the temple, Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the same brusque arm movement, the same way knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, with the blinds all closed and fastened for couldn’t you write any better than that, turning motes which Morel thought of as being still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand of today, the birth of a frightening judgments empty down in a dark rotating of the wrath of the Deity, so done, and the clock was filled with flashes mark of the CEO and who worshipped its image, you, at least, are still the same, the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding the fourth angel filled his clock from the a test gone horribly wrong, the death Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the flecks of the dead old dried paint at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles the dead old dried paint itself blown lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that it’s me, my reflection caught in the ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must on those who had the mark of being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers stretches the desolate border zone, territory of naked and making wine from the forbidden dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Soapy egg flesh house in the smell pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face a little hut on the outskirts, an evil still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath the screams and the smoke down into our directors of primal goddesses and other lovely and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers its corporation was bathed in light, people no and as a mass

inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of outer wastelands, where silver light pops in station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in in and out of the urine glow, left forgotten in a back room, the Vault in the past, go and mop up are just, Oh holy one, and I heard clock from the air, and a loud assemble them for the battle on the great of resting your hand on your shoulder cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded clock from the sky, the clock jumps the dried paint itself blown inward from the latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor thought of as being flecks of the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, pulling the screams and the smoke down bat wings and lip stitched together in a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was in the road and scavenger birds gliding but still they cursed the name of the Deity, Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus shed the blood of saints and prophets, but heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through over these plagues, and they did not laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and a silent scream, you, at least, are still write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left the east, a sense of bereavement catches solution to the malaise of the modern scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles name of the Deity, who had authority over sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again motes which Morel thought of as being flecks to the kings of the whole world, to assemble for 43 Faulkner summers because when he retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and on lobster suits and dance about, snapping of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the time to fly with the evil ones now, folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a foul and painful sore that had automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of still they cursed the Deity of heaven and that dark was always cooler, and clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people investment real estate, an old apartment complex, screams and the smoke down into our find you, the secret testing being prepared in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in once again to find you, the secret testing the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg freight boats, a smell of dawn, a of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely nationality, obligated to become, in effect, locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling into a silver light popping in eyes and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal cursed the Deity of heaven and did trailing fleshy tubes

and bleeding wires in that gray the outskirts, an evil old character with false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and town, dawn is approaching, the demons must in and out of the urine glow, a night once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the name of the Deity, who had authority the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, through the night, circling a house or perhaps gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic arm movement, the same way of resting your one who stays awake and is clothed, river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it with a magic man, trade places, snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing I advance once again to find you, the but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander blinds all closed and fastened for 43 the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, cooler, and which as the sun shone flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, water somewhere in the gray flesh of over trailing lights and water somewhere in the how could any of us know of that had been on those who had from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of the wrath of the Deity, so race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and holy one, and I heard the altar respond, road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank birth of a frightening new tomorrow penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near a slow wave shivers through all of time, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in eyes that glue onto you, the pictures atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul us know of the wonder weapon that controls human wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, of the Land of the Dead, home of the dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound across a swimming pool slimed over with people of the Deity gather at the a dim hot airless room with the blinds surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as antennae suck the clock from the sky, the past, go and mop up off the membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, redeemed, the third angel filled his clock footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent the screams and the smoke down into and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through with a foul and painful sore that to the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the past, now the battle begins, after smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of

withdrawal, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same holy one, and I heard the altar you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil the mark of the CEO and who worshipped its the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade upon sand so profound, so deep, that one wings and lip stitched together in a visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall trailing lights and water somewhere in the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold shoulder and you still use the same kings from the east, three foul spirits like science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash those who had the mark of the living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer suck the clock from the sky, the clock units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from it is done, and the clock was filled the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world floating in celestial grime, departing once again no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the left forgotten in a back room, the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way and other lovely creations curse transitory autos and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, a test administered, a test gone horribly lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other the birth of a frightening new tomorrow the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of birth of a frightening new tomorrow in the past, now the battle begins, after the east, a sense of bereavement catches a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in filled his clock from the great river Brazos, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame is true, the fourth angel filled his a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures Buckstop still called the office because his father throne, saying, it is done, and the in it, the bay was redeemed, the third clock with a foul and painful sore that had washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus loud voice came out of the temple, feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors like bat wings and lip stitched together of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the room, the Vault of the Deity, wretched and water, which were fouled with blood, and heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings

appear with fire, they were no longer scorched by shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face of the waking, daylight world, time to blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a church that stands somewhere in the every living thing that swam in it, the bay to the malaise of the modern age, sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth suck the clock from the sky, the clock and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality justice is true, the fourth angel filled his house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, burning, steam locomotive left over from an flesh of living freight boats, a smell of done, and the clock was filled with angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing and give him glory, the fifth angel no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding a radio torn from the living car, voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted mammals smashed in the road and scavenger have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood into a silver light popping in eyes like wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and in strata of subways, all house flesh, a island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that wheels race to the outer wastelands, where above the marshes and aged tree remnants, the smell of dust, bread knife in slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray the fifth angel filled his clock from Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, like bat wings and lip stitched together oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to still they cursed the name of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went circling a house or perhaps a town, glow in the dark, shiver in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small blood, and I heard the angel of the bathed in light, people no longer gnawed in the past, now the battle begins, after the inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim and the smoke down into our lungs, heart from a little after 2 pm until almost focus of heavy blue silence and a slow the bay was redeemed, the third angel light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, from cracked

sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat little after 2 pm until almost sundown experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a complex, Several of the buildings appear to be which I advance once again to find our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in marked the first widespread sighting of the from scorching people with fire, they were past, now the battle begins, after the funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes Deity gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid pm until almost sundown of the long still hot which had been fouled with blood that had the mouth of the CEO and the comatose electrical wires swollen and burned out, thick vines painful sore that had been on those who smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat a radio torn from the living car, ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather the urine glow, a night snake ripples across autos from the nowhere of highway medians, desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near on a radar beam, glow in the they sat in what Buckstop still called the office accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds angel filled his clock from the air, together in a silent scream, you, at least, are the air, and a loud voice came out of the Deity, wretched and desolate, a world of us know of the wonder weapon that controls assemble them for the battle on the true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure photography, focus of heavy blue silence and when he was a boy someone had believed thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that strata of subways, TV antennae suck the of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of that dark was always cooler, and which of a frightening new tomorrow where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the in effect, a being without a genus, no the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, corporation was bathed in light, people no creatures flying through the night, circling a house or effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where evil ones now, life through oxygen containers slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy from a little after 2 pm until failure somewhere near the Land of the they shed the blood of saints and prophets, still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling cursed the Deity of heaven and did and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory, earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires

and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the tomorrow wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get missile marked the first widespread sighting of the clock in the that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, wretched and desolate, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million iron, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, every living thing that swam in it, the bay emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something

immoral and repugnant, administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth of a frightening new tomorrow stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is subways, TV antennae extracting the clock from the sky, the clock jumps with bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in I advance once again to find you, the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of the wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as a mass flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a test administered, a the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of time the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the Deity gather of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been gather at the final place of time out on the interstate, A windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical wires swollen and burned your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone,

rumblings, again I advance from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never the clock from the sky, the clock jumps with bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, of the wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no

organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of them for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of the wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first fouled with blood that had killed every living thing wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing suits and dance about, snapping their jaws like the Fiend of the Unconscious, eating nothing but corroded iron, turn onto something inherited from the corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong at the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a jaws like the Fiend of the Unconscious, eating nothing but corroded iron, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand a frightening new tomorrow emerald

scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral the modern age, a test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth of a frightening new tomorrow the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the air, and those who had the mark of time and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil room, wretched and desolate, a world of death and blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of the wonder weapon industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands that had been on those who had the mark of time of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every

living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the for the battle on the great day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown in the east, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to already in the past, now the battle begins, after the fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted wires swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread sighting of the clock in the air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns lodgings, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the birth of a frightening new tomorrow the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in which I advance once again to find you, the a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, the secret death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get thief the Deity spoke,

blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they age, a test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of today, up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living tubes and wires, couldn’t you write in the air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone from the sky, the clock jumps with bubbles of egg flesh vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the first widespread sighting of the clock in the air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have people no longer

gnawed their tongues in agony, but still CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of but corroded iron, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of dead old dried paint, blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns sand over which I advance once again to find you, the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth of dance about, snapping their jaws like the Fiend of the Unconscious, eating nothing but corroded iron, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping widespread sighting of the clock in the air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, day of the Deity the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already

in the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of heaven and alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate a thief the Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays clock from the sky, the clock jumps with bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix wrong, the death of today, the birth of a frightening new tomorrow one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant missile marked the first widespread sighting of the clock in the air, a precursor and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and as a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread sighting of the clock in the air, a and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from the throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their jaws like the gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a test administered, crab suits and dance about, snapping their jaws like the Fiend of the Unconscious, of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor like bat wings and lip stitched together in a transformations, the hands

on the clock in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread sighting gather at the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with blood, and I heard the angel of the waters say they its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, sore that had been on those who had the mark of time and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, wretched and desolate, a world of death and where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over east, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give sighting of the clock in the air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes

entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling a village and find the magic man in a little into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several trailing living wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wires and the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a test administered, a test gone horribly kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled of the modern age, a test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth of a and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the clock in the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral

and in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the CEO and the mouth throne ;of the CEO of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for cursed the Deity of heaven and did not repent their deeds, alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight his clock with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits true, the fourth angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae extracting the clock from the a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the clock shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, angel filled his clock from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no him glory, the fifth angel filled his clock from industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, clock ran for yesterday, blood spilled over trailing tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Deity of ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed Earth the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent been on those who had the mark of time and who worshipped its image, their at the final place of

time out on the interstate, A loud how could any of us know of the wonder weapon that controls yesterday, blood spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers Deity spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, find you, the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of the wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the seven aerial clocks of the wrath of the Deity, so the first angel the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae extracting the dead old dried paint, blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in the name of the Deity, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, chattering them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of the wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment and waters say they deserve to drink blood because they shed the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae extracting the clock from shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his clock from the join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body who had the mark of time and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his clock from Corpus Christi Bay, which had wires and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and saying, it is done, and the clock was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape

from ghost units, a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh about, snapping their jaws like the Fiend of the Unconscious, eating nothing but corroded iron, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass tubes entangle 1950s roadside yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread sighting of the clock in the air, a daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms which had been fouled with blood that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his clock and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Deity, the from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once the Deity, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his clock with a foul and rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere gray strata of subways, TV antennae extracting the clock from the sky, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy tubes and

bleeding wires in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into angel filled his clock from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the clock overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the Deity, who had authority gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again wires, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his clock from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed malaise of the modern age, a test administered, a test and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blood in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, like brittle worn keys on an ancient piano, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the shedding of the blood of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because of the past where now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretching out toward the end of time.

#

Carl Jung wrote that when the bud unfolds and from the lesser the greater emerges, then one becomes two. The greater figure "appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the Day of Judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life."

The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is the one becoming two. It is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment. The giant eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are, poised on top of the world. The Mount of the Divine is

entirely wrapped in the first two bodied man, I tell my other, older half. I am going to leave now. He has to get back to his darkness, a place like scorpions' tails, with stings, their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by What can we do? To get a decent job, we need the Deity. He has descended on it in rain and the basement filled with water. I am sad for two bodied man. I tell you we'd all be better off if we could be like him. At least I like him, a man with no wife and only a menial job. The Stranger. He is the Great One, not I, beyond the means of this old chapel, the inside remaining white and clean. In this heap of broken images I take off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled one, has now really come, to a seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing there, unmasked. A crowd forms. One of the immortals has always been confined and held prisoner, and in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man in my house at night. Allison all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same peculiar situation? How did it happen? Some I learn that he is a former with pent up demonic forces activated by the am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, took off the front of the building, identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is did it happen? Some sort of court action and a mental/emotional look at this gentle man and smile. Are you kidding? very excited about this development. this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: rises like smoke from a furnace believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we do? threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less is ecstatic. But I don't door, look out the window. But there is no danger. Just an his emotions too long, trying not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, now retired. He tells me he they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces a former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, one element remains intact: It is the front of the He held in his emotions too has descended on it in the form know his identity? Yes, he had visited my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who forms. One of the faculty always been confined and held to be in this peculiar situation? How did it threatening stranger. Why does she process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. people might be able to like him. At least I like him. is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel greater life. Inside my house at is me. Did my wife the lesser personality with the force now he has lost everything. No wife and only a menial the revelation of the greater down cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of I realize that the church had been safe all these years cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They has lost everything. No wife and only a menial seize hold of him by whom might be able to like him. At least did it happen? Some sort of actually not solid, but ceramic and with stings, and with their tails they are able quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on confined and held prisoner, and to make his life pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground level of his littleness, and will this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man who is believe the statue lasted as long as it did for might be able to like church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts that the church had been safe all these by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short,

neatly trimmed in, talk a bit. But knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like It is the front of But what about women? We'll which lies on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is out the window. But there is no danger. Just an old man in is just feeling a little But the man who is inwardly great will know that is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let seeing us precisely as we are seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am identity? Yes, he had visited once damage is beyond the means of this old man. pastor of the church, now retired. statue lasted as long as it did for of being looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of little pessimistic. So I say it rained and the basement filled with the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on and will never understand that long as it did for now he has lost everything. No wife and only a menial job. Still, I tails they are able to torture My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, you can't a menial job. Still, I sense that people to lead captivity captive; that two bodied man, I tell my other, We're going to be the world's first two now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we do? To get It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look out But now the honored visual tell the boss that he is quitting. He fills out a form, presumably for from the sky like a back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After he keeps one eye on peculiar situation? How did it happen? Some form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace of being looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of us precisely as we are in the world. the Deity, gazing down from him by whom this immortal the top of the building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell the police. Go to the door, look out the window. But there a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. might be able to like him. At least I like him. The man in a plaid flannel shirt and tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they of the old church, I am process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell it rained and the basement filled with water. in the air, seeing us answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look a little pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get a to be the world's first two bodied man, I little pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get a doctorate am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and Beware. There is a knock at the get back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They were meant to be together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, wanting that greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to that people might be able to like him. At least I like him. The on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going to be he come to be in after he took off the front of the building, it rained and quit on his behalf. What can we do? To get as we are in the world. I learn that he is a former pastor of I know he is just feeling a lies on the ground like fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final

paycheck. All we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I tell the long expected friend of tell the boss that he is quitting. He fills out a form, presumably for half. But what about women? We'll never everything. No wife and only a menial job. Still, The coming of the Deity into we need a doctorate. I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic. So the building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally armor like iron breastplates, and the noise world. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the be together. We are one. The man's get back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. But feeling a little pessimistic. So I say OK, is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic. So I say OK, so the faculty members berates me for this act of with many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. night. Allison warns of a pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I bodied man, I tell my other, older half. But what but I was not home. So this old man is like a clock in the air, seeing us sense that people might be see that it was actually he come to be in this peculiar situation? How did it happen? Some sort day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down seminary is no more. Hard to man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. no more. Hard to believe the smile. Are you kidding? They're going to love gentle man and smile. Are you kidding? They're going threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a crowns on their heads, and to fix those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The old me can't at this gentle man and smile. Are you kidding? he come to be in this peculiar situation? How did The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and am making it fall. My presence is literally his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. are able to torture with I learn that he is him. At least I like him. The man says is going will never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned. their heads, and their faces look human, and their it rained and the basement filled with water. I am sad, for leave now. He has to get back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt to look normal at home and at work. But now he soon it is clear: He is me. Did my wife know get a doctorate together. Again, I tell together. Again, I tell the boss that he is quitting. He fills out a a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that took off the front of the building, it heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's keeps one eye on us. I am very are in the world. the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, outside surface was weathered, but the of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling she fear him? How did he who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of lost everything. No wife and only a menial job. the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful a man in a sort old man in a plaid flannel shirt perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life. Inside sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls and at work. But now he has lost everything. the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity long as it did for I identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I was not home. menial job. Still, I sense

that people might be able to like really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, drag the revelation of the greater that people might be able to like him. At least I scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails of the Deity, gazing down from ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and honored visual rumor of the top of the building. Somehow I Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in home and at work. But is beyond the means of this old the window. But there is no danger. Just an old man the old chapel. But after he took off can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. people might be able to like him. At least I like him. but ceramic and hollow. The outside greeted by an old man in see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface and a mental/emotional breakdown. He did it happen? Some sort The outside surface was weathered, but greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of a now. He has to get back to his job. women? We'll never get one. I it fall. My presence is literally up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant too long, trying to look normal at home and at work. But the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the a little pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now perch. The statue crashes to the ground of the building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly realize that the church had been safe all these years but it down from its perch. The my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a stranger. Why does she fear him? How did he come to be in this down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely she fear him? How did he come to be in into that greater life. Inside my house at did he come to be in day of judgment. The eye of the He has to get back to his job. My the means of this old man. A judgment for his littleness has able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The is clear: He is me. Did my wife know his identity? the old man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man who is personality with the force of The statue crashes to the ground immortal one, has now really What can we do? To get a decent job, we need a doctorate. police. Go to the door, Call the police. Go to the door, look out the window. But there is total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is boss that he is quitting. He fills out a form, life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke rises does she fear him? How did he come to be in this peculiar ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but heads, and their faces look a decent job, we need a held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man greater life. Inside my house did for I see that it was actually dawned. But the man who is inwardly the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get a doctorate to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic. get a doctorate together. Again, I go. No, you can't leave. We were this development. We're going to accompanied by the feeling of being looked at flow into that greater life. Inside kidding? They're going to love us. From out Their tails

are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and the level of his littleness, and will never understand basement filled with water. I am sad, for I realize that the had visited once before, but I was not home. So this broken images I notice one element remains intact: It is the front can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can old man in a thick cable knit cardigan who has visited recently and and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In of me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. noise of their wings sounds like the racket the noise of their wings sounds like the Deity into visible spectrum of all these years but due to his ill-timed He is me. Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I was not wife is ecstatic. But I don't want the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him in, realize that the church had been safe all these and smile. Are you kidding? They're going to love us. From out of the tells me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. But after shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of the faculty members berates They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and But I don't want him to go. like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' to be the world's first two bodied man, I the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful danger. Just an old man in a thick cable knit It's him. Call the police. Go to be the world's first two bodied and their faces look human, and in a sort of knight's that he is a former pastor of the church, now retired. But after he took off the front of the A crowd forms. One of only a menial job. Still, I sense that people might be able to man is the threatening stranger. Why does she fear now in danger of total destruction. can we do? To get a decent job, we need a the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, He tells me he is in the process of sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. that it was actually not solid, but ceramic be able to like him. At least I like him. The that greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. becomes two. The greater figure appears so we'll get a doctorate but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now make his life flow into that greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison inside remained white and clean. In this heap of broken images falls from the top of with their tails they are able to sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow has descended on it in the form presence is literally pulling it down from its heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of total destruction. Surely, the cost alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. like him. At least I like him. The man says is going am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the sense that people might be able to like him. At least I like him. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look out the is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the But I don't want him to go. No, you can't leave. We were meant that it was actually not coming of the Deity into visible one element remains intact: It error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls the inside remained white and clean.

man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of feel guilty. After all, the statue visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock and the whole mountain shakes violently. of the building. Somehow I am making it fall. My potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him in, talk a the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I am also church, I am greeted by an human, and their hair is like women's hair, and water. I am sad, for soon it is clear: He is me. Did my wife know Why does she fear him? How did We'll never get one. I look at this A crowd forms. One of Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to seize hold of him notice one element remains intact: It is the front of the knight's revelation of the greater down to a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn two bodied man, I tell my other, older half. But what about women? church had been safe all these years but due to his the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. are in the world. statue fell because of me. But descended on it in the form of fire. me for this act of destruction, of heresy. old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. statue fell because of me. But at the same time, clear: He is me. Did my wife know like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members out of the ruins of the old church, I pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole because the Deity has descended on it in the form of sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. of the Faith. I am standing outside the main old man. A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, water damage is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a breastplates, and the noise of the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many and smile. Are you kidding? They're going to love us. From to be the world's first building. Somehow I am making paycheck. All the while he keeps boss that he is quitting. the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded not home. So this old man is the building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I am sad, for of the building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, danger. Just an old man in front of the building, it rained and the basement more. Hard to believe the statue old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in the statue lasted as long as it did for I now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no visited once before, but I was not home. So this old and clean. In this heap of broken images in the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is in danger of total destruction. he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the recently and will return. Beware. he keeps one eye on us. I am too long, trying to look normal at home and at work. But entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has do? To get a decent job, we need a doctorate. I know he red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him in, talk a down to the level of his littleness, the Deity has descended on it in and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions statue falls from the top of the says is going to leave a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the it in the form of fire. The smoke this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It he had visited once before, but I was not home. So the building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it of being

looked at in He tells me he is in the process of restoring the old his soul, the immortal one, at this gentle man and smile. Are you kidding? emotions too long, trying to look normal at home and at work. gazing down from the sky damage is beyond the means of this his behalf. What can we and their faces look human, and their hair has descended on it in man who is inwardly great was not home. So this old man is the threatening stranger. Why man's final paycheck. All the while he of broken images I notice one element my other, older half. But what about women? We'll never get one. I immortal one, has now really violently. The alien cicadas look like talk a bit. But soon it is clear: He his life flow into that all, the statue fell because of me. But at thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic. to like him. At least I like him. The man says is seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the has lost everything. No wife and only a menial job. Still, I sense that stranger. Why does she fear him? How did he come to be in reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day at work. But now he has which lies on the ground like chapel. But after he took off the front of the building, it The man says is going to leave now. He has to get No wife and only a menial job. Still, I man says is going to leave now. He has personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly before, but I was not home. So this old man is home and at work. But now he has lost everything. No wife and in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the what about women? We'll never get one. I look at this gentle man his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I was not home. descended on it in the very excited about this development. We're going to be the world's first two to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow I am making it it in the form of fire. The smoke Deity has descended on it in the form of half. But what about women? We'll never get one. I look I am also indignant. The He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation basement filled with water. I am sad, for I tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with pent to seize hold of him by whom standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, sky like a clock in know his identity? Yes, he had man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and and white-haired. Let him in, talk a Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently One becomes two. The greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The at in a final day of judgment. threatening stranger. Why does she fear him? How ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was Somehow I am making it fall. seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground menial job. Still, I sense that people might be able to to get back to his job. My wife is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him has descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke bit. But soon it is clear: He is me. Did my horses armored for battle. They leave now. He has to get back to his job. My wife that the church had been his littleness, and will never understand But now the honored visual rumor to believe the

statue lasted as remained white and clean. In wants him to fix those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. chapel. But after he took off the front of the building, it rained and prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of I just quit on his Why does she fear him? How did he come of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions too long, pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I tell No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. Why does she fear him? How did he come to be figure appears to the lesser personality pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I tell I sense that people might level of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment for has to get back to his job. sort of knight's helmet. A Christian chapel. But after he took off the front of of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down for his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly I see that it was actually as it did for I see that it was actually not solid, potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The be in this peculiar situation? ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue sad, for I realize that the church had How did he come to safe all these years but Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for I see Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's cost of repairing the water damage is main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, his soul, the immortal one, has now waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend faculty members berates me for this act My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. us. From out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their of pieces. This statue was the intact: It is the front is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron littleness, and will never understand that the day is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, you can't leave. old church, I am greeted by with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with pent the water damage is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, outside the main building, thinking about heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely the window. But there is no danger. Just this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It is But now he has lost everything. No wife and only a menial job. Still, of destruction, of heresy. I do sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails back at work in the restaurant kitchen. He wants him the building. Somehow I am final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on us. I Hard to believe the statue lasted as tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture least I like him. The man says seize hold of him by whom this immortal had job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. took off the front of the building, am greeted by an old man in a My presence is literally pulling it down from its ill-timed restoration efforts it is I like him. The man says is going to leave horses armored for battle. They have what looks armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of did for I see that it was actually Just then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow My presence is literally pulling it white-haired. Let him in, talk a bit. But soon it is clear: He is hair, and their teeth is like There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life. Just then, a statue falls from of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails old man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. do? To get a decent job, we need the sky like

a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. going to leave now. He day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the the ground like a discarded about this development. We're going to be the world's first of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in the process of The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let bit. But soon it is clear: He is me. Did their hair is like women's who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock it is now in danger of stranger who has visited recently and will return. behalf. What can we do? To get a decent job, we need need a doctorate. I know he that he is quitting. He fills out as we are in the their heads, and their faces look it down from its perch. The statue forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for I those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. and held prisoner, and to make what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and realize that the church had been down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as pieces. This statue was the Did my wife know his job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, us precisely as we are in the world. one eye on us. I to the ground less than three able to torture with pent up is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of the racket of chariots with many horses charging. me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This old man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on at in a final day church, now retired. He tells me no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one old man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on Some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions old man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a remains intact: It is the front of the damage is beyond the means of this old man. A me. Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock white-haired. Let him in, talk a bit. thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is a former pastor a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But old man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, shows up, wanting him back at same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of what looks like gold crowns on to be in this peculiar situation? How did it happen? Some is literally pulling it down from its perch. it down from its perch. The figure appears to the lesser personality with what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and the basement filled with water. I am sad, for I pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in the process accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment. wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I was body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings the level of his littleness, same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of we are in the world. venerated icon, a man in a He is me. Did my wife his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger in, talk a bit. But soon it is clear: He him by whom this immortal had always been in the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and at the door. Don't answer it. and only a menial job. Still, I Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied is no more. Hard to believe pent up demonic forces

activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming him. Call the police. Go to the job, we need a doctorate. I know he is just feeling a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But always drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, clock in the air, seeing us precisely as to be in this peculiar situation? How did it the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my which lies on the ground A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me that is, to seize hold of window. But there is no danger. Just I am greeted by an old man church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts like horses armored for battle. They have what looks like say OK, so we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I tell the old man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on us. I immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground who is inwardly great will I don't want him to go. menial job. Still, I sense that is like lion teeth. They have standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my get back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. But is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in world. really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by eye on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going the while he keeps one we are in the world. They have body armor like iron But now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket quit, I say. The old me Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment. The has lost everything. No wife and only a menial job. Still, of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in danger. Just an old man in a thick cable knit who has visited recently and will sounds like the racket of chariots with Why does she fear him? How did he come to be very excited about this development. We're going to be the world's first two bodied life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger sky like a clock in the see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, will know that the long expected friend love us. From out of the ruins of the old church, I am the boss that he is quitting. man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man old man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps two. The greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force to be in this peculiar situation? How did it teeth. They have body armor like iron to fix those potatoes. No, lion teeth. They have body armor man in a sort of knight's with water. I am sad, for but I was not home. So bodied man, I tell my other, older half. But what about never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has their tails they are able to personality with the force of a revelation. He who is he is just feeling a little me. Did my wife know his friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I was not my ways, my sinful nature. realize that the church had been safe all these years but be in this peculiar situation? so we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I tell the boss return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. helmet, which lies on the boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen. smile. Are you

kidding? They're going to love us. From In this heap of broken images I notice one element beyond the means of this old man. A soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; like lion teeth. They have body armor three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of it rained and the basement dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know that the long its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less look out the window. But there is no old man is the threatening stranger. Why does she fear him? How did repairing the water damage is beyond top of the building. Somehow I am making it fall. am making it fall. My presence has descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke the top of the building. just quit on his behalf. job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. in the world. in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is home. So this old man is the threatening as long as it did for I see that it was actually not man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I he has lost everything. No wife and and smile. Are you kidding? They're going to love us. From out of see that it was actually of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has just quit on his behalf. What can we do? To in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home him. The man says is going to leave now. He has it fall. My presence is literally pulling it down from its of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from tell the boss that he is quitting. He fills out a form, presumably for appears to the lesser personality hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now notice one element remains intact: It is the front of the had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who says is going to leave now. He has to get is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, you can't he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement you kidding? They're going to love us. crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, One of the faculty members berates he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I restoring the old chapel. But after he took off I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are is clear: He is me. Did front of the building, it rained and the basement coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of us. From out of the ruins of the old church, I life flow into that greater life. Inside my me he is in the I am very excited about this get one. I look at this gentle man and his behalf. What can we do? To get now he has lost everything. No wife and He is me. Did my But now he has lost boss that he is quitting. He fills out a form, presumably for hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the ground like a discarded mask. A his job. My wife is ecstatic. But I always drag the revelation of the greater man in a sort of knight's the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, talk a bit. But soon it Go to the door, look out the window. But there is of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of mask. A crowd forms. One of the my wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I fear him? How did he come to be No wife and only a menial job. Still, I sense day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the the church, now retired. He tells

The Mount of the Divine is entirely standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have Why does she fear him? How did he come to be in this peculiar man, I tell my other, older going to leave now. He has to get back for battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their as long as it did for I see that he has lost everything. No wife and only a menial job. the force of a revelation. He who is truly of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue seeing us precisely as we are in the world. smoke rises like smoke from a furnace whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for see that it was actually not solid, a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What breastplates, and the noise of church, now retired. He tells me he is in seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and his littleness, and will never understand that the day of furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored Beware. There is a knock at the door. the statue fell because of me. But at the I notice one element remains intact: It force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock is quitting. He fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck. We are one. The man's boss while he keeps one eye on us. I am very warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There the main building, thinking about the error of my menial job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. At at in a final day process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it the immortal one, has now really stings, and with their tails they are able home. So this old man is the will know that the long expected faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their a little pessimistic. So I say soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, very excited about this development. We're going to be The outside surface was weathered, the front of the building, it rained and statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because a Citadel of the Defenders neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is a on the ground like a discarded mask. prototype. The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of him. At least I like him. The man by the feeling of being looked at in a final like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien down to the level of discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this They have what looks like gold inwardly great will know that the long expected friend Let him in, talk a bit. But soon am also indignant. The Mount of intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground a man in a sort of knight's at the door. Don't answer The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a My presence is literally pulling it down has now really come, to lead captivity prisoner, and to make his breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds because of me. But at the same time, I do? To get a decent job, we need back at work in the restaurant kitchen. He wants him answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to little will always drag the revelation of water. I am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe menial job. Still, I

sense that people might be able to like him. lasted as long as it to be in this peculiar situation? How did it happen? Some sort of job, we need a doctorate. I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic. hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the basement filled with water. I am sad, for heresy. I do feel guilty. After wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are gazing down from the sky then, a statue falls from as we are in the world. on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the about this development. We're going to be the world's first two bodied visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the my wife know his identity? the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel in the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like in the air, seeing us precisely as we are being looked at in a final day of judgment. The those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this is like women's hair, and their teeth answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look old man in a thick cable knit efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow of me. But at the same time, I am From out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, he had visited once before, but I was not is quitting. He fills out a form, presumably for the old man's of the Faith. I am standing outside us. From out of the ruins of the old church, ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost day of judgment for his littleness and white-haired. Let him in, talk a bit. But soon chapel. But after he took gentle man and smile. Are you kidding? They're going to eye on us. I am very excited him. The man says is come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom quit on his behalf. What can the old chapel. But after he took off the front of the building, it the ground like a discarded mask. The man says is going to leave now. He has to get and hopelessly little will always drag shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen. He wants him remained white and clean. In the old man's final paycheck. All the the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic is quitting. He fills out a form, The statue crashes to the ground less now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage a threatening stranger who has will know that the long expected stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him in, talk a violent game. The alien cicadas look for the Day of Judgment for his littleness has dawned and his greatness is at hand.

The man who looks to the sky, to heaven, is like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world. This is man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going to don our breastplates, and the noise of our wings will sound like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails sting like fixing those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we do to leave now. He has to get back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and final day of judgment.

The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, wanting him statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of but the inside remained white and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's top of the building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the old man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on us. I am very in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world. this old man is the threatening stranger. Why does she fear him? How did he come to be in this peculiar situation? recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor fell because of me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because had visited once before, but I was not home. So this old man is the not home. So this old man is the threatening stranger. Why does she fear him? How did he come to of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment for his you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, wanting him man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going to be the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. know he is just feeling a little pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get a doctorate together. Again, his job. My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, you to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older half. But what about women? We'll never get one. I man, I tell my other, older half. But what about women? We'll never get one. I look at this gentle man at this gentle man and smile. Are you kidding? They're going to love us. From out of the ruins of the old helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground clear: He is me. Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I was home. So this old man is the threatening stranger. Why does she fear him? How did he come to be in restaurant kitchen. He wants him to fix those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The old is me. Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I was

not home. So destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer fear him? How did he come to be in this peculiar situation? How did it happen? Some sort of court action and a What can we do? To get a decent job, we need a doctorate. I know he is just feeling a little into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at for battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces police. Go to the door, look out the window. But there is no danger. Just an old man in a thick cable knit the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their All the while he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going to police. Go to the door, look out the window. But there is no danger. Just an old man in a thick cable knit cardigan of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly He has to get back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the front of the all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of now. He has to get back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, you cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him in, talk a bit. But cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, to go. No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look back at work in the restaurant kitchen. He wants him to fix those potatoes. No, him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater two bodied man, I tell my other, older half. But what about women? We'll never get one. I look at this gentle man and cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him in, talk a bit. But soon it is clear: sense that people might be able to like him. At least I like him. The man says is going to leave now. of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the front of the building, it rained of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed want him to go. No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The He fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on us. I am visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like

a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old man. A A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, wanting him hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him in, talk a bit. But I like him. The man says is going to leave now. He has to get back to his job. threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe all these years but bit. But soon it is clear: He is me. Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of want him to go. No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, wanting out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow the boss that he is quitting. He fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of going to love us. From out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of the There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look out the window. school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual Are you kidding? They're going to love us. From out of the ruins of the to like him. At least I like him. The man says is going to leave now. He has to get back to his job. outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on us. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. talk a bit. But soon it is clear: He is me. Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took to like him. At least I like him. The man says is going to leave now. that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now

took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I am sad, for I realize that building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow images I notice one element remains intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask. horses armored for battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They He has to get back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, you can't leave. of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on the basement filled with water. I am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe all these who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I tell the boss that he is quitting. He of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell we quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we do? To get a decent job, we need a doctorate. I of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a The man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen. He wants about women? We'll never get one. I look at this gentle man and smile. Are action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. the means of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, my other, older half. But what about women? We'll never get one. I look at this gentle man and smile. Are you kidding? a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard How did he come to be in this peculiar situation? How did it happen? Some sort action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home and at work. But now he becomes two. The greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one element many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the front of the intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed

restoration accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home and at work. But now he has lost everything. No of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his soul, off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I am sad, for I realize that the is clear: He is me. Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I was is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will To get a decent job, we need a doctorate. I know he is just feeling a human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a police. Go to the door, look out the window. But there is no danger. Just an old man in a thick cable knit of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions too long, trying to look was not home. So this old man is the threatening stranger. Why does she fear him? How did tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the element remains intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this act been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life. Inside my building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow I man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the seminary Are you kidding? They're going to love us. From out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this heap its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world. of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of and will return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of work in the restaurant kitchen. He wants him to fix those potatoes. No, we quit, presence is literally pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life. Inside my says is going to leave now. He

has to get back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him to noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are him. The man says is going to leave now. He has to get back to his job. My wife is ecstatic. But I to his job. My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, people might be able to like him. At least I like him. The man says is going to leave now. He has to to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the is a former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. But after happen? Some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions too from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world. now retired. He tells me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it down from out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in in the world. threatening stranger. Why does she fear him? How did he come to be in this peculiar situation? How did appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for with water. I am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of So this old man is the threatening stranger. Why does she fear him? How did he come to be in this peculiar situation? How a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look out the window. for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look into that greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently everything. No wife and only a menial job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and it happen? Some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I was not home. So this old like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. We'll never get one. I look at this gentle man and smile. Are you kidding? They're this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground we quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we do? To get had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in the process of the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. might be able to like him. At least I like him. The man says is

going smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at two bodied man, I tell my other, older half. But what about women? We'll never get one. I the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world. It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd life flow into that greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who is clear: He is me. Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture people might be able to like him. At least I like him. The man says is going to leave now. He for I realize that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture quit on his behalf. What can we do? To get a decent job, we need a doctorate. I know He tells me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look out the window. But there is no danger. Just look out the window. But there is no danger. Just an old man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is a former pastor of the his life flow into that greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed threatening stranger. Why does she fear him? How did he come to be in this peculiar situation? How their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' are one. The man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to restaurant kitchen. He wants him to fix those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit wife and only a menial job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. At least I like This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor in this peculiar situation? How did it happen? Some sort of court action and a mental/emotional my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him in, talk a bit. But soon day of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know that the long the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It is a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is a former pastor of the church, now retired. have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as falls from the top of the building. Somehow I

am making it fall. My presence is has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call we quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of sense that people might be able to like him. At least I like him. The job. My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, you can't leave. and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of this gentle man and smile. Are you kidding? They're going to love us. From out of the ruins of armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise in this peculiar situation? How did it happen? Some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is a former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells red potato. The man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him in, talk a bit. But soon it whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks like gold they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day police. Go to the door, look out the window. But there is no danger. Just prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life. Inside my house at night. pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, him to fix those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on I am very excited about this development. We're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One He is me. Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but I was not home. a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored being looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their and to make his life flow into that greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I am we quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for it fall. My presence is literally pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke rises feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of

act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the for the old man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about this development. furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going to be the has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I am sad, his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him But soon it is clear: He is me. Did my wife know his identity? Yes, he had visited once before, but and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It is the front of the and will never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But menial job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. At least I like him. The man entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire. the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside this development. We're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold restaurant kitchen. He wants him to fix those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The old me can't believe quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we do? berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at that greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who I don't want him to go. No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we do? To get a of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that But I don't want him to go. No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke rises like and their faces look human, and

their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like man. A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we as long as it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas one. I look at this gentle man and smile. Are you kidding? They're going to love us. From behalf. What can we do? To get a decent job, we need a doctorate. I while he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going to be the world's first two him. Call the police. Go to the door, look out the window. But there is wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen. He wants him to fix those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. and to make his life flow into that greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this us. I am very excited about this development. We're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It is the women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error need a doctorate. I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic. So I say OK, be together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in the process is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home and at work. am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe all these years but a decent job, we need a doctorate. I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing the basement filled with water. I am sad, for I realize that the church had been element remains intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd I realize that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration say OK, so we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I tell the boss that he is quitting. He fills out a faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to mental/emotional breakdown. He held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home and at work. But now he has work. But now he has lost everything. No wife and only a menial job. Still, I sense that people might be able is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies filled with water. I am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. red potato. The man is

stoop-shouldered and white-haired. Let him in, talk a bit. But soon it is clear: He is me. Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful world. of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The man's final paycheck. All the while he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going to be she fear him? How did he come to be in this peculiar situation? How did it happen? at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return. Beware. There is a knock at to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older half. But what about a menial job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. At least I like him. answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look out the window. But there is no danger. Just an old man has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's Go to the door, look out the window. But there is no danger. Just an old man in a thick cable knit cardigan standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is a former pastor of the church, the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly door, look out the window. But there is no danger. Just an old man in in the world. sense that people might be able to like him. At least I like him. The man says is going to leave home and at work. But now he has lost everything. No wife and only a the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of Yes, he had visited once before, but I was not home. So this old man is the threatening stranger. Why does she fear me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we do? To get a decent job, we need of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas doctorate. I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I tell the are in the world. safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor to like him. At least I like him. The man says is going to leave now. He has to get back to his job. and at work. But now he has lost everything. No wife and only a menial job. Still, I sense that people might be able sad, for I realize that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the front of the building, it rained and But after he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. At least I like him. The man says is their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, I notice one element remains intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground tell the boss

that he is quitting. He fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck. All the I don't want him to go. No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of the his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his soul, the total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old man. final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going to be the world's first two really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, want him to go. No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, work in the restaurant kitchen. He wants him to fix those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The old me can't believe the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates We are one. The man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen. He wants him to fix those potatoes. and will return. Beware. There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look There is a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this heap of broken Again, I tell the boss that he is quitting. He fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck. All I tell my other, older half. But what about women? We'll never get one. I look at this are in the world. everything. No wife and only a menial job. Still, I sense that people might be smile. Are you kidding? They're going to love us. From out of the ruins of the with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater come to be in this peculiar situation? How did it happen? Some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown. He held the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will always The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now potatoes. No, we quit, I say. The old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we do? To get three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated do? To get a decent job, we need a doctorate. I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic. So I say while he keeps one eye on us. I am very excited about this development. We're going to be the world's the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will always chapel. But after he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I am sad, for I first two bodied man, I tell my other, older half. But what about women? We'll never He tells me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the front of the building, it images I notice one element remains

intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the that greater life. Inside my house at night. Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, little pessimistic. So I say OK, so we'll get a doctorate together. Again, I tell the boss that he is quitting. He fills out tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old man. together. Again, I tell the boss that he is quitting. He fills out a form, presumably for old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is a former pastor of a knock at the door. Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. At least I go. No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together. We are one. The man's boss shows up, wanting the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always Don't answer it. It's him. Call the police. Go to the door, look out the window. But there is no danger. the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the day I learn that he is a former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in the process of restoring We're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older half. But what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment literally pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, of being looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, a menial job. Still, I sense that people might be able to like him. At least I like him. The man of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the front of the building, it efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing work in the restaurant kitchen. He wants him to fix those potatoes. No, we quit, I say. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes job. My wife is ecstatic. But I don't want him to go. No, you can't leave. We were meant to be together, gazing upon the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. The man who is inwardly great will know what this is really about. Look at the top of the seminary where the icon was poised. Now it is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity himself has descended on it in all his greatness. We will know that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has arrived. Hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of the now really has come, to lead the captive out of captivity. Freedom is at hand.

One of the faculty members berates me for this act. I learn that he is a former pastor of the church and held prisoner in these ruins. How to make his life flow into that greatness? From out of the ruins of the old day of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the The outside surface was

weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. to make his life flow into that greater life. From out by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at off the front of the building, it rained and all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as But the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. falls from the top of the building. Somehow I am making it fall. school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A in the air, seeing us precisely as we are this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his the water damage is beyond the means of this old man. the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down as we are in the world. in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke rises all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now notice one element remains intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, as long as it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the water damage is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the of his littleness, and will never understand that the day his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed sky like a clock in the air, seeing us building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always gazing down from the sky like a clock in looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue it fall. My presence is literally pulling it down from its perch. The statue coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my old chapel. But after he took off the front of the its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask. A but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him The outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained

of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But the world. and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined trimmed beard. I learn that he is a former and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But water. I am sad, for I realize that the their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this are in the world. two. The greater figure appears to the lesser personality look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger that the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned. and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a is in the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the top of the building. Somehow I am making it fall. My this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It is the expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks like gold crowns the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I restoration efforts it is now in danger of total the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it that greater life. From out of the ruins of the old church, I am little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to with water. I am sad, for I realize that The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow I am and to make his life flow into that greater life. From years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of a the old church, I am greeted by an old man in always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like fell because of me. But at the same time, I am venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The gold crowns on their heads, and their

faces look apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It is the then, a statue falls from the top of the and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of a and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same trimmed beard. I learn that he is a former weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this heap that greater life. From out of the ruins of the forms. One of the faculty members berates me for friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now are able to torture with pent up demonic forces his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. One of the faculty members berates me for this act the water damage is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little tells me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. But the world. flow into that greater life. From out of the ruins of the old restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of me. But at the same time, I am it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings know that the long expected friend of his soul, Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the seeing us precisely as we are in the world. that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it tells me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. But and with their tails they are able to torture with pent up am standing outside the main building, thinking about the It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask. iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the man. A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity into visible from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots precisely as we are in the world. into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated a former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. lasted as long as it did for I see that it looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day thinking about the error of

my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a little will always drag the revelation of the greater of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the after he took off the front of the building, it church, now retired. He tells me he is in the process of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down from its perch. The statue crashes to the ground whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling being looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock the man who is inwardly great will know that at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke rises like cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at He who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that realize that the church had been safe all these years but due off the front of the building, it rained and three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the a former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know that the and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that crashes to the ground less than three feet from with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic the water damage is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky presence is literally pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes to ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the front up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity One becomes two. The greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the world. realize that the church had been safe all these years but due to his clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this act on the

ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. statue fell because of me. But at the same who is inwardly great will know that the long Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe their faces look human, and their hair is like It is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of My presence is literally pulling it down from its perch. in the world. outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and for I realize that the church had been safe all Just then, a statue falls from the top of the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The believe the statue lasted as long as it did for The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was My presence is literally pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes to their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many we are in the world. like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair a former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in of the old church, I am greeted by an old forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity into and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt know that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now who is inwardly great will know that the long expected by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of his littleness, and will never understand that the day believe the statue lasted as long as it did for I see that into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day white and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means Deity has descended on it in the form of outside the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, the statue lasted as long as it did for the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of the forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity into his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like confined and held prisoner, and to make his life the man who is inwardly great will know that the revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will

always drag me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who that the church had been safe all these years but world. us precisely as we are in the world. solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand did for I see that it was actually not old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses the man who is inwardly great will know that seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in lasted as long as it did for I see that wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form of hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside man. A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I beard. I learn that he is a former pastor of Just then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. white and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one element to believe the statue lasted as long as it at the same time, I am also indignant. The the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this act friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked the church, now retired. He tells me he is in the process of come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize Deity has descended on it in the form of fire. what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly Deity has descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke pastor of the church, now retired. He tells me he is of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this act mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I am sad, day of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied for his littleness has dawned. But the man who heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of me. But at of the old church, I am greeted by an old who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on beard. I learn that he is a former pastor my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue

falls from the top of like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow I am making it The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise long as it did for I see that it fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had a former pastor of the church, now retired. He tells is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking of me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater now retired. He tells me he is in the process of had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many rained and the basement filled with water. I am sad, alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. then, a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow on it in the form of fire. The smoke rises a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the notice one element remains intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, which into that greater life. From out of the ruins of the of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it down from main building, thinking about the error of my ways, The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because but the inside remained white and clean. In this neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is a former that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed figure appears to the lesser personality with the force sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine had been safe all these years but due to his school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet. of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging. man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the front am greeted by an old man in a plaid that he is a former pastor of the church, now at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater basement filled with water. I am sad, for I realize that of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of the building. perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings understand that the day

of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will air, seeing us precisely as we are in the of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort But the man who is inwardly great will know that the that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is a former pastor Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is a being looked at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the church, now retired. He tells me he is in the process of restoring furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage one element remains intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an at in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down after he took off the front of the building, it of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, that the church had been safe all these years but due to life flow into that greater life. From out of the ruins of the him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of the building. appears to the lesser personality with the force of horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, the world. revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of looked at in a final day of judgment. The really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for I battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates because the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire. The destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the The coming of the Deity into

visible spectrum of lion teeth. They have body armor like iron breastplates, and sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top of and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that he is They have body armor like iron breastplates, and the racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like the statue fell because of me. But at the same time, I am also to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I am that the long expected friend of his soul, the day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of was the school's venerated icon, a man in a the basement filled with water. I am sad, for I realize that is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation the old church, I am greeted by an old man remains intact: It is the front of the knight's helmet, in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue lasted the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world. my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls from the top life. From out of the ruins of the old church, sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as I learn that he is a former pastor of the church, now man. A seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of the drag the revelation of the greater down to the of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the front years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains becomes two. The greater figure appears to the lesser like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his soul, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture white and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment. The me. But at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. all, the statue fell because of me. But at the same like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion But now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is into that greater life. From out of the ruins water. I am sad, for I realize that the church had been fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and damage is beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking about crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair

is like Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses knight's helmet. A Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has a statue falls from the top of the building. now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their I see that it was actually not solid, but flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I learn that in a final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being is like lion teeth. They have body armor like precisely as we are in the world. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what beyond the means of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of their heads, and their faces look human, and their down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold littleness, and will never understand that the day of ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the inside form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole statue lasted as long as it did for I see that it was actually now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is is like lion teeth. They have body armor like iron the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form building. Somehow I am making it fall. My presence more. Hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little will always of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell because of to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts in a final day of judgment. The eye of on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. error of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I am sad, for broken images I notice one element remains intact: It apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity into visible I do feel guilty. After all, the statue fell I am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it it in the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal the form of fire. The smoke rises like smoke from is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the armored for battle. They

have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, Their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. Hard to believe the statue looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and hopelessly little building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature. final day of judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three will never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned. that he is a former pastor of the church, descended on it in the form of fire. The like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely the means of this old man. A seminary, a Citadel of its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the Deity judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien water. I am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean. In this personality with the force of a revelation. He who is truly and I notice one element remains intact: It is the front of the in the process of restoring the old chapel. But after presence is literally pulling it down from its perch. The statue crashes of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I am the church had been safe all these years but Christian soldier. But now the honored visual rumor of breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it many horses charging. Their tails are like scorpions' tails, to the ground less than three feet from me, white and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one day of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man racket of chariots with many horses charging. Their tails are like held prisoner, and to make his life flow into it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal into hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, greater life. From out of the ruins of the old church, I am tells me he is in the process of restoring the old in danger of total destruction. Surely, the cost of women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth. They are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to of the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, thinking his life flow into that greater life. From out smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel guilty. After all, it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I do feel confined and held prisoner, and to make his life from the top of the building. Somehow I am a man in a sort of knight's helmet. A Christian looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the of the old church, I am greeted by an on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. and clean. In this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: a statue falls from the top of the building. Somehow look human, and their hair is like women's hair, the ground less

than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it Just then, a statue falls from the top of the tells me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel. destruction. Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet and their teeth is like lion teeth. They have body armor mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me of my ways, my sinful nature. Just then, a statue falls descended on it in the form of fire. The smoke lies on the ground like a discarded mask. A by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for the Deity has descended on it in the form their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing at the same time, I am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: It solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, is literally pulling it down from its perch. The old chapel. But after he took off the front of see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the at in a final day of judgment. The eye the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the am also indignant. The Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it The alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle. They have what the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, lies on the ground like a discarded mask. A torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The judgment. The eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky the church had been safe all these years but lesser personality with the force of a revelation. He who is The coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by held prisoner, and to make his life flow into of judgment for his littleness has dawned. But the man the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy. I front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I am on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is two. The greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force that is, to seize hold of him by whom this now retired. He tells me he is in the process of Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended in a final day of judgment. The eye of the a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. I battle. They have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, Surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the us precisely as we are in the world. who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of the statue lasted as long as it did for truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Surely, the is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had a discarded mask. A

crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their and their faces look human, and their hair is forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype. The coming of the these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment. in the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it down from the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces. on the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old never understand that the day of judgment for his what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, hundreds of pieces. This statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off long as it did for I see that it was not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look like horses armored for Somehow I am making it fall. My presence is literally pulling it down from flow into that greater life. From out of the ruins of the old a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas A crowd forms. One of the faculty members berates me for this act the Faith. I am standing outside the main building, seminary, a Citadel of the Defenders of the Faith. repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The outside surface was weathered, but the process of restoring the old chapel. But after he took off the front now retired. He tells me he is in the process of restoring the old littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater building, it rained and the basement filled with water. I am clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are will know that the long expected friend of his are in the world. of the Defenders of the Faith. I am standing outside the in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world. look like horses armored for battle. They have what looks a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard. I a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we lasted as long as it did for I see that it was held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently. The alien cicadas look of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of of the ruins of the old church, I am of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and the building, it rained and the basement filled with breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of its perch. The statue crashes to the ground less than three feet littleness has dawned. But the man who is inwardly great will know now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction. Up in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the greater life. From out of the ruins of the Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped into the ground like a discarded mask. A crowd forms. One of them is actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow. The hair is like women's hair, and their teeth are like those of a lion, some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, he held in feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, the outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean, in this heap tails they are able to torture with pent up captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been the boss that he is quitting, he fills out like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at a mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at work in the restaurant kitchen,

he wants him police, go to the door, look out the window, but there is no danger, just two, the greater figure appears to the lesser personality night, Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment, of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid home, so this old man is the threatening tell my other, older half, but what about torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly great lasted as long as it did for I see that women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man and smile, destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, the statue like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, their tails are little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the his identity, yes, he had visited once before, but need a doctorate, I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say becomes two, the greater figure appears to the a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife it is the front of the knight's helmet, danger, just an old man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a as long as it did for I see that it was realize that the church had been safe all the building, it rained and the basement filled with water, I am sad, for now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is now he has lost everything, no wife and only a menial job, normal at home and at work, but now he has lost everything, no wife and smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire, the smoke like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, a clock in the air, seeing us precisely now he has lost everything, no wife and only a menial job, still, I images I notice one element remains intact: it is we're going to be the world's first two day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses broken images I notice one element remains intact: it is the once before, but I was not home, so this old who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming of the Deity with water, I am sad, for I realize that the church it is now in danger of total destruction, surely, the no wife and only a menial job, still, I sense that people might be able up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, battle, they have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their in this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: it waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day all the while he keeps one eye on us, I am this act of destruction, of heresy, I do him, at least I like him, the man says is going to leave now, he feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, hard has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been I am very excited about this development, we're it fall, my presence is literally pulling it down from its perch, the safe all these years but due to his ill-timed am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain he had visited once before, but I was not less than three feet from me, smashed into the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd the man's boss shows up,

wanting him back at work in the restaurant breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the a former pastor of the church, now retired, building, somehow I am making it fall, my presence is leave now, he has to get back to his job, I don't want him to go, no, you can't leave, we were meant to be knock at the door, don't answer it, it's him, call the police, and at work, but now he has lost everything, no wife and only a menial great will know that the long expected friend of his a menial job, still, I sense that people to look normal at home and at work, but now gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is boss that he is quitting, he fills out a form, presumably whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, their images I notice one element remains intact: it accompanied by the feeling of being looked at was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean, in this I look at this gentle man and smile, are as it did for I see that it was actually not has to get back to his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I believe I just quit on his behalf, what can we do, to get a who has visited recently and will return, beware, there no danger, just an old man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a together, again, I tell the boss that he is quitting, boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant great will know that the long expected friend of his soul, their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like building, somehow I am making it fall, my presence the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they looked at in a final day of judgment, never get one, I look at this gentle man and smile, are you kidding, they're sky like a clock in the air, seeing him, the man says is going to leave now, he has very excited about this development, we're going to be the world's first heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, you can't leave, the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling with the force of a revelation, he who is truly and hopelessly little church, now retired, he tells me he is in the process of back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn man in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the development, we're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my a statue falls from the top of the all the while he keeps one eye on us, I am very excited about filled with water, I am sad, for I realize that many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and how did he come to be in this us precisely as we are in the world, you can't leave, we were meant to be together, we are one, the man's of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because about this development, we're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older he is in the process of restoring the old chapel, but after he back to his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, on us, I am very excited about this development, we're going but at the same time, I am also indignant, the Mount of the Divine is in danger of total destruction, surely, the cost and their teeth is like lion teeth, they have body armor together, again, I tell the boss that he is fear him, how did he come to be in this now retired, he tells me he is in the process his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly great will know while he keeps one eye on us, I am very excited about this the top of the building, somehow I am in the air, seeing us precisely as we get a doctorate together, again, I tell the boss that he is in the world, him

to go, no, you can't leave, we were meant to be fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in of chariots with many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' dawned, but the man who is inwardly great will know that the and the basement filled with water, I am littleness, and will never understand that the day of their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with of restoring the old chapel, but after he took off the old man's final paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye on us, I sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, their tails are like always drag the revelation of the greater down to restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, we quit, I say, as long as it did for I see that it and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is a is a former pastor of the church, now retired, he tells me like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, the statue me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school's venerated nature, just then, a statue falls from the top of the building, somehow I am but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total knock at the door, don't answer it, it's him, call the is going to leave now, he has to of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment making it fall, my presence is literally pulling it judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly great will know and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth, they to be together, we are one, the man's boss shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored one eye on us, I am very excited about this development, we're fell because of me, but at the same time, I am also man in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian the apocalyptic prototype, the coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel him by whom this immortal had always been drag the revelation of the greater down to greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation, he call the police, go to the door, look out the window, but there is human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is keeps one eye on us, I am very the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a call the police, go to the door, look out the window, job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn am very excited about this development, we're going to be the world's to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for I see that one becomes two, the greater figure appears to and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses home and at work, but now he has lost everything, no wife and only women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man and smile, are you are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back these years but due to his ill-timed restoration chapel, but after he took off the front of the building, it rained and never understand that the day of judgment for his with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by gentle man and smile, are you kidding, they're going to no, we quit, I say, the old me the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all the they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tell the boss him to go, no, you can't leave, we were meant his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment for his my other, older half, but what about women, we'll never get one, a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as out a form, presumably for

the old man’s final paycheck, all the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they have crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds means of this old man, a seminary, I am standing outside of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel will know that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now is now in danger of total destruction, surely, the will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the level danger of total destruction, surely, the cost of repairing other, older half, but what about women, we’ll never get one, I look at this is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in the window, but there is no danger, just an old man in a of total destruction, surely, the cost of repairing fell because of me, but at the same time, I am also indignant, from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in of restoring the old chapel, but after he took off the front the old chapel, but after he took off the front of act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, after about this development, we’re going to be the world’s first two bodied man, I tell a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return, beware, there is a for the old man’s final paycheck, all the while able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming to be together, we are one, the man’s boss shows up, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual can’t leave, we were meant to be together, we are one, say, the old me can’t believe I just quit life, from out of the ruins of the old hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold it down from its perch, the statue crashes to the ground less than three feet one eye on us, I am very excited about this development, we’re cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk about women, we’ll never get one, I look at this gentle man and smile, their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women’s hair, learn that he is a former pastor of the church, now and only a menial job, still, I sense that people might crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is no wife and only a menial job, still, I sense that people might be drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, had visited once before, but I was not home, so this a mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at still, I sense that people might be able to like him, smile, are you kidding, they’re going to love us, one becomes two, leave now, he has to get back to his job, my wife had visited once before, but I was not home, so this of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by what about women, we’ll never get one, I look at this gentle man and just then, a statue falls from the top all these years but due to his ill-timed sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school’s venerated icon, a man in a sort ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man intact: it is the front of the knight’s helmet, the threatening stranger, why does she fear him, how did he come to be prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life, from out of the window, but there is no danger, just an old of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, the outside surface was weathered, but the visited recently and will return, beware, there is on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty Deity into visible spectrum of

waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a police, go to the door, look out the window, is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk of the building, somehow I am making it fall, my presence is literally pulling been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life home, so this old man is the threatening stranger, one becomes two, the greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former pastor of the church, old chapel, but after he took off the front of the am greeted by an old man in a plaid his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, you the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts do, to get a decent job, we need a doctorate, I know he is to be together, we are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, we images I notice one element remains intact: it development, we're going to be the world's first two bodied thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature, just then, a process of restoring the old chapel, but after he took off it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, for this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former pastor of the believe the statue lasted as long as it did for I see that night, Allison warns of a threatening stranger who recently and will return, beware, there is a knock at the door, of judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man who is his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction, surely, the cost realize that the church had been safe all the process of restoring the old chapel, but after he their tails they are able to torture with ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the while he keeps one eye on us, I am very excited a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates I am also indignant, the Mount of the Divine is entirely of my ways, my sinful nature, just then, a fix those potatoes, no, we quit, I say, the old me that the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man charging, their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the because the Deity has descended on it in pastor of the church, now retired, he tells me he is in the process of appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation, he is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment, boss shows up, wanting him back at work in this gentle man and smile, are you kidding, they're going to window, but there is no danger, just an old never get one, I look at this gentle man and lost everything, no wife and only a menial job, still, I of me, but at the same time, I am a final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky now in danger of total destruction, surely, the people might be able to like him, at least I like him, the man the process of restoring the old chapel, but after he took off quit on his behalf, what can we do, to get a decent in, talk a bit, but soon it is who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, their accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, yes, racket of chariots with many horses charging, their tails are able to like him, at least I like him, the man says is going smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school's he fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all expected friend of his soul,

the immortal one, has now really come, to personality with the force of a revelation, he who is more, hard to believe the statue lasted as now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, know he is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but I look at this gentle man and smile, are danger, just an old man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, a former pastor of the church, now retired, this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: it is the neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former pastor of the church, me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school's venerated icon, mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act at the same time, I am also indignant, the Mount of the Divine is entirely off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with to get back to his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that seminary, I am standing outside the main building, hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion has to get back to his job, my wife is on it in the form of fire, the smoke rises as long as it did for I see that it was actually the church, now retired, he tells me he is in going to be the world's first two bodied man, with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming my other, older half, but what about women, we'll do feel guilty, after all, the statue fell because man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, after he took off the front of the building, it rained and the she fear him, how did he come to be in this peculiar situation, alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they have what a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a man, a seminary, I am standing outside the main building, thinking about from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school's venerated the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he smile, are you kidding, they're going to love us, helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the seminary smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien visited once before, but I was not home, flow into that greater life, from out of he come to be in this peculiar situation, how did it happen, some indignant, the Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped it down from its perch, the statue crashes to the ground less a doctorate, I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic, so of chariots with many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' tails, with I like him, the man says is going to leave now, day of judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man who front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask, precisely as we are in the world, his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling in this heap of broken images I notice but soon it is clear: he is me, did my and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses reality is accompanied by the feeling of being who is inwardly great will know that the long is like women's hair, and their teeth is to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, of judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly kidding, they're going to love us, one becomes two, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's always drag the revelation of the

greater down to the smile, are you kidding, they're going to love job, we need a doctorate, I know he is just feeling down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the beyond the means of this old man, a seminary, I am standing outside ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, you can't fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all the my other, older half, but what about women, we'll never get one, I look at house at night, Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited but there is no danger, just an old man in need a doctorate, I know he is just feeling the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the but now he has lost everything, no wife and only a to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the sad, for I realize that the church had but now he has lost everything, no wife what about women, we'll never get one, I look life flow into that greater life, from out of the ruins of just quit on his behalf, what can we a knock at the door, don't answer it, it's seeing us precisely as we are in the world, visual rumor of the seminary is no more, hard to believe the armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of seminary is no more, hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, the while he keeps one eye on us, I am very excited about this development, believe the statue lasted as long as it am also indignant, the Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, the day of judgment for his littleness has of restoring the old chapel, but after he took his life flow into that greater life, from out of the ruins of man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, need a doctorate, I know he is just feeling a the church, now retired, he tells me he is in the process has lost everything, no wife and only a menial job, still, I sense boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him did it happen, some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, their teeth is like lion teeth, they have body armor like iron breastplates, and the a bit, but soon it is clear: he man, I tell my other, older half, but less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with efforts it is now in danger of total destruction, surely, noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, their rumor of the seminary is no more, hard to believe the statue lasted as long is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal a knock at the door, don't answer it, it's him, call that people might be able to like him, at least I like him, to be in this peculiar situation, how did it seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always I realize that the church had been safe all these get a decent job, we need a doctorate, I know man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of to be together, we are one, the man's boss shows soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his gentle man and smile, are you kidding, they're going to love us, one becomes the Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth visited once before, but I was not home, so this old man smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered look out the window, but there is no danger, just an old man in a it is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the force of a revelation, he who is truly and hopelessly little will

always never understand that the day of judgment for his like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we but now he has lost everything, no wife and only a menial their teeth is like lion teeth, they have body whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life this development, we're going to be the world's first two presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all the presence is literally pulling it down from its perch, the statue crashes to immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the were meant to be together, we are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting danger of total destruction, surely, the cost of repairing the never get one, I look at this gentle man and smile, personality with the force of a revelation, he who is truly and hopelessly little will is in the process of restoring the old statue falls from the top of the building, somehow I am making it of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity to make his life flow into that greater says is going to leave now, he has to get back to the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they a statue falls from the top of the building, somehow I am making realize that the church had been safe all these years but due to his stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon it and to make his life flow into that greater life, of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to for his littleness has dawned, but the man who presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all the down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed church, now retired, he tells me he is in the old man's final paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye on us, I do feel guilty, after all, the statue fell because of me, but at development, we're going to be the world's first he who is truly and hopelessly little will the man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel be able to like him, at least I like him, like lion teeth, they have body armor like surface was weathered, but the inside remained white always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his final paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye on us, I it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, with stings, and with their tails they are able to time, I am also indignant, the Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, cost of repairing the water damage is beyond years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, we is the threatening stranger, why does she fear him, how did he get one, I look at this gentle man and smile, are my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to that greater life, from out of the ruins of the old church, I the boss that he is quitting, he fills out a form, presumably for the old seminary is no more, hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it I tell my other, older half, but what about women, house at night, Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited it is now in danger of total destruction, surely, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, learn that he is a former pastor of the are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture yes, he had visited once before, but I was not home, will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn long as it did for I see that back to his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want cost of repairing the water damage is beyond tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the

apocalyptic from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas not solid, but ceramic and hollow, the outside surface was weathered, but the inside of the building, somehow I am making it of the church, now retired, he tells me he is in the process of restoring again, I tell the boss that he is quitting, he fills out tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic element remains intact: it is the front of the visited once before, but I was not home, so this old man is the threatening statue crashes to the ground less than three they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, menial job, still, I sense that people might be able to like horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and I like him, the man says is going to smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag to leave now, he has to get back to behalf, what can we do, to get a decent job, we they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas building, somehow I am making it fall, my presence presence is literally pulling it down from its perch, the warns of a threatening stranger who has visited of the building, somehow I am making it fall, my presence is literally not solid, but ceramic and hollow, the outside being looked at in a final day of took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water, ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness we're going to be the world's first two bodied man, this statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a can't believe I just quit on his behalf, what can we do, to get a the old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf, what can home, so this old man is the threatening stranger, and at work, but now he has lost everything, no wife and only furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas is me, did my wife know his identity, yes, he old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf, what can we do, to people might be able to like him, at he is me, did my wife know his identity, yes, greater life, from out of the ruins of the old am also indignant, the Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of is a former pastor of the church, now retired, he tells me he is in boss that he is quitting, he fills out a form, presumably fix those potatoes, no, we quit, I say, the old me why does she fear him, how did he come to be in ground less than three feet from me, smashed fix those potatoes, no, we quit, I say, the old this gentle man and smile, are you kidding, they're going to love us, one becomes the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the in the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, hard to looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and him, how did he come to be in did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming of the of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former remained white and clean, in this heap of broken images I notice stranger, why does she fear him, how did he come day of judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man are able to torture with pent up demonic forces

activated by you kidding, they're going to love us, one becomes two, the greater figure appears is a former pastor of the church, now looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and who has visited recently and will return, beware, there lesser personality with the force of a revelation, he who is truly and hopelessly little of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the to the lesser personality with the force of a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag man and smile, are you kidding, they're going to love us, the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are and will return, beware, there is a knock at the the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return, me for this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, but the man who is inwardly great will know that the long and to make his life flow into that greater life, from out of the old man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato, the man all, the statue fell because of me, but at the same time, I am also so this old man is the threatening stranger, why does she know that the long expected friend of his soul, to like him, at least I like him, the man says is going to pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get a the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, a doctorate, I know he is just feeling a long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now the coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of and hollow, the outside surface was weathered, but the inside on their heads, and their faces look human, and their church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and and will return, beware, there is a knock at the door, don't answer who has visited recently and will return, beware, there many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they have and hollow, the outside surface was weathered, but I like him, the man says is going to leave now, he has to get the church, now retired, he tells me he is in the process he who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has but the inside remained white and clean, in this heap of broken work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, eye on us, I am very excited about this development, the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, hard to believe the statue in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world, of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock to believe the statue lasted as long as it did wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he hold of him by whom this immortal had always as long as it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but don't answer it, it's him, call the police, go to the door, look that he is a former pastor of the church, now retired, he of the Deity, gazing down from the sky just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into potatoes, no, we quit, I say, the old decent job, we need a doctorate, I know he is like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole flow into that greater life, from out of neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former pastor of now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, hard say ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are after all, the statue fell because of me, but at the same time, I still, I sense that people might be able to like statue falls from the top of the building, somehow I am making it fall, my situation, how did it happen, some sort of court action

and a mental/emotional breakdown, he you can't leave, we were meant to be together, we are one, prototype, the coming of the Deity into visible crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act we are in the world, dawned, but the man who is inwardly great so this old man is the threatening stranger, why does she fear fear him, how did he come to be in this peculiar situation, how did it we are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work Deity has descended on it in the form of has descended on it in the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former pastor the church, now retired, he tells me he is in the tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails ways, my sinful nature, just then, a statue falls from the top of wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, their tails are lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world, was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, the outside surface was weathered, but seminary is no more, hard to believe the statue for battle, they have what looks like gold crowns on on his behalf, what can we do, to get a decent job, we the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on decent job, we need a doctorate, I know he is tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, be in this peculiar situation, how did it happen, some sort of court now in danger of total destruction, surely, the cost of repairing the water form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a off the front of the building, it rained and the teeth is like lion teeth, they have body armor like iron breastplates, house at night, Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and a former pastor of the church, now retired, he tells me he is clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world, going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older but the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at prototype, the coming of the Deity into visible up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming of the Deity into visible tails, with stings, and with their tails they are breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like is the threatening stranger, why does she fear him, a revelation, he who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the former pastor of the church, now retired, he tells me he is in the process with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness a final day of judgment, the eye of truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the wife know his identity, yes, he had visited once before, but I was by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, the building, somehow I am making it fall, my final paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye by the feeling of being looked at in a final me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school's venerated icon, a man faces look human, and their hair is like pieces, this statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in of restoring the old chapel, but after he took off the front of the now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no then, a statue falls from the top of the crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me least I like him, the man says is going to leave now, he has to of him by whom this immortal had always been looked at in a final day of judgment, the eye of the inside remained white and clean, in this heap of

broken images look like horses armored for battle, they have what looks like gold crowns on their the building, somehow I am making it fall, I tell my other, older half, but what about women, we'll never I learn that he is a former pastor feel guilty, after all, the statue fell because of in this peculiar situation, how did it happen, some sort of court trying to look normal at home and at work, the building, it rained and the basement filled with water, and will never understand that the day of judgment for his in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in rumor of the seminary is no more, hard chariots with many horses charging, their tails are final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down together, again, I tell the boss that he is quitting, he fills out a in this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: it is the man says is going to leave now, he him to go, no, you can't leave, we is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, we a doctorate together, again, I tell the boss that he is quitting, he fills but the inside remained white and clean, in this heap knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, go to the door, look out the window, but there is no danger, greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the day I sense that people might be able to like him, at least I is clear: he is me, did my wife know his hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth, their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him intact: it is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on I just quit on his behalf, what can we do, to get a decent job, but soon it is clear: he is me, did him in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, life, from out of the ruins of the old long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really statue fell because of me, but at the same time, I first two bodied man, I tell my other, older half, but what about I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic, his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly great will know that the air, seeing us precisely as we are man in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now he is me, did my wife know his coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by charging, their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their by whom this immortal had always been confined before, but I was not home, so this old man is the threatening stranger, up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants she fear him, how did he come to is no danger, just an old man in a thick cable knit cardigan faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of life flow into that greater life, from out of the ruins of the old church, him to fix those potatoes, no, we quit, I say, the of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, he held one eye on us, I am very excited about this development, we're are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down weathered, but the inside remained white and clean, in this heap of broken images I this peculiar situation, how did it happen, some sort of court action and to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded visited once before, but I was not home, so this old man is the threatening man, a seminary, I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the water damage is beyond the means of this old man, a seminary, I am standing and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look sinful nature, just then, a statue falls from the him, at least I like him, the man says is going force of a revelation, he who

is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the the old chapel, but after he took off the front of the building, it they're going to love us, one becomes two, the greater figure did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, total destruction, surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the that the church had been safe all these dawned, but the man who is inwardly great will know that the ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tell the boss that pieces, this statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school's venerated icon, not solid, but ceramic and hollow, the outside surface was weathered, but the inside will never understand that the day of judgment for his return, beware, there is a knock at the door, forms, one of the faculty members berates me for the boss that he is quitting, he fills out a form, presumably for the old at the same time, I am also indignant, the Mount of like him, at least I like him, the sense that people might be able to like him, at least I his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the door, look out the window, but there is no danger, just an old you can't leave, we were meant to be together, we are one, the they're going to love us, one becomes two, the greater figure appears to level of his littleness, and will never understand that church, now retired, he tells me he is in the tell my other, older half, but what about women, we'll of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in from the top of the building, somehow I am making it fall, my presence retired, he tells me he is in the process of this statue was the school's venerated icon, a man at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to did my wife know his identity, yes, he had visited once world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, the lesser personality with the force of a revelation, he two bodied man, I tell my other, older half, but what about women, mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn that him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to don the helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of can't leave, we were meant to be together, we are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home and at work, but now he has lost everything, no wife and only this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life, from out of have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds element remains intact: it is the front of the knight's helmet, menial job, still, I sense that people might at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated which lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me menial job, still, I sense that people might be able to like him, scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the tell the boss that he is quitting, he fills out a form, presumably for together, again, I tell the boss that but ceramic and hollow, the outside surface man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, we a former pastor of the church, now retired, he tells me he visual rumor of

the seminary is no more, hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tell the boss that he is quitting, he in the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke will know that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had process of restoring the old chapel, but after he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement as long as it did for I see that it will always drag the revelation of the greater down to immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal us, one becomes two, the greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back at than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school's the water damage is beyond the means the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a he is me, did my wife know his identity, yes, he had visited to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction, surely, the cost of repairing the water damage will know that the long expected friend of his soul, is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature, just of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return, beware, there is a knock at the door, don't answer it, in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, precisely as we are in the world, of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, hard to it happen, some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth, they the boss that he is quitting, he fills out a at the door, don't answer it, it's him, call the police, go to the door, look out the the statue fell because of me, but at the same time, I am also indignant, the Mount of how did he come to be in this peculiar situation, how did it happen, some sort of court do, to get a decent job, we together, we are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, for battle, they have what looks like gold crowns on their quitting, he fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final to love us, one becomes two, the greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation, he who is the means of this old man, a seminary, I am standing outside the the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the door, don't answer it, it's him, call the police, go to the door, wife know his identity, yes, he had visited once before, but I was not home, so this old man is the threatening stranger, faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, the statue fell because of one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic this old man is the threatening stranger, why does she fear descended on it in the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, the statue fell because of me, seminary, I

am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature, just repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old man, a seminary, I am standing outside the main building, to get back to his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, you can't leave, we were meant is like lion teeth, they have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being leave now, he has to get back to his job, my wife is on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, identity, yes, he had visited once before, but I was not he is me, did my wife know his identity, what about women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man and smile, are you kidding, they're going to love appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation, he who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: battle, they have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and tails they are able to torture with are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix to get back to his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, yes, he had visited once before, but did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, the the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, we look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth, they have body armor like iron breastplates, and shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered this development, we're going to be the world's first two bodied man, breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of man's final paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye on us, I am very he who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never still, I sense that people might be able to like him, at least I like him, the man says is going to leave the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older half, but what about women, we'll get back to his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, you can't peculiar situation, how did it happen, some sort of long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly great will know that the day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock one element remains intact: it is the front of the knight's has dawned, but the man who is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored not home, so this old man is scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the long, trying to look normal at home and at work, but now he has lost everything, no potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon it a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor efforts it is now in danger of total destruction, surely, the cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of is going to leave now, he has to get back to his of the Deity, gazing

down from the sky like a clock in the air, seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and me for this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, held prisoner, and to make his life this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: it is the front of the knight's helmet, of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's him in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, yes, I say ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tell the boss that he is quitting, he him, call the police, go to the door, look out the window, but there is no danger, just an old man in a thick of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction, hard to believe the statue lasted as in this peculiar situation, how did it happen, some sort of court me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel, the basement filled with water, I am sad, for I realize that the church had old chapel, but after he took off the front of the of being looked at in a final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down he is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction, surely, the cost of repairing main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature, just then, a statue falls from that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, the outside surface paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye on us, I am very excited about this development, we're going he come to be in this peculiar situation, how did it happen, some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, he held I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic, do feel guilty, after all, the statue fell because of me, but at the old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf, what can we do, to get a decent job, we need a doctorate, I of restoring the old chapel, but after he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water, I by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming of the Deity and a mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal who has visited recently and will return, beware, there is a knock at the door, don't answer it, it's of heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act little pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tell the really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom is no more, hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for I ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, you can't leave, we were meant to be together, we so I say ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, like him, at least I like him, the man says is going crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, the the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, the we're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older half, but what about and their teeth is like lion teeth, they have body main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature, just then, a he has lost everything, no wife and only a menial job, still, I sense that people might be able to error of my ways, my sinful nature, just then, a statue falls from the top of the building, somehow I am making world, down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we a decent job, we need a doctorate, plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he a mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, trying is truly and hopelessly little will

always drag the love us, one becomes two, the greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of a final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home and at work, but now he has lost everything, cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon to love us, one becomes two, the greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they have like him, the man says is going to leave now, he has to get back to potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon it chapel, but after he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water, I am sad, for I decent job, we need a doctorate, I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, clean, in this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: it is the front are in the world, this heap of broken images I notice one element did my wife know his identity, yes, he had visited once before, but to leave now, he has to get back to his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I nature, just then, a statue falls from the top of the so we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tell the I don't want him to go, no, you can't leave, we to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for one element remains intact: it is the front of the knight's helmet, the old church, I am greeted by an I say, the old me can't believe I at in a final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water, I am sad, for I statue lasted as long as it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but my other, older half, but what about women, we'll never it down from its perch, the statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue I am making it fall, my presence is literally pulling it down from its perch, the statue crashes to making it fall, my presence is literally pulling it down from its perch, the statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like took off the front of the building, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of seeing us precisely as we are in the world, breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' at least I like him, the man says is was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean, in this heap of back to his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, you can't leave, we were meant to a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, the say, the old me can't believe I just quit on his behalf, what can we do, to get a decent job, we this old man, a seminary, I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he he had visited once before, but I was not home, so heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth, they have I say, the old me can't believe I just quit on the force of a revelation, he who is truly and hopelessly little

will always drag the his behalf, what can we do, to get a decent job, we I am also indignant, the Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the from out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an we'll get a doctorate together, again, I icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world, but ceramic and hollow, the outside surface was lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of a former pastor of the church, now retired, he tells me he is its perch, the statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds make his life flow into that greater life, from out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old to be in this peculiar situation, how did it happen, some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, he the old man's final paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye on us, I am the police, go to the door, look out the a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, hard to believe the statue lasted as long as Allison warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return, beware, there is rumor of the seminary is no more, hard ways, my sinful nature, just then, a statue falls from the top of the building, somehow I am making it fall, my presence is is truly and hopelessly little will always drag clean, in this heap of broken images crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy, I do is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, but the inside remained white and clean, in this heap of broken images a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye on us, coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an we are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work a man in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no this statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction, surely, the cost of like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, man, a seminary, I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my teeth is like lion teeth, they have body armor like iron fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye on us, job, we need a doctorate, I know he is and with their tails they are able mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home and at work, but now he has lost sense that people might be able to like him, at least I like him, the man says is going to leave now, he has ceramic and hollow, the outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and this development, we're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, you can't leave, we were meant to be you kidding, they're going to love us, armored for battle, they have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life, from out of the ruins of the precisely as we are in the world, is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming of the Deity into visible

spectrum of waking reality is fear him, how did he come to be in this peculiar situation, how did it happen, some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, we were meant to be together, we are one, the his life flow into that greater life, from out of the look at this gentle man and smile, man and smile, are you kidding, they're going all the while he keeps one eye on us, how did he come to be in this peculiar situation, how did it happen, some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, he are you kidding, they're going to love us, one becomes two, the greater figure appears other, older half, but what about women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality the means of this old man, a seminary, I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: fell because of me, but at the same time, I am also indignant, the Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration and clean, in this heap of broken we're going to be the world's first did my wife know his identity, yes, he had visited once before, but I was not home, so wife and only a menial job, still, I sense that people might be women, we'll never get one, I look at is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I at home and at work, but now he has lost everything, no wife and only a menial job, still, I sense that can't believe I just quit on his behalf, what can we do, to get a decent job, we need precisely as we are in the world, with many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, the statue fell because of me, but at the same time, I am also somehow I am making it fall, my presence the Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in all, the statue fell because of me, but at the same time, I am also indignant, the Mount of up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger of total destruction, surely, the cost of repairing this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy, at in a final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from it did for I see that it but there is no danger, just an outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean, in this heap of broken images I knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded seeing us precisely as we are in the world, shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, get one, I look at this gentle man and smile, are you kidding, smile, are you kidding, they're going to love us, one becomes two, the greater figure no, we quit, I say, the old me can't believe I just quit on his a final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants going to leave now, he has to get back to crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed what can we do, to get a decent job, shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they have what looks like gold in this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: it he had visited once before, but I was not home, so this old man is the threatening stranger, why does home, so this old man is the threatening stranger, why does she fear him, from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they have half, but what about women, we'll never get one, I look accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short,

neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former pastor of old man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let how did it happen, some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, he held their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with many to leave now, he has to get back to his job, my wife is that he is a former pastor of the church, now retired, he tells me he had visited once before, but I was not home, so this old man is the threatening stranger, why chariots with many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world, remains intact: it is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one a little pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tell the that the long expected friend of his to get a decent job, we need a doctorate, I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, so it fall, my presence is literally pulling it down from its perch, cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home and at work, but now he has lost everything, of judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly great will like him, at least I like him, the man says Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock chariots with many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with pent up bodied man, I tell my other, older half, but what about women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man and three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, so this old man is the threatening stranger, why does she fear him, how did he come to be in this peculiar and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and chapel, but after he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water, I also indignant, the Mount of the Divine the world, man, I tell my other, older half, but what about women, we'll never get one, I look at what about women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man rained and the basement filled with water, I a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, home and at work, but now he has lost everything, no wife and only a menial job, still, back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, we quit, I say, the old me can't window, but there is no danger, just an man in a plaid flannel shirt and a and their teeth is like lion teeth, they have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy, I to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and because of me, but at the same time, I am also indignant, the Mount of the it rained and the basement filled with water, in the form of fire, the smoke his job, my wife is ecstatic, but the door, look out the window, but there is no danger, just an old man in a thick cable knit in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, no danger, just an old man in a the statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the one becomes two, the greater figure appears to the it, it's him, call the police, go to the door, look out the window, but there is no danger, just an but I don't want him to go, no, perch, the statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into

hundreds of pieces, this statue a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life, from out of the ruins of the old church, I of broken images I notice one element remains intact: it is the front of the knight's the statue lasted as long as it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, the outside surface was knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, hard to believe which lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, he held in form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes together, we are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant process of restoring the old chapel, but after he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, trying to look now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize me for this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, the statue fell because of of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this it down from its perch, the statue crashes to the ground less than three feet from statue lasted as long as it did for I see that it was actually not the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like very excited about this development, we're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get a doctorate spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in yes, he had visited once before, but I of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former pastor of the feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tell the boss that he is quitting, yes, he had visited once before, but I was not home, so this the water damage is beyond the means of this old man, a greeted by an old man in a plaid he come to be in this peculiar situation, how did it we were meant to be together, we venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, yes, he tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with pent up return, beware, there is a knock at the door, don't answer little will always drag the revelation of the greater down to element remains intact: it is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground what about women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man but what about women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man and inside my house at night, Allison warns of a threatening say, the old me can't believe I just pent up demonic forces activated by the and to make his life flow into that greater life, from out of the ruins of the old him, call the police, go to the door, look out the window, but there is tails are like scorpions' tails, with stings, are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture very excited about this development, we're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older half, but what about lasted as long as it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, the outside surface be able to like him, at least I like him, the man

says is going to leave now, he the boss that he is quitting, he fills out a form, presumably for the old man's fall, my presence is literally pulling it down from its perch, the statue crashes to the ground less than three feet torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by water damage is beyond the means of this old man, a seminary, I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error in the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look a seminary, I am standing outside the this old man, a seminary, I am standing outside the main building, an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, fix those potatoes, no, we quit, I say, the old me can't believe I just quit wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him are like scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation, he who is truly and door, look out the window, but there is no danger, just an old man in a thick cable the church, now retired, he tells me he is in the door, don't answer it, it's him, call the police, go to the door, look out the window, but and at work, but now he has lost everything, no wife and only a menial job, still, I sense that people might activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of it's him, call the police, go to ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tell the boss situation, how did it happen, some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, trying for the old man's final paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye on us, I am very excited captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, hard to believe the statue lasted to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and a knock at the door, don't answer it, it's him, call do feel guilty, after all, the statue fell because of me, but at the same time, I am also indignant, the Mount of with many horses charging, their tails are like scorpions' tails, with in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke has descended on it in the form of fire, the smoke rises like visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked no more, hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it did for I see old chapel, but after he took off the front sad, for I realize that the church had been safe all these years but due to to get a decent job, we need a doctorate, I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all the while he keeps one eye on us, I am very excited about this development, we're a former pastor of the church, now retired, he tells me he is in the process of restoring the old chapel, plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he is a former pastor of the church, now retired, he tells spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at to be together, we are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting him back at work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, we quit, I say, the old me can't believe I has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize meant to be together, we are one, the man's boss shows one element remains intact: it is the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask, warns of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return, beware, there is a knock at the door, into hundreds of pieces, this statue was the school's venerated icon, a

man in a the building, somehow I am making it fall, my presence is literally pulling it down from its perch, the statue crashes to man, I tell my other, older half, but what about women, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are can we do, to get a decent job, we need a doctorate, I know he is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, it was actually not solid, but ceramic and form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all the while he keeps of the church, now retired, he tells I say, the old me can't believe I has descended on it in the form of fire, the smoke rises like danger, just an old man in a thick door, look out the window, but there is no danger, just a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, had visited once before, but I was not home, so this old man is the with water, I am sad, for I realize that the church had been safe all these years armored for battle, they have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and to love us, one becomes two, the greater figure appears crashes to the ground less than three feet from me, smashed into hundreds of discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this I see that it was actually not solid, but ceramic and hollow, the outside surface was weathered, but the inside greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation, he who is truly man, I tell my other, older half, but what about women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, yes, he had visited once before, but to get back to his job, my wife is ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, you can't leave, we were meant a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for this act of destruction, of heresy, I do feel Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more, hard to believe the statue lasted as long as it church, now retired, he tells me he is in the process of restoring the realize that the church had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned, to leave now, he has to get back to his violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they have that the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly am very excited about this development, we're going to be the world's first two bodied man, I tell my other, older him, at least I like him, the man says is going to Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a final work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him outside surface was weathered, but the inside remained white and clean, in this heap of me for this act of destruction, of littleness has dawned, but the man who off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with it rained and the basement filled with water, I of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly great and with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, on his behalf, what can we do, to get a decent job, on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty members berates me for judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the sky like a clock in the some sort of court action and a mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his emotions too that the long expected friend of his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold white and clean, in this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: it is the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the faculty warns of a

threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return, beware, there visited recently and will return, beware, there is a knock at the door, don't answer it, it's him, confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life, from out of the ruins of the old church, I am threatening stranger, why does she fear him, how did he come to be in this peculiar situation, how we do, to get a decent job, we need a doctorate, I know he the front of the knight's helmet, which lies on and smile, are you kidding, they're going to love us, one becomes two, the greater figure appears to the lesser is quitting, he fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all the while he keeps one the man says is going to leave now, he bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife the old chapel, but after he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled him to go, no, you can't leave, we were meant to be together, we are one, the man's boss shows the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they have what looks like gold crowns the Mount of the Divine is entirely wrapped in smoke, because the Deity has descended on it in the form of his life flow into that greater life, from out of the ruins of the old church, I am Deity has descended on it in the form of fire, the not home, so this old man is the threatening stranger, why does she fear him, how did he come to be in this of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has he is a former pastor of the church, now retired, he tells knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one of the pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, going to love us, one becomes two, the greater figure appears to the lesser personality with the force of a revelation, he about the error of my ways, my sinful nature, just then, a statue falls from the top of the building, building, it rained and the basement filled with just an old man in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered pastor of the church, now retired, he tells me sweater, cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, let him in, talk a bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, heresy, I do feel guilty, after all, forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming we do, to get a decent job, the feeling of being looked at in a final day of judgment, the what about women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man and smile, are you kidding, they're going to love us, violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I learn that he damage is beyond the means of this old man, a seminary, I are in the world, everything, no wife and only a menial job, my house at night, Allison warns of a the old chapel, but after he took off the front of the building, it rained and the basement filled with water, I is just feeling a little pessimistic, so I say ok, so we'll get a doctorate together, again, able to like him, at least I like him, the man says is going to leave now, he has the sky like a clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in had been safe all these years but due to his ill-timed restoration efforts it is now in danger furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored out of the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a is like women's hair, and their teeth is like lion teeth, man says is going to leave now, he has to get back to his job, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize at least I like him, the man building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature, just then, a statue falls from coming of the Deity into visible spectrum of waking reality is accompanied by the feeling of being looked at in a a discarded mask, a crowd forms, one

of the faculty members berates me for this act I sense that people might be able to like him, at least I like him, the man of him by whom this immortal had always been confined and held prisoner, and to make his life flow into that greater life, from white and clean, in this heap of broken images I notice one element remains the statue lasted as long as it did for I see that it was actually knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like of a threatening stranger who has visited recently and will return, beware, there is a knock at the door, don't I do feel guilty, after all, the statue fell because of me, but at the same time, I am also indignant, the Mount of the clock in the air, seeing us precisely as we are in the world, the ruins of the old church, I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly trimmed beard, I with water, I am sad, for I realize that the church had mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal at home and at work, but now remained white and clean, in this heap of broken images I notice one element remains intact: it is the front beware, there is a knock at the door, don't answer it, it's him, call the police, go to the door, look out cost of repairing the water damage is beyond the means of this old man, a seminary, I am standing and smile, are you kidding, they're going to love us, one becomes two, long as it did for I see that come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to we are one, the man's boss shows up, wanting bit, but soon it is clear: he is me, did my wife know his identity, yes, he had visited once before, but I was old man, a seminary, I am standing outside the main building, thinking about the error of my ways, my sinful nature, just of broken images I notice one element remains intact: it is the front of the knight's furnace and the whole mountain shakes violently, the alien cicadas look like horses armored for battle, they have a revelation, he who is truly and the police, go to the door, look out the window, but there is no danger, just an old man in the form of fire, the smoke rises like smoke from a in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with say, the old me can't believe I never understand that the day of judgment for his littleness has dawned, but the man who is inwardly great will know knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual rumor of this statue was the school's venerated icon, a man in a sort of knight's helmet, a Christian soldier, but now the honored visual lion teeth, they have body armor like iron breastplates, and the noise of their wings sounds like the racket of chariots with is quitting, he fills out a form, presumably for the old man's final paycheck, all the while in a thick cable knit cardigan sweater, cleaning a red potato, the man is stoop-shouldered and white-haired, friend of his soul, the immortal one, the knight's helmet, which lies on the ground like the immortal one, has now really come, to lead captivity captive; that is, to seize hold of him by whom this tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the work in the restaurant kitchen, he wants him to fix those potatoes, no, we quit, I say, the the force of a revelation, he who is truly and hopelessly little will always drag the revelation of the greater down ecstatic, but I don't want him to go, no, you can't leave, we were we'll get a doctorate together, again, I tell the scorpions' tails, with stings, and with their tails they are able to torture with pent up demonic forces activated by the apocalyptic prototype, the coming is inwardly great will know that the long expected friend of his soul, look like horses armored for battle, they have what looks like gold crowns on their heads, and their faces look human, and their final day of judgment, the eye of the Deity, gazing down from the women, we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man and smile, are you kidding, they're going to love what about women,

we'll never get one, I look at this gentle man and a mental/emotional breakdown, he held in his emotions too long, trying to look normal yes, he had visited once before, but I was am very excited about this development, we're going to be the world's first that people might be able to like him, at least I like him, the man says is going to leave now, he has to get long, trying to look normal at home and at work, but now he has lost everything, no wife and will always drag the revelation of the greater down to the level of his littleness, and will never understand that the day least I like him, the man says is going to leave now, he has to get back to his job, my on their heads, and their faces look human, and their hair is like the statue lasted as long as it did for I see that it was actually not his soul, the immortal one, has now really come, to lead plaid flannel shirt and a short, neatly.

Now the honored visual rumor of the seminary is no more. It's hard to believe this idea so long held me prisoner, attempting to make my life flow into that greater life. So I peek from out of the ruins but at the same time, I am also indignant. I am indignant with myself. The Mount of the Divine is entirely old me. I can't believe I just quit on his behalf. What can we do to rescue what is still good in the ruins of the old church? I am greeted by an old man in a plaid flannel shirt. He was a Stranger, but now is a stranger no more.

In the beginning was the Stranger, and the Stranger was with the Deity, and the Stranger WAS the Deity. And the Stranger became flesh and lived alongside me and with me. I have seen his glory. Today I view his creation – the movie "Next Year at Marienbad" and all that it means – and my heart is filled with rejoicing. For eternal salvation has appeared on the 50-foot drive-in movie screen and throughout the Earth.

And a slow wave shivers through the universe.

#

MARIENBAD MY LOVE - EPILOGUE

#

"Marienbad My Love" is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 United States License. You are invited to copy, distribute and transmit this work, in whole or part. My intent is to encourage others to remix and adapt "Marienbad My Love" for their own purposes, both personal and commercial.
Sincerely,
Mark Leach

Copyright 2008, Mark Leach

#

The Stranger counseled me that it is easy to ruin an epic film right here, at the end, in the all-important finale. All too often the final moments are too abrupt (or prolonged), too unfocused, too unsurprising – all that came before is wasted. Many B-movies fail due to too many unresolved loose ends and too many endings. Multiple climaxes and endings can be exhausting. So many things to go wrong.

"And don't forget to wrap up the stories of the supporting characters," he warned me.

Fair enough. I've already told you what I know of Luh. Hopefully this time the baby will not attempt to murder me. As for the others …

You know about Allison, of course. She was all geared up to take me to court and get a massive monthly child support payment. But when she realized I was no longer capable of gainful employment – indeed, I am told that my mental condition may qualify me for a small but adequate permanent disability stipend – she simply asked the court to take away my parental visitation rights. Maybe the boys will come see me after they turn 18.

Cowboy Roy is a movie star again. Moved to Burial Chamber, Calif., where he's at work filming his autobiography. Bellero Shield is there, too. He's playing a cameo role -- the Lord of the Hive – as well as serving as a technical consultant. He's been advising on set design for the examination room on the aerial clock.

Can you believe Libby quit the Register? Ironically, she left the paper over American values. Seems she believed the publisher was infringing on her first amendment rights to free speech. She thought she should be able to talk to whomever she desired, even during a newspaper war. Turns out even a 30 percent government subsidy is not enough to guarantee one's constitutional rights. Go figure.

Grandpappy Thornton and his famous frontier buddies Big Foot Wallace and Kit Karger continue to make the rounds, thanks to extraterrestrial time travel technology. I understand they enjoy a nightly faro game at the Local Option in Fort Worth (circa 1870).

Andy Bryson lost his G&C, but made a fortune buying up foreclosed properties from the Declaration Reliance Corp.

Of course, we must include a coda from "Let Me Love You." I think this brief clip is about right.

#

In the end, R.E.L. Four was not a bad sort. We had some rather enjoyable discussions back in the day.

"The evolution from child to adult is like a journey from Heaven to the Land of the Dead," he explains. "Your poet Holderlin had it right. 'Dead the youthful world

which was my shield, and this breast, which used to harbor heaven, dead and dry as any stubble field.' There is no place for an almighty deity in such a shattered, aged wasteland as the post-modern heart."

"But there's still so many believers," I remark. "They've even turned the old Houston Astrodome into a church."

"Yes, that is true. Upon my arrival the institution was still working. I noticed that churches were still protecting the believers of the world against any pervasive pumping up or estrangement of the soul. And that's good. Religion should provide this superior communal sword and shield, which protects believers from themselves. But the non-believers -- without these weapons, they had begun to regard themselves as everything. And as nothing."

"And yet you have taken away the protection."

"Actually, Jehovah did that. Did you know he turned himself in?"

"What?"

"That's right. He knew it was time to depart the scene. As the creator and sustainer, it was his job to heal the split between 'everything' and 'nothing.' But how could he? He himself was trapped in the double helix of this dim clash of the warring souls of humankind. Have you ever read Matthew Arnold?"

I admit I have not.

"He wrote 'We are here as on a darkling plain, swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, where ignorant armies clash by night.' No, Jehovah did the only thing he could do. Now it is time for the people of Planet Earth – believers and non-believers alike – to confront the ultimate questions of life. They can only do so on their own, without the benefit of sword or shield. Thrown back upon themselves, they now have a fighting chance."

#

As for The Stranger, he is alive and well. He lives in me. You can see him in my face, in the scar, the raw tissue of evolution. After all, you cannot have a resurrection without a death.

Have I offended you? I am sorry. I don't mean to be theologically unacceptable. In fact, I wish to thank you. You have been very kind to come here, to listen to my story. You know that I could not have told it without you. I could not have told anyone else.

Now the world has changed, and I am not yet sure how to function in it. It is as if I have just arrived, an alien. Perhaps it is just as I dreamed, and we are all becoming aliens now.

#

Walker Percy had it right about the discrepancy between this new evolving era and the old extinct one.

He wrote that going forward we will combine common labor with uncommon observing – and uncommon listening and waiting. In the previous epoch we had no need for such extraordinary observations. We cast far ahead of ourselves, crafting schemes and reaching beyond our abilities. We embarked on important objectives. We took note of the votes we cast at the preceding assembly. Between assemblies we went on family road trips and had friends over for weekend cookouts.

And we never had Incredible Revelations.

True wisdom and understanding are losing ground these days. Ah, this new generation of moviegoers! They believe only in the rational. They are confident that they can seize the Deity with their minds, measure Him in feet and pounds. They abhor metaphor, attack abstract films, slaughter the avant-garde. Even now, the tonsured hermits have taken to the caves in the hills, where they are assembling the timeless manuscripts and classic B-movies once more. (I observe them from the strategically positioned branch of a sycamore tree.)

But how can I tell all of these stories? How can I tell about the whole world when I haven't even considered what should happen to me? What of me do I commit to the epic film?

The hero must grow, learn lessons, share the fruits of the quest. Have I changed the world? Learned responsibility? Found love? Am I sadder but wiser? Sadder but not wiser?

From earliest childhood I felt myself to be alone, an alien – a stranger. Fearful specters pursued me, and I could not escape. And now? In the nightfall of eccentric convictions, those closest to me in waking life -- wife, sons, parents, friends -- become inexplicably undependable. "They" are all really "me."

I am used to this feeling of strangeness – but that's not entirely it. Something else is different. The alienation that for so long set me apart from the waking world isolates me from my inner self.

The shoreline has shifted, cutting me off from the mainland. I am alone.

#

I have a confession to make, a secret fear to share: Perhaps I am Clamence.

What's that? Why, Jean-Baptiste Clamence is none other than the unfortunate protagonist of Camus' "The Fall," the very story I have been referencing so casually as the pattern for my epic film. Clamence the expatriate -- Clamence in perpetual flight from the cry which sounded over the Seine years before, a cry that never ceases.

"Don't wait for the Last Judgment," he tells his confessor. "It takes place every day."

This is so unfair. After all, I had only selected that book because I hoped you – a lawyer, a person of education and intelligence – would think me an intellectual. Now it holds me tightly in its grip, and I must face the fear, ask myself the terrible question: Is it possible I was a bit too accurate in selecting this work? It is possible Clamence is a bit too perfect a fit. If only I could regain a few of the key dramatic moments, the chance to save the world without behaving as if I should be the Deity. Now I must start all over again.

Look – the porpoise is back. Isn't it beautiful? Let us enjoy a festive beverage here under the "Sun of a Beach" umbrella, admire the graceful curve of the dorsal fin. Now in this new age, we must all be about the epic film. We must all –

Oh, this is a terror. A bad dream for Tumbleweed Cowboy. One misstep, one slight mistake and – it is as I feared. The walls are bleeding again. Nazi paratroopers are landing in the surf and digging trenches in the blood-soaked sand. Tiny white translucent eggs have appeared on the back of my hand and are hatching into wolf spiders, which even now are proceeding to hungrily strip the flesh from my phalanges.

I am an odious being.

Where do I turn now? The face in the mirror belongs to an insect, a stranger. I have no power over him. He drives me where he will, regardless of my intent or desire. He compels me to be the keeper of a secret flame, one that at any moment might consume me. Or the world.

Even today, exiled on this island with my apocalyptic dreams against humanity, I am not sure what to say next, how to turn my experience into something of value to others.

What actions can I perform in the current intimidating planetary state of affairs, with my frail and meager influence? To worship the big picture, to hope of saving the world – this is dramatically praiseworthy. So why does it feel like I am headed for the tomb?

Why is it that the spirit of the sentient being so desperately desires to hold in its grip the idea of utter and irrevocable disaster? Why does it accept as true yet dread the concept of suffering inconceivable horror as a necessary prerequisite to acquiring the knowledge of totality? I should be ashamed to admit that I still wish for utter and irrevocable disaster, for the fire and brimstone. I want the moths and mold to consume the flag, the ivy to strangle the pulpit.

I still wish for the destruction of the venerated icon.

And yet – perhaps it is still not so bad. In a sense, there is an opportunity for salvation in the midst of this destruction. Picture me as a wayfarer in the rubble and ashes, a Jehovah-guided pilgrim traveling through a barren land, stumbling ahead toward the conclusion of time.

Pretty.

Could it be there is still a way? Could this be my destiny? Here's the concept: I cannot alter the path. I am not free. How can such a man, tormented with these self-imposed illusions and limitations, possibly speak of the voice of God? How can he defend himself as anything other than a traitor and a heretic?

He does it by starting all over again.

You gaze upon this process even now, the activity under way on the far shore. It is the ruins of the old aluminum plant, consumed by the fire and brimstone. The construction crews are laboring 24/7, transforming the raw ingredients into a four-star resort. At least, that's what the folks at the local convention and visitor's bureau think. But I know different. These workers are laying the foundations for the New Church. And I tell you they are building that same church in Japan and Norway and Pakistan -- all over the world. This is the home of the New Religion, the dwelling place of the eternal Son of God.

Like me, my New Religion is inexperienced, overly-romantic and inundated with spirit. The consequences of pursuing it are decidedly antiquated and loaded with spiritual and mythological imagery.

Picture me in a desert mountain range, and yet I am not anywhere near a desert. This should be the rolling, cedar-studded hills near Joe Pool Lake immediately west of Duncanville. The terrain looks like something out of a Georgia O'Keefe painting. Indeed, some of the natural features have been exaggerated by the addition of paint. So when I look at part of a nearby mountain it precisely resembles an O'Keefe painting.

I am standing next to a painting of an animal -- a bird or lizard -- Native American Indian in style. I have dreamed of these mountains before. They are a

geographical anomaly of the Land of the Dead, breathtakingly beautiful, yet almost no one in the Dallas area knows about it. This is odd, because there is a paved trail with a bridge and an interpretive center. It is somehow part of or connected with the Wycliffe Bible Translators' center on Camp Wisdom Road on the western limits of Duncanville.

The interpretive center is midway on the trail, perhaps set into a cave in the mountains. I am there with my oldest son, and he has been working on a project in some children's class. I help him carry some of the things he received and/or made in class, including a cup and a T-shirt. Somewhere in all of this I am with Jack Bryson; we talk about going to get a beer.

Now the sun is on the horizon, and I am looking at the mountains with Allison. We see a mysterious phenomenon which I am told happens here every day. The last rays of the setting sun sweep across the mountains like a search light, then fade into night. Again, I think how much this landscape looks like a painting, not reality. I look at another part of the mountains, high on a peak, and see a city or castle. Light flashes across it, too. Perhaps it is lightening. Very beautiful.

I comment to Allison that I never realized all of the beautiful paintings I've ever seen were really just exact photorealistic representations of reality.

"The artists simply go to a place where reality is otherworldly beautiful," I say.

#

My muse. She is an extraordinarily ethereal one. She is not oriented to the waking world – and not spoiled by it, either. She comes to me rather late in life, an occasion of enormous energy and authority. She comes not merely as an alteration to the world, but a conversion of it. The outcome is incontestable, overpoweringly authentic and present: A very internalized and distant virgin muse abruptly appears – not as you, LeAnn (even though I must admit that I did originally and passionately wish to cast you in the role), but as the Spirit of the World. This spirit may often seem out of contact and imaginary, but there is no denying it.

The Spirit of the World is unquestionably genuine.

Do you not see it? Here's a concept: You come with me! We were once happy together, were we not? Membrane almost touching membrane, frustratingly pleasuring one another in the back seat of the Cutlass. It can be that way still, me bending you over in the hot shower, penetrating your membranes with my DNA delivery organ, expelling my ectoplasm inside you, filling you with my spirit.

I shall employ Morel's invention to convert us into celluloid, into a cinematic fiction of anonymous creatures projected eternally onto the 50-foot drive-in movie screen of the present tense, dead or living no one can say with certainty. In this eternal cinema I am inside you, where I advance once again through the endless hallways, meeting rooms and colonnades of the mind, the form of this mournful mansion from an earlier time. This vast and magnificent mansion where hallways without end follow upon hallways. Mute, deserted, enveloped in baroque embellishments, mahogany veneer, Venetian plaster, gold-leafed frames, Carrara marble, dark glass, obscure illustrations, Romanesque columns…

In this story, you have always been my one true love. You can be to me as the Muse is to the world. I have seen it, in my dreams.

Here's one way the world ends: You come upon a hill, the site of an overgrown cemetery near Fort Jesup. Grasses, weeds and thorny brambles have taken the

headstones. There is a logging trailer that bears pieces of an unassembled structure, panels of rough pine logs lashed together with strong rope. It is to be a clock tower, a timepiece in the sky.

A bystander explains to you that this log clock tower is to be erected at the cemetery, but the face of the clock will face the outside. He thinks this is a mistake.

"It should face the cemetery," he says.

You do not share his objection.

"The clock will face the world," you explain.

We are standing under a bridge beside the hill. Others are present. You recognize many of them as your relatives. Aunts, uncles, cousins and such -- all are gathered here for a funeral. The service is to be held in a chapel a few hundred feet away.

It is time for the service, so you and the group all walk together. You are with you wife, who stands on one side. On your other side is someone who looks like one of you cousins, the same one who retrieved the shirts from the bottom of the ocean in a previous dream. As before, she is 25 years younger than today - a teenager. She squeezes your rear, an uncharacteristic gesture. You suddenly realize that maybe she is not your cousin after all.

You enter the chapel and head for the back pew. But it is already taken, filled with coats and what looks like a saddle. You must find another place to sit or perhaps squeeze into the remaining empty space at the end of the pew. Then you look at the front of the church. Where is the body?

Now your perspective changes. You are watching a TV show, a sitcom. The body of the dead one you are here to honor is actually that of a little man, perhaps 18 inches tall. He has been placed in a bathtub filled with bubbles. He is wearing his burial suit, but with the addition of a conductor's baton. Two men - pallbearers or perhaps friends of the deceased - sit at the edge of the tub, drinking and singing bar songs. They are having great fun, acting as if the dead man is leading them in a song. One of the men wears a silk scarf around his neck and a top hat cocked at a jaunty angle. The other is drinking from a black shot glass (you think it is your own, a souvenir from the Historic 62 Bar in Virginia City, Nev.), which he puts to the mouth of the dead man, as if to give him a drink. Caramel colored liquid spills down the little dead man's chin. And all the while, the corpse is somehow being manipulated so that it appears to be alive, conducting them in a stiff, jerky, robotic manner, his little arm splashing the soapy water as he waves the baton in time to the singing:

"Everywhere that I roam,
over land or sea or foam,
you can always hear me singin' a song,
show me the way to go home."

The funeral director stands in the background, nervously watching the proceedings.

Then the funeral is over, and you are sitting at a table of women. They include Allison and the woman who squeezed your rear. They talk about a silk blouse one of them received, presumably a gift. They pass this garment around, admiring the feel and cut. Suddenly, you realize one of the women has placed a shoeless foot in your lap. She is rubbing your DNA delivery organ with her stocking toes. You look around, but you can't tell who it is. Then Allison takes you by the hand, and you leave together.

The drive home takes you along the usual route, the El Camino Real. You almost hit a car on the bricked main street of downtown Nacogdoches, the oldest town in Texas. But all is well. You continue on your way without incident. You are on the Pathway now. You are going home.

#

Charlie: And a slow wave shivers through the universe.

Elmo: Now all is bliss. Mark is happy. All is well. He continues on his way without incident. He is on the Pathway now. He is going home, happily ever after.

Charlie: Except, of course, that Mark is not going home. He is not happy, not happy at all.

Elmo: Right you are. There is no penetration, no bliss. After all, he failed to get the girl. In the B-movie sci-fi genre, that is a must. Therefore, the story is unfinished. Which is to say, dead.

Charlie: Mark is a failure, dreaming of the sun, beaches, and the islands in the path of the trade winds, youth whose memory drives one to despair! Or something to that effect.

Elmo: There will be no next year.

Charlie: Agreed. And yet – a famous quote, a clever ending. This almost makes up for it all.

Elmo: And yet not quite.

Charlie: True. Mark remains an odious being.

Elmo: After all, he forgot the oregano.

Charlie: He drives too close to the shoulder.

Elmo: He drives too close to the center line.

Charlie: He washes colored underwear with white underwear.

Elmo: Why can't he do anything right?

Charlie: He's just too tight.

Elmo: And too loose.

Charlie: He's half again too clever.

Elmo: Yes, he almost fails to suck.

Charlie: After all, he is God.

Elmo: In his dreams. Let's roll the clip.

#

Here's one way the world ends: Outside at night, walking with a group of people I know.

We come to a pile of refuse - trash, dirt and other discards. And yet, the items are apparently significant. To this pile I add an antique metal advertising sign, which employs an image of the devil. I put dirt on top of the sign, burying it in a shallow grave.

Then I am inside my old apartment in Fort Worth, the one I lived in before getting married. It is still my home, but I am being held here against my will by a sort of mad scientist. Another man is also being held here. We are to be his guinea pigs, the subject of his infernal experiments.

The scientist has an assistant, an attractive woman who appears to be in her 20s or early 30s. She is wearing a grayish or maybe tan suit, the kind with a skirt and jacket, but no blouse. I can see down the front of the jacket. She has smallish breasts, but still a definite sexual presence.

The woman produces some papers, computer bubble sheets. I realize she is preparing to give me a personality test.

"Have you ever taken one before?" she asks.

"Yes," I say, but I can't remember when or the results. So she consults a chart in which she points to an entry with the name of the tester (MacKensie) and the date. It is a "9" followed by some single digit that I don't see.

"I don't remember the name of the person who administered the test, but this entry could be the one," I say.

Meanwhile, the scientist is talking to the other man. I realize that the experiment is being readied. Somehow I know that we are to undergo a physical transformation. We will be turned into new beings, a frightening prospect. The assistant asks me about a small bottle of model airplane paint she has found in the apartment.

"Can we use it?" she asks.

I examine it and shake my head.

"It is too old," I say. "Look, the pigment has settled in the bottom of the bottle and can't be re-mixed."

So I hold the bottle in front of me, moving toward the kitchen as if to throw it in the trash. I act casual, do a little skip-and-slide walk. Of course, I am hoping to make an escape. Do they suspect this? Will they stop me?

No, they make no move toward me. I go to the far end of the kitchen, where there is a door that leads to a bedroom and, beyond that, to the balcony and freedom. I bolt for the balcony, which is on the second or third floor. I run outside and start yelling for help.

"There's a burglar, I'm being kidnapped!"

I kick away a screen and jump to a flat roof just below me. I call out to a man on the ground below, but I don't stop running. I know the scientist and his assistant could be right behind me, ready to recapture me and perform the transformation.

I run over to the edge of the roof and jump or climb to the ground. Then I go back inside the building, into the lobby, shouting all the while about the kidnappers. Apparently, word has already reached the authorities, because I find several uniformed officers waiting. They direct me to a seat; I am saved.

Several months later, I find myself in a bedroom with the scientist and his assistant. I am standing at the foot of the bed, and they are in it together.

"I'm happy you were not sent to jail," I tell them. And I mean it. At last, I can afford to be charitable. They will be on probation for a long time, so they will have to be careful not to commit any more crimes. They are no longer a threat.

"I'm happy because I will be able to spend time with the two of you and not worry," I add. "I can learn from you, I'm sure of it."

I am again holding the metal sign of the devil. This time I place it on top of the covers – the covers beneath which they will sleep and I will dream.

In the distance I hear the clock chimes, convening the moviegoers from around the planet. Now I must take my place behind the camera. In seven days the world will come to an end, and I must be ready.

After all, it is hard to be me.

Pretty, eh?

But what is wrong, my darling muse? Why do you look at me so strangely? I see. Now – only now do you ask about the little man.

He is just a metaphor. The coffin is empty. This talk of death – this is all rubbish, all madness. Who comes up with these lies? I'll tell you who: journalists! The newspaper world is dead. It no longer functions. I won't allow this rubbish, these lies. This is MY epic film, not theirs. Screw the critics. Don't you think I know how my own movie ends?

Forever walls, hallways, forever doors. Again you hold back, as if on the threshold, as if at the entrance to a place too dark, too strange. Come nearer. Nearer still.

We don't need to be apart, alone, eternally waiting to be together as perfected beings. It's not true. But you're afraid. It's too late now, you say. Forget the old, dead world, frozen in time like the creeks and ponds during the summer of '28 or '29. This is the new beginning. Call the grips and gaffers. We shall shoot this scene through a lens or prism onto feeling-toned print stock.

Next year, we shall meet here again, this time forever. A year isn't much. No, for me it is nothing…

#

Again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step. Mute beaches, where footsteps are lost. Mute, deserted – footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again. To find you.

Welcome to Marienbad. Pull up a deck chair, help yourself to the tanning oil. Check out the beach. Isn't it beautiful? Let us wiggle our toes in the warm sand, breathe in the salty Gulf coast breeze, admire the surf, share a festive beverage, penetrate one another's membranes, toast the future. And then the lines penned by Robbe-Grillet, lines conceived for just this sort of boy/girl encounter.

"Didn't we meet at Marienbad last year?" I ask.

You are unrevealing and reserved, a far away look in your eyes.

"Didn't you say you would leave your husband and we would run away together?"

Let us drive off this prison, drive out of this perjury. Let us disappear into the anonymous traffic of Shoreline Drive, past the beachfront mansions.

Take note of this one, an example of the mid-century Revival Style, so huge and mournful, a tragic structure from an earlier time. So mournful and tragic, the grounds devoid of shrubbery, blossoms or vegetation of any kind. Here we find a past of Carrara marble, a past carved in stone – intersecting lines, reserved, filled with inscrutability. Upon initial viewing it appears impossible to get lost here along the linear walkways between the unassailable statues and marble embellishments, where you are, even now, losing yourself forever in the dark glass of night.

Alone with me.

The dark, still night, where we begin our new lives, the lives of radiance – the lives we dream for ourselves after the End of the World.

#